Sept. 26, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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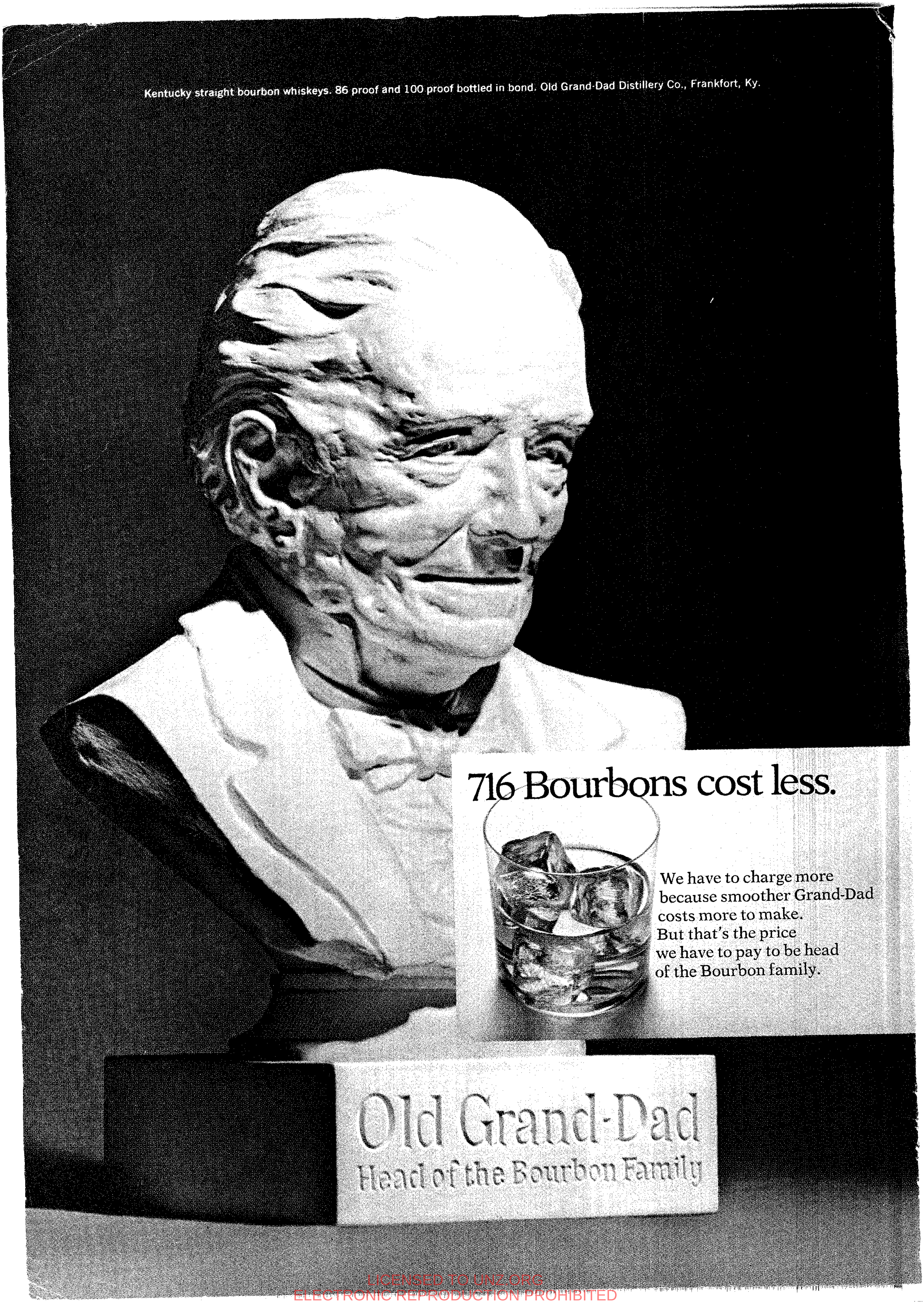
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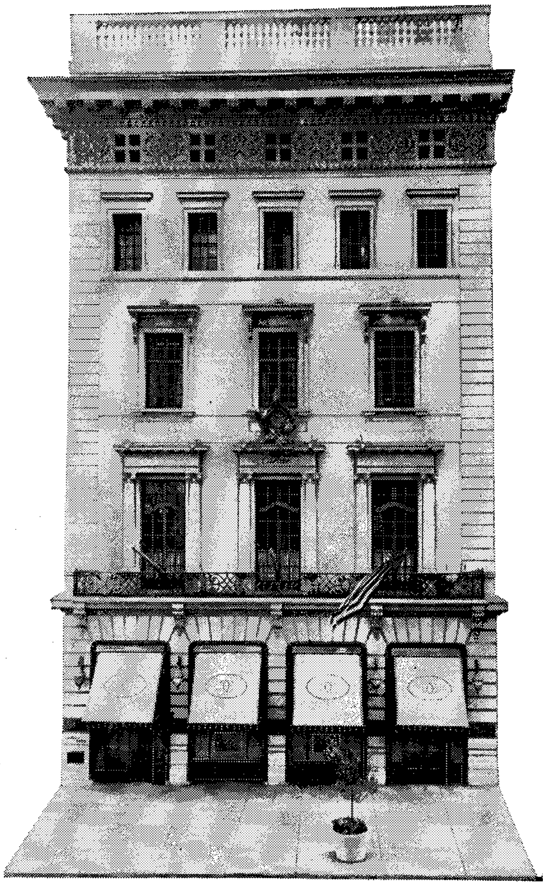
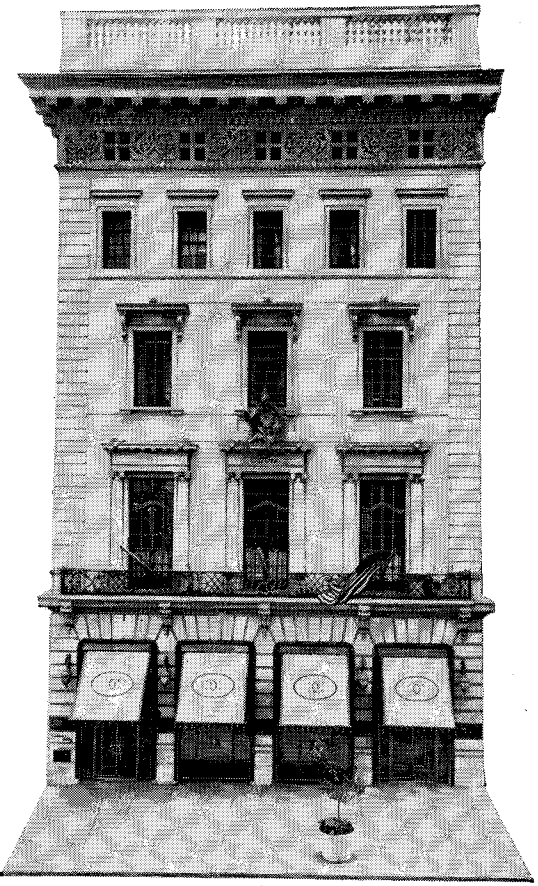


Before



After

If you look closely, you'll notice that Cartier has new front doors.

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On July 14th of this year, Cartier was designated a landmark by the Landmarks Preservation Commission. Exterior lighting is being installed which will softly delineate the facade.

The refurbishing and polishing-up at Cartier is aimed at enhancing, as always, Cartier service.

Cartier has made changes, yes.

But it hasn't changed Cartier.

Cartier

Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Bob and Ray—The Two and Only—A series of skits by Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding. Directed by Joseph Hardy. Preview Wednesday evening, Sept. 23. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 24. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Boesman and Lena—Rudy Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cage—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. Written by Robert Marasco, directed by Joseph Hardy, and ably acted by Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most predictable" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. It is excellently acted by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Othello—Moses Gunn, Roberta Maxwell, and Lee Richardson in a sometimes odd but always interesting production, directed by Michael Kahn for the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 26.)

Steambath—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Three by Ferlinghetti—Three short plays by . . . exactly! (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**Adaptation and Next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Wednesday, Sept. 30.) . . . **Butterflies Are Free:** Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **Forty Carats:** Zsa Zsa Gabor and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **. . . No Place to Be Somebody:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **Plaza Suite:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A loud and joyous descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." Lauren Bacall is wonderful, and so are many of her associates, among them Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Sept. 27, at 5.)

Company—Fine music and lyrics by Stephen

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COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., Donald Reilly, Ed Fisher, Robert Day, William Hamilton, Dana Fradon, Joseph Mirachi, J. B. Handelsman, Kenneth Mahood, Mischa Richter, James Stevenson, Edward Koren, Lee Lorenz, William O'Brian, Stan Hunt, Frank Modell*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Sondheim, a witty book by George Furth, and admirable singing, dancing, and acting by a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **COCO:** Danielle Darrieux heads the cast of this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** He hacked through the fry on the dish and slapped it out on three plates, saying: —*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Haines sat down to pour out the tea. —I'm giving you two lumps each, he said. But I say, Mulligan, you do make strong tea, don't you? (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Buck Mulligan, hewing thick slices from the loaf, said in an old woman's wheedling voice: —When I makes tea I makes tea, as old mother Grogan said. And when I makes water I makes water. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsuite young folk hellbent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Gideon Singer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Singer at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 8—Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 7:30: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Petrouchka," "The Still Point" (première), and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!", "The Still Point," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Fanfarita," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "The Clowns." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Martha Graham and Dance Company—Opening performances of a one-week engagement that will run through Thursday, Oct. 8—Friday, Oct. 2, at 8: An unnamed ballet (première), "Deaths and Entrances," and "Every Soul Is a Circus."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8: "El Penitente," "Oases," and "Letter to the World." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Ciro—With his Ballet Flamenco. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct 4, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Jake and the Family Jewels make some adequate, if predictable, countrified sounds, alternating with singer David Buskin and a band called Crowfoot. On Wednesday, Sept. 30, vocalist Peter Allen will replace Buskin and Crowfoot. Performances at nine-fifteen and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are different, with ringers filling the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—People who take their conversation seriously, along with their music and their meals, will find it congenial. From eleven to three, well-wrought electrified jazz comes from Joe Beck's guitar and piano, assisted by Tony Levin's bass. Dinner is served until one.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—The eponymous axe is played here with an emphasis on melodics and virtuosity. (Individualists will be delighted—groupies will be disappointed.) The current guitarist is Jim Hall, with Sezuki on cello. On Sunday, Sept. 27, they will make way for Skeeter Best and a bassist, and on Wednesday, Sept. 30, they will hand things over to Chuck Wayne and a bassist. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Infra-Mason-Dixon dining.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Clark Terry, whose approach to brass instruments is warm and deft, leads a quartet that includes Don Friedman, Victor Sproles, and Mousey Alexander. Fridays through Sundays, singer Anita O'Day joins in. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Tradition wanes, but this comfortable club continues to thrive, offering Dixieland played by a group that includes, at one time or another, Roy Eldridge, Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A hot time in the old banjo palace. If the music doesn't zap you (and it may), you can contemplate an old fire engine, some stuffed specimens of *Ursus maritimus,* movies on the wall, and peanut shells on the floor. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Twang! went the banjo, six nights a week from nine to three or four. Everybody looked so jolly, wearing fake straw hats and frilly garters, that it seemed that all the happy, friendly folks would never leave, but they did. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable part of town. (Taxis may be hard to find when you leave. Beware of cumulonimbus clouds.) Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Pharoah Sanders quintet. On Tuesday, Sept. 29, the Ornette Coleman quartet will come in. Closed Mondays.

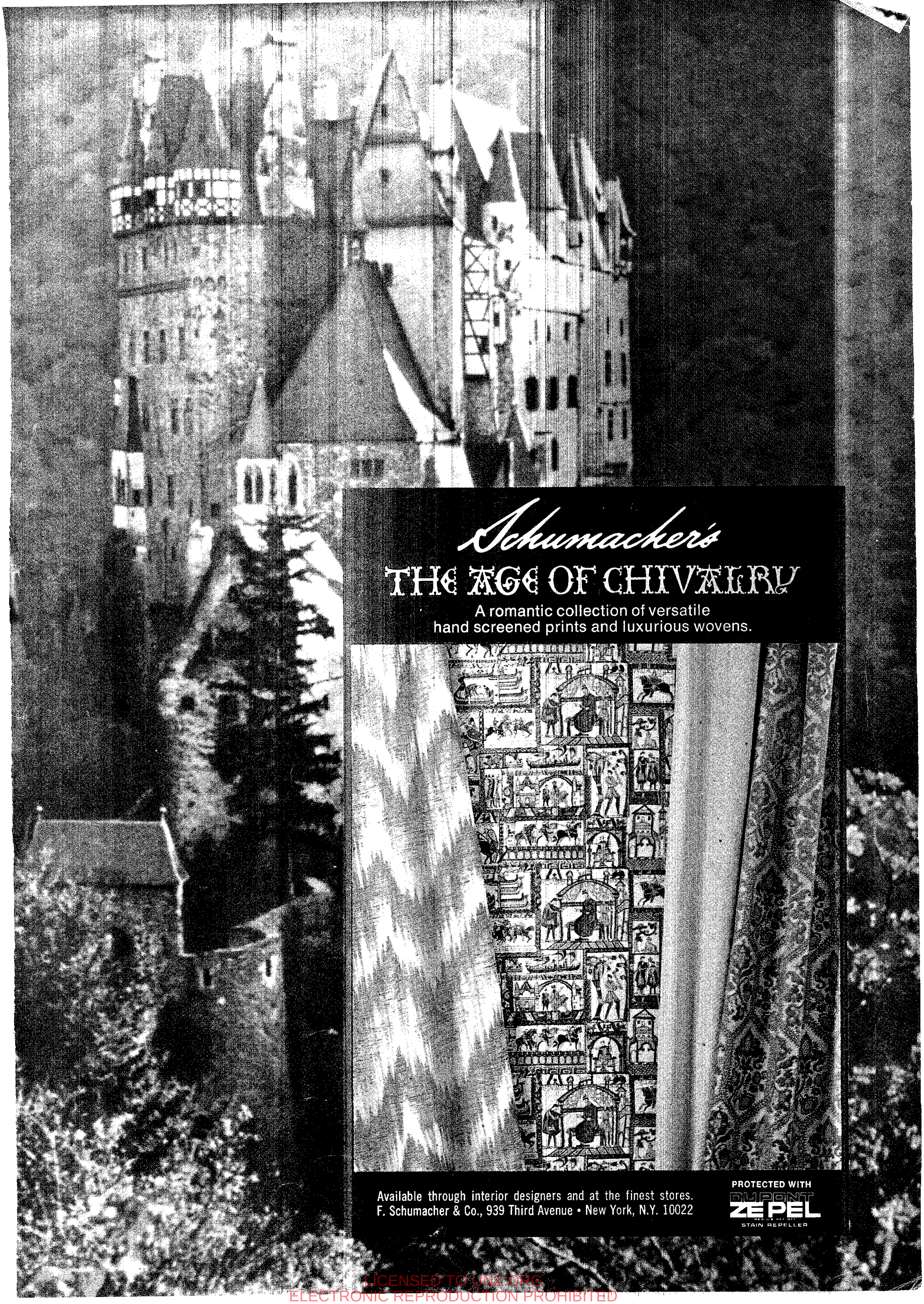
Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the Junior Mance trio—or, beginning Tuesday, Sept. 29, the Yoel Sharr trio—plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: A rock policy continues, with dancing encouraged. Through Saturday, Sept. 26, Boffalongo and the Albert; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, Boffalongo, the Albert, and Spring Plowing; Sunday, Sept. 27, 7th Century and Children of All Ages. From Tuesday, Sept. 29, Archie Whitewater, Spring Plowing, and the Holy Modal Rounders. Music from ten Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Roland Kirk's frenetic quartet is onstage in this small and funky basement, with Mr. K. playing one of the most varied sets of reeds ever assembled. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, theoretically.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—*C'est quoi?* Well, it is a fairly informal room with a lot of arches, underneath



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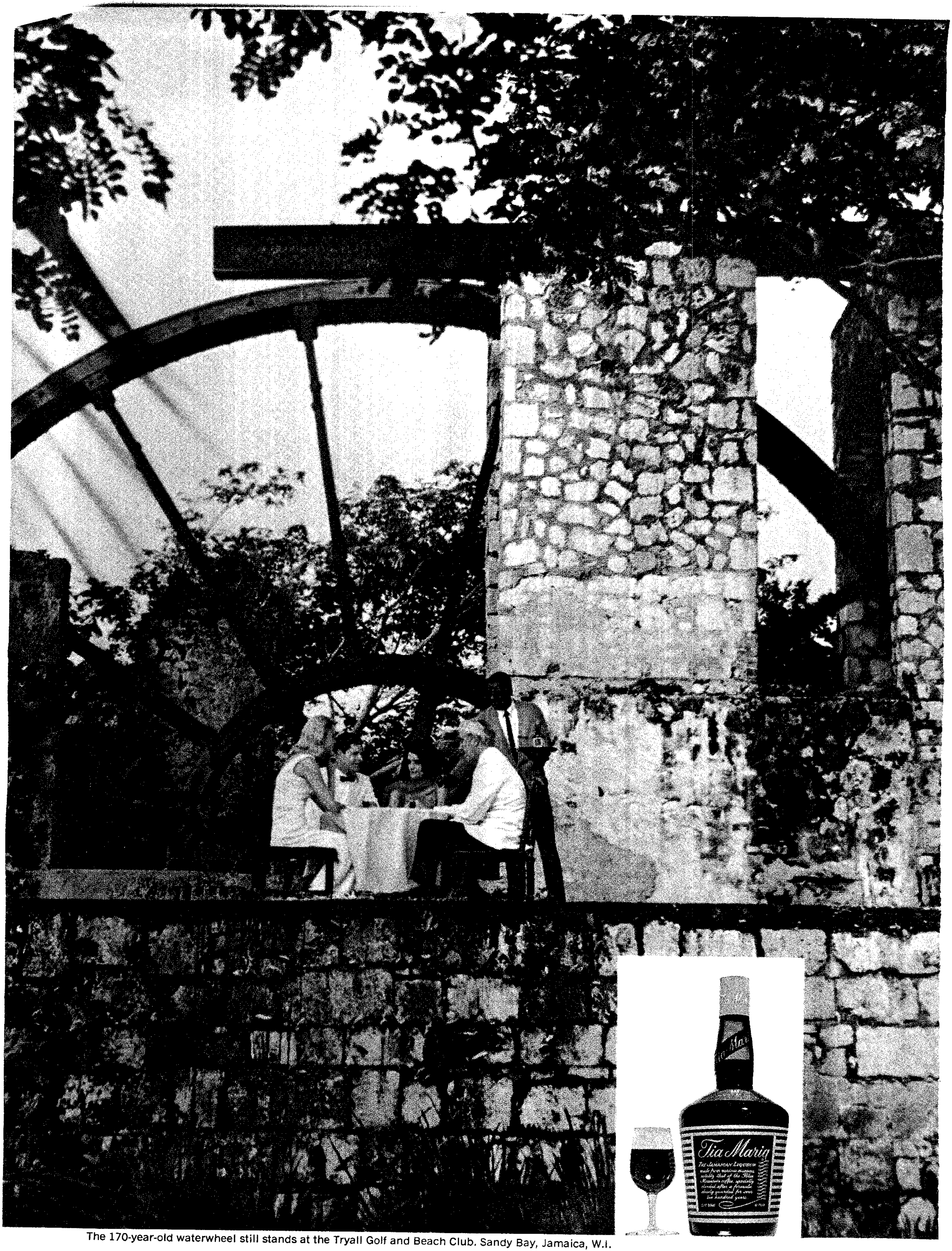
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which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The *discaire* switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The fascination with France continues, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, adequate dancing (from ten to three or four), and a well-developed cuisine. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—An intelligently run restaurant that opens one of its glittery, soft-carpeted rooms to dancing two nights a week. The recorded music continues from eleven until three on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. Reservations required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—The *doyenne* of New York discothèques, having been around practically as long as rock itself. The restrained recorded music—more Warwick than Joplin—runs from nine to three or four. On weekends, reservations are recommended. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—From the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower, patrons look out on Midtown glitter—dancing, as it were, in a neon ionosphere. Live groups alternate with records. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—Again the heights, this time with a fine view of the Park, and with an interior graced with colored lights and wicker animals. Many well-chosen recordings. Dancing from ten every night. Dinner until eleven. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Carnarvon and Carter would have gasped, had they stumbled upon the pseudo-Egyptian luxuriousness of this restaurant. But this is 1970, and few gasps are heard—maybe partly because of the loudness of the records, which three times a night are interrupted by some rather slick entertainers: Through Saturday, Sept. 26, Dickie Roc and the Miami Showband; beginning Monday, Sept. 28, the Zaras. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—In the heart of Yorkville, a basement has been turned into a facsimile of a street, with real shops, some bars, some café tables, and pavement on which people are encouraged to dance to 45s—which they do from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the jazz-rock sound of the Dave Little trio. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Descend a flight and find a spot where every touch contributes to the coolness of the whole. Good sound, good dancing to persistently swinging records, large drinks, and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplatter* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. . . . ¶ Sundays and Mondays, though, the scene is not Bavarian but Bermudian, for then the Talbot Brothers, who have been crooning their sweet nothings for generations in their native (well, practically naïve) habitat, come north for reprises. Six to ten Sundays, seven to eleven Mondays.

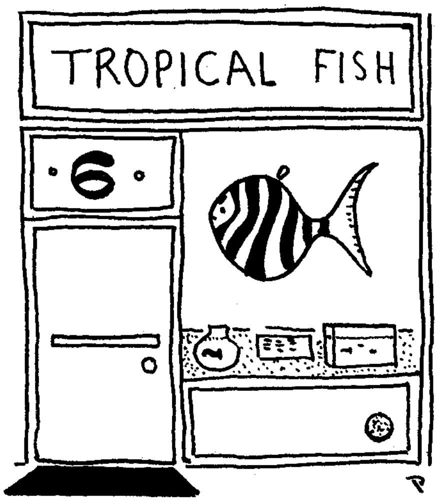
Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the Royal Box, the self-styled broad-beamed Totie Fields' casual but noisy broad-beamed humor is supplied in quantity during dinner and supper. She finishes up on Saturday, Sept. 26. On Tuesday, Sept. 29, Engelbert Humperdinck, definitely the newest prince of Wales, and a pretty flip one, starts humming like a top and like a very Mod Welsh bard. The orchestra of Lee Evans, keenly devoted to the welfare of all good dance music, does the tunes here.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A celebrated Freedom Rider (she has her native Cuba on her mind) is Olga Guillot, whose arias are equally passionate, equally overwhelming, equally full-bodied about more romantic topics. No silent evenings, ever, on these premises. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Juan Jimenez and the voice of José Sordiall. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—B. J. Thomas, who is using his head to gather those Burt Bacharach raindrops while he may, does the singing, and does it famously well; Lonnie Shorr, a standup comedian who actually has a mind of his own, does the conversation. On Thursday, Oct. 1, they give way to Joan Rivers, a truly compulsive talker as well as a housekeeper who has some drastic fall housecleaning in project. Twice a night for everyone, every night included. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, after ten, the sound effects (both human and electronic) come by direct wire from Las Vegas. No quiet nights here, either.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Illustration, the eleven-man Canadian thundering r. & r. squadron, gets down off its rocking horse on Thursday, Oct. 1, so that Gas Mask, another wrack-and-roll gang, can check in the following evening. Dancing. Closed Sundays for ear therapy.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—As she used to say when she was television's spokeswoman and smokeswoman for Muriel cigars, why don't you come up and see Edie Adams sometime—logically, during dinner and supper in the Persian Room, where she is now singing and chatting. With her go the dance bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Opening night, which is Wednesday, Sept. 23, Miss A. appears only at ten-fifteen. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **Plaza 9- Music Hall** (PL 9-3933), "Dames at Sea," the recent Off Broadway musical, is having its second childhood—a childhood devoted, like its first, to the childhood of the Hollywood Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler musicals. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Sundays at three and seven-thirty. . . . ¶ A bowing acquaintance, busy plucking and bowing a modest fiddle, is on duty, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday, in the placid but noble Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday, from nine to one. From Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.



Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Many a happy landing is made on this lofty airport by the band whose leader is the cherubic Jonah Jones. The Jones boys depart on Saturday, Sept. 26, and on Monday, Sept. 28, Steve De Pass, a singer from out of the New West (Las Vegas, that is), moves in. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

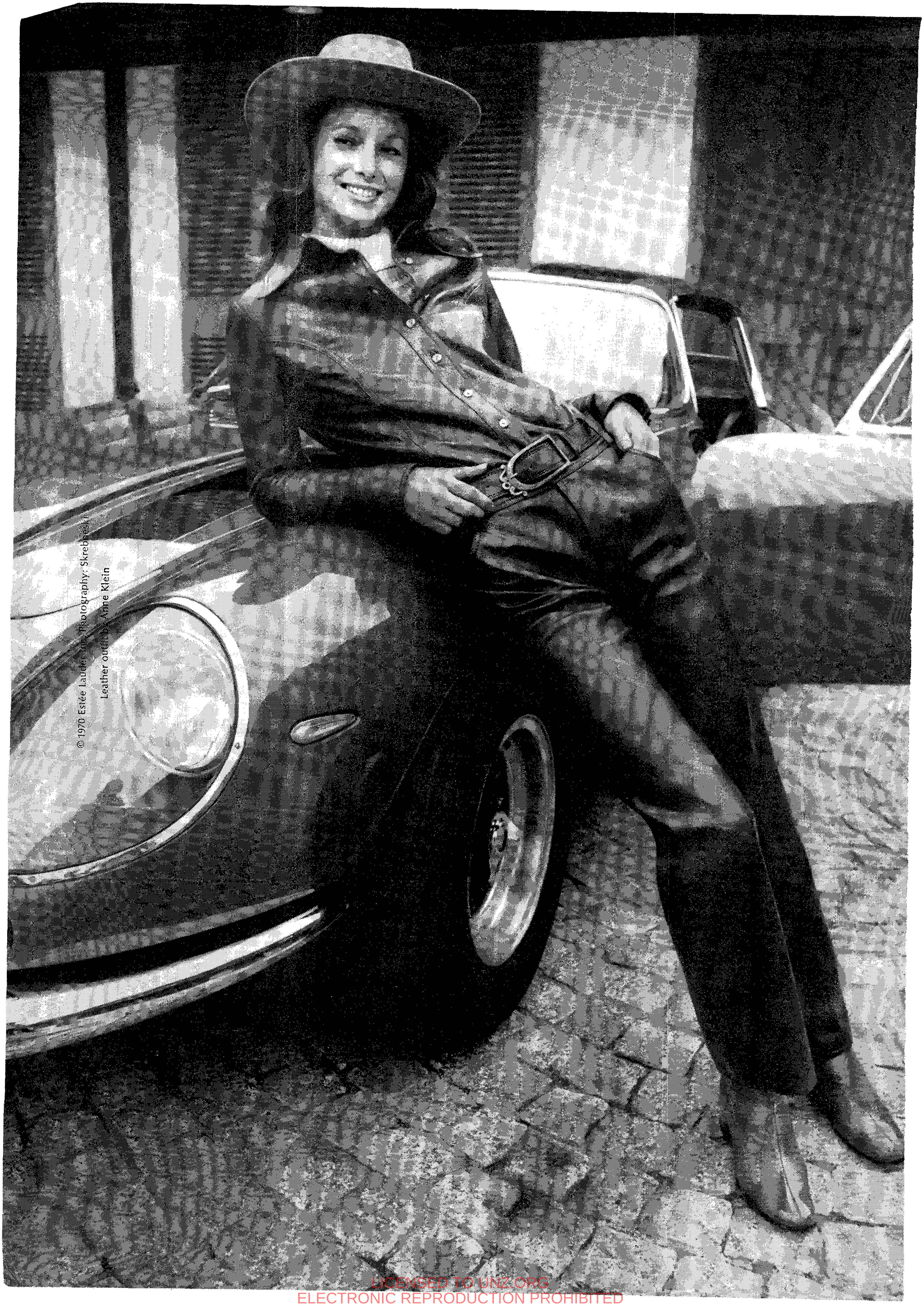
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This season, the Maisonette is a houseboat on its serene way down the Danube to Vienna and its cuisine, but the dance music remains as American (the Bob Thomas band) and as Latin (the Peppi Morreale quartet) as ever. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, which is designed for sedentary diners, Ray Hartley, pride of Australian drawing-room pianists and a ranking pianist in this country, plays from seven-thirty until one-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Diana Ross, a vivid exponent of the queen-bee, bird-of-paradise manner of singing, is holding court in the Empire Room during dinner and supper. On Monday, Sept. 28, she will be replaced by José Feliciano, an exponent of another equally vivid, and up-to-the-minute sort of singing. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Those were the days, and Bobby Short, whose literate arias go back to the distant peacetime, pastime world, makes all that happy hedonism seem lush, lyric, and (as it truly was) laughable. This great retrospective is enhanced by his piano and his sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays. . . . **Dangerfield's,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **El Avram,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Mediterranean (and subterranean) clearing house, predominantly Israeli because of Avram Grobard, player and joker, and song by Ron Eliran. Plenty of other music, and plenty of life. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Monday through Thursday, Sept. 28-Oct. 1. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **Chez Vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by an Athenian dance quartet intent indeed upon its happy work, not to mention liberal helpings of song. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Paella,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the



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honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays, and no dancing ever. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means *every*body, right down to the busboys. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A day-by-day (or, rather, night-by-night) diary of restaurant life in Budapest. Béla Babai's orchestra adumbrates and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Early settler Ernie Warren keeping fairly late hours with his band (until midnight, one, or two) in the local restaurant. He starts off at seven during the week, at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and takes only Sundays and Mondays off.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive,* but the restaurant is always *piano.* . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five-thirty until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Tony Gorody's summer lease on the piano in this posh purlieu ends on Saturday, Sept. 26; on Monday, Sept. 28, George Feyer, back from a refresher course in Vienna, takes over the keyboard. The music runs from eight-thirty until one, but never on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): Eureka, Europa! The old Viennese salon as before, with a dance trio setting to at half past eight during the week, at seven-thirty Sunday and Monday. Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who are given to food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina, are prevalent, too, but the only instrument they play on Sunday and Monday is hooky. They begin at five-thirty. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the well-travelled roads to Rome. Among the strollers is the crew of itinerant minstrels led by Theo Fanidi. Closed Sundays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a far-away one, but still of the original Village, villagey. On the lower deck, circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two; every night but Sunday, there is loose-limbed piano on the top deck.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

William Auerbach-Levy (1889-1964)—Portraits, landscapes, and genre paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Victoria Barr—Six large Abstract paintings; through Oct. 8. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nell Blaine—Landscapes, New York cityscapes, and still-lifes, in oil and other mediums, by a veteran New York artist; through Oct. 15. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arbit Blatas—Forty paintings of European scenes and ten sculptures of prominent School of Paris personages, such as Picasso, Soutine, Utrillo, and de Chirico; through Oct. 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bert Carpenter—Oil paintings showing closeups of roses; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Ralph Goings and Donald Lewallen—Paintings of pickup trucks by the former and large color-field paintings by the latter; through Oct. 10. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernhard Heiliger—Abstract sculptures in bronze; through Oct. 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen James—Works making use of light, the intensity of which is controlled by recordings of music by Duke Ellington and the artist; through Thursday, Oct. 1. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lila Katzen—Plastic-and-steel pieces containing liquids that keep moving about, by an artist who has been working in lights; through Oct. 8. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

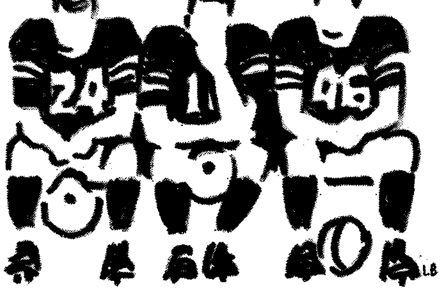
Yasuo Kuniyoshi (1893-1953)—Characteristic drawings and prints of circus performers, still-lifes, and women; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Ron Lusker—Plastic objects by a young artist; starting Tuesday, Sept. 29. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Max Pechstein (1881-1955)—Oils and watercolors by this German Expressionist; through Oct. 14. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Rosati—Two large sculptures in painted steel, plus small sculptures in zinc, brass, or bronze; through Oct. 10. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Savage—Paintings of figures in interiors; starting Tuesday, Sept. 29. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)



George Segal and Ernest Trova—Prints and multiples by these well-known sculptors; through Oct. 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Stein—Forgeries of Picassos, Chagalls, Matisses, and others, by a craftsman now in a French lockup; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Wright-Hepburn-Webster, 205 E. 60th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Works by, among many others, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Martin Hurtig, Ron Lusker, and Marcos Yrizzary; through Saturday, Sept. 26. . . . **LA BOETIE,** 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures on the theme of the moon by, for example, Avery, Chagall, Delvaux, Ernst, Klee, Magritte, Miró, and Rouault; through Nov. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Gallery artists, among them Bolotowsky, de Rivera, Jimmy Ernst, Ippolito, and Opper; through Wednesday, Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Fifty Latin-American artists; through Friday, Sept. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.) . . . **COMMUNITY ART GALLERY,** 28 E. 35th St.: Works with New York motifs by artists who include such old-timers as Otto Botto, Leon Hartl, and Leslie Powell; through Oct. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **DE NAGY,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings done in the fifties by artists associated with the gallery in that decade—Rivers, Hartigan, Goodnough, Blaine, Frankenthaler, among others; through Oct. 8. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FEIGEN,** 27 E. 79th St.: Works by Corot, Monet, Braque, Picasso, and Dubuffet; through Oct. 31. . . . **FEIGEN,** 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works of thirteen Chicago artists featuring variations on comic-strip techniques, also windows by Frank Lloyd Wright; through Oct. 14. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER,** Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Drawings by Charles Cajori, Robert Kaupelis, and Richards Ruben; through Oct. 7. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: New works by such gallery artists as Bishop, Peirce, Cadmus, Vickery, Rosenthal, and Sepeshy; through Saturday, Sept. 26. . . . **MISRACHI,** 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by seventeen Mexican artists—for instance, Tamayo, Cuevas, and Helen Escobedo; through Oct. 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PARKE-BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings, including a Rembrandt and two Cézannes, plus drawings, furniture, and objets d'art, from American collections; Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 23-25. . . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures and graphics by Arp, Picasso, Moore, Calder, Braque, Giacometti, and others; through Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Drawings and models for unrealized projects by Oldenburg, Buckminster Fuller, Piene, and Breuer, to name a few; through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by artists from Arp and Avery to Trova and Wesselmann; through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Photographs depicting the rise of American architecture, 1815-1915; through Oct. 4. Optional contribution for admission. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-six sculptures and seven works on paper produced by Alexander Archipenko during his Paris period, 1908 to 1921; through Oct. 18. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.75 will be charged. . . . ¶ Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open free, through Saturday, Sept. 26, from 6 to 10.

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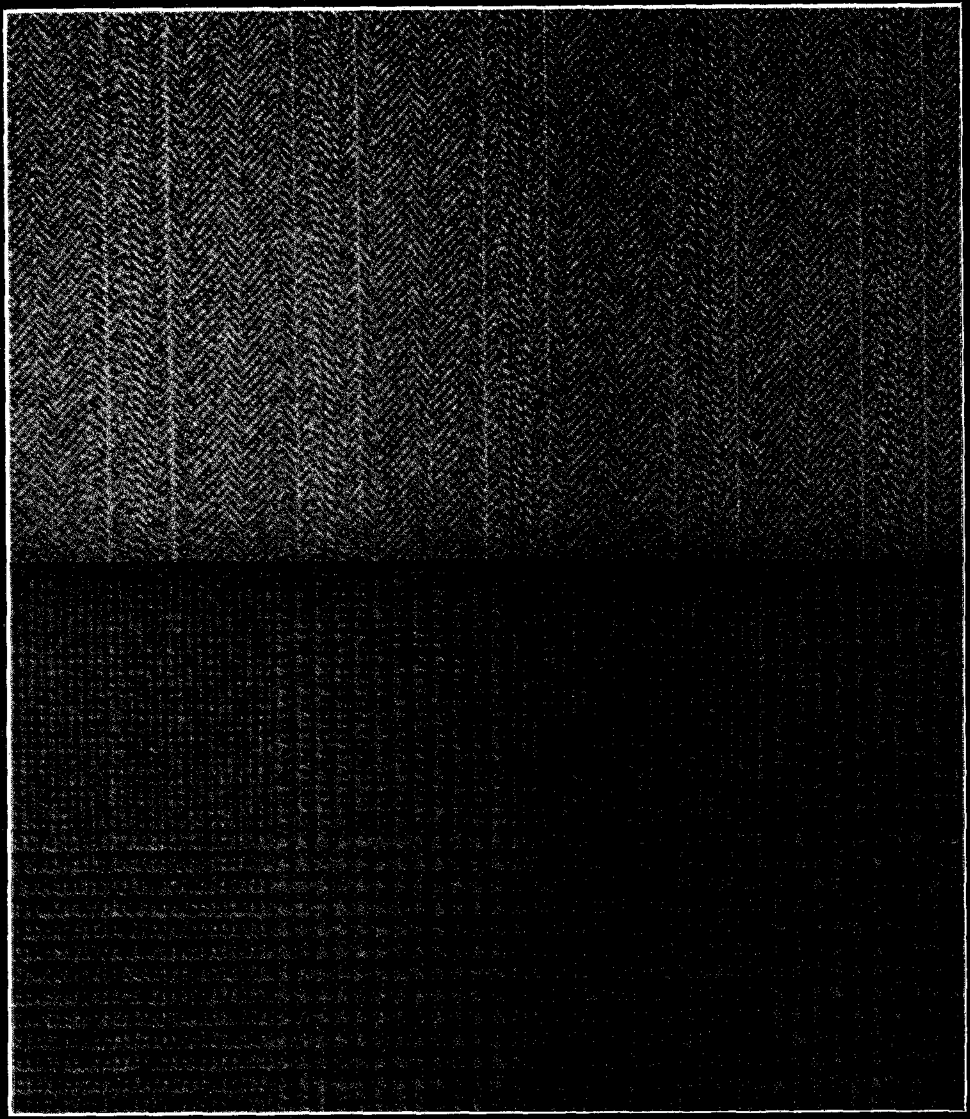

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective, consisting of a hundred and forty works, of Francis Picabia, a major early-twentieth-century modernist who worked in several modes; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ A survey of the works from 1958 to the present of Carl Andre, a sculptor known for his floor pieces in brick and steel plates; also examples of his "concrete" poems. Starts Tuesday, Sept. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Thomas Eakins, America's leading Realist of the nineteenth century; through Nov. 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sunday, Sept. 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—French printing, 1470-1510, and primitive French photography; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Forty drawings by Adolf Hitler of his architectural visions—colossal monuments and stadiums—of the future Germania, his home in Berchtesgaden, and his bunker; plus photographs of Albert Speer's scale models and of events in the Nuremberg stadium. Through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Oils, watercolors, drawings, prints, and sculptures covering German Expressionism from 1905 to 1930; through Oct. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Graphics and films by fifty black artists from the New York area; through Sunday, Sept. 27. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Sept. 23: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Franco Tagliavini, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 24: "Ernani," with Martina Arroyo, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 25: A new production of "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Gail Robinson, and Mary Ellen Pracht. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 26: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Reri Grist, Rosalind Elias, Pilar Lorengar, Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 26: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Placido Domingo, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Sept. 28: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ruggero Raimondi. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 29: "Madame Butterfly," with Jeannette Pilou, Marcia Baldwin, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 30: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 1: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Gail Robinson, and Mary Ellen Pracht. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 2: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Reri Grist, Rosalind Elias, Pilar Lorengar, Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, and Gabriel Bacquier. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 3: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ruggero Raimondi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 3: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Montserrat Caballé, Reri Grist, Irene Dalis, Placido Domingo, and Robert Merrill. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, David Clatworthy, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, Janet Winburn, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 25, at 8:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Lois Crane, Janet Winburn, Michele Molese, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, John Stewart, Seymour Schwartzman, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Nicholas DiVirgilio. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 27, at 1:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Johanna Meier, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 27, at 7:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Lois Crane, Janet Winburn, Michele Molese, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Louise Lebrun, Kay Creed, Maralin Niska, Norman Treigle, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, Janet Winburn, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 2, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, Nicholas DiVirgilio, and Gary Glaze. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Johanna Meier, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:15: "Manon," with Carol Neblett, Kay Creed, Lois Crane, Michele Molese, and John Darrenkamp. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Performances of Mahler's Ninth Symphony on Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 25, at 2; and Monday, Sept. 28, at 7:30 (no soloists); and a varied program on Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 2, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 5, at 7:30 (all with Mildred Allen, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Richard Shadley, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and the Camerata Singers).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing the opening performance of the season here, with Stefania Woytowicz, soprano; Kerstin Meyer, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Peter Lagger and Bernard Ladysz, basses; and the Temple University Choirs. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 8:15.)

MISCELLANY

Béla Bartók Memorial Concert—Gyorgy Sandor, piano, with members of the American Symphony Orchestra conducted by Gregory Millar. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

The Moody Blues and Poco—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 7:30 and 10:30.

Eric Burdon and War—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Sept. 25, at 7:30 and 10:30.

Steve Miller Band, Mungo Jerry, and Clouds—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, at 8 and 11:30.

TONY BENNETT—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8.

PINK FLOYD—Fillmore East. Sunday, Sept. 27, at 6 and 9.

SERGIO FRANCHI—A benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Sept. 27, at 8:30.)

CHAMBERS BROTHERS—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept. 27, at 8:30.

JOHNNY WINTER AND, BUDDY MILES, AND TIN HOUSE—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, at 8 and 11:30.)

GORDON LIGHTFOOT—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 25, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 26-27, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Chicago, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 28-29, at 8:05; Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 2:05; and Thursday, Oct. 1, at 7:05. . . . AMERICAN LEAGUE AND NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS: Start Saturday, Oct. 3, in the National League Eastern Division city and the American League Western Division city. The first two games will be played there and the third and, if necessary, the fourth and fifth games in the National League Western Division city and the American League Eastern Division city.

DOG SHOW—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sunday, Sept. 27.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, SEPT. 26: Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Northeastern, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 3: Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. St. Peter's, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Rutgers, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Ridgewood Country Club, Ridgewood, N.J. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Boston, exhibition game. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, Sept. 28, at 7:35.)

HORSE SHOW—Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 26.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. The Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Sept. 23; the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 26; the Discovery Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 30; the Cowdin, Thursday, Oct. 1; and the Woodward, Saturday, Oct. 3. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.). . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. The Matchmaker, Saturday, Oct. 3. (Buses to the track leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 17.

YACHTING—A schooner race, sponsored by the South Street Seaport Museum, starting off the Battery and finishing off Bay Ridge, for the Mayor's Cup. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Sept. 26. A spectator boat will sail from the Battery at 9:30; for information about tickets, call 349-4310.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—The opening children's concerts of the season by the New York Philharmonic. Leonard Bernstein will conduct an all-Copland program, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

MARIONETTES—The Dragon Marionettes presenting "Cinderella." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Sept. 27, at 2.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Great Moon Hoax." Starting Tuesday, Sept. 29, there will be a new show, "Universe of Atoms." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2:30, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

WALKING TOURS—"Times Square," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Sept. 27. Meets on the terrace of the New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 2: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American and other paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Burchfield, Bierstadt, and Zorach; from many sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 25, at 2: Chinese works of art, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 10:15: Modern illustrated books, from several sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 2: Prints by Bellows, Picasso, Bonnard, and others; from various collections. Exhibition starts Thursday, Sept. 24.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 3 elections are Saturday, Oct. 3, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 5-6, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The last seven programs in a series of films directed by George Cukor: Sept. 23 at 2 and 5:30, "Born Yesterday" (1950); Sept. 24 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and Sept. 25 at 2 and 5:30, "Pat and Mike" (1952); Sept. 26 at 3 and 5:30, "The Actress" (1953); Sept. 27 at 2 and 5:30, and Sept. 28 at 1:30, "It Should Happen to You" (1953); Sept. 29 at 5:30, "The Actress" (1953); Sept. 30 at 2 and 5:30, "A Star Is Born" (1954); Oct. 1 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Chapman Report" (1963). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 11:30: "The Lost Weekend" (1945), with Ray Milland and Jane Wyman. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 3:30: A program of three short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6 and Sept. 29 at 2: "My Darling Clementine" (1946), with Henry Fonda and Linda Darnell. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Sept. 23: "The Cheat" (1931), with Tallulah Bankhead. . . . ¶ Sept. 24: "Design for Living" (1933), with Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins. . . . ¶ Sept. 25: "White Woman" (1933), with Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ Sept. 26: "Klondike Annie" (1936), with Mae West and Victor McLaglen. . . . ¶ Sept. 27: "The Flame of New Orleans" (1941), with Marlene Dietrich and Roland Young. . . . ¶ The first two programs in a series of German films: Sept. 30, "The Threepenny Opera" (1931); Oct. 1, "Student of Prague" (1913). (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

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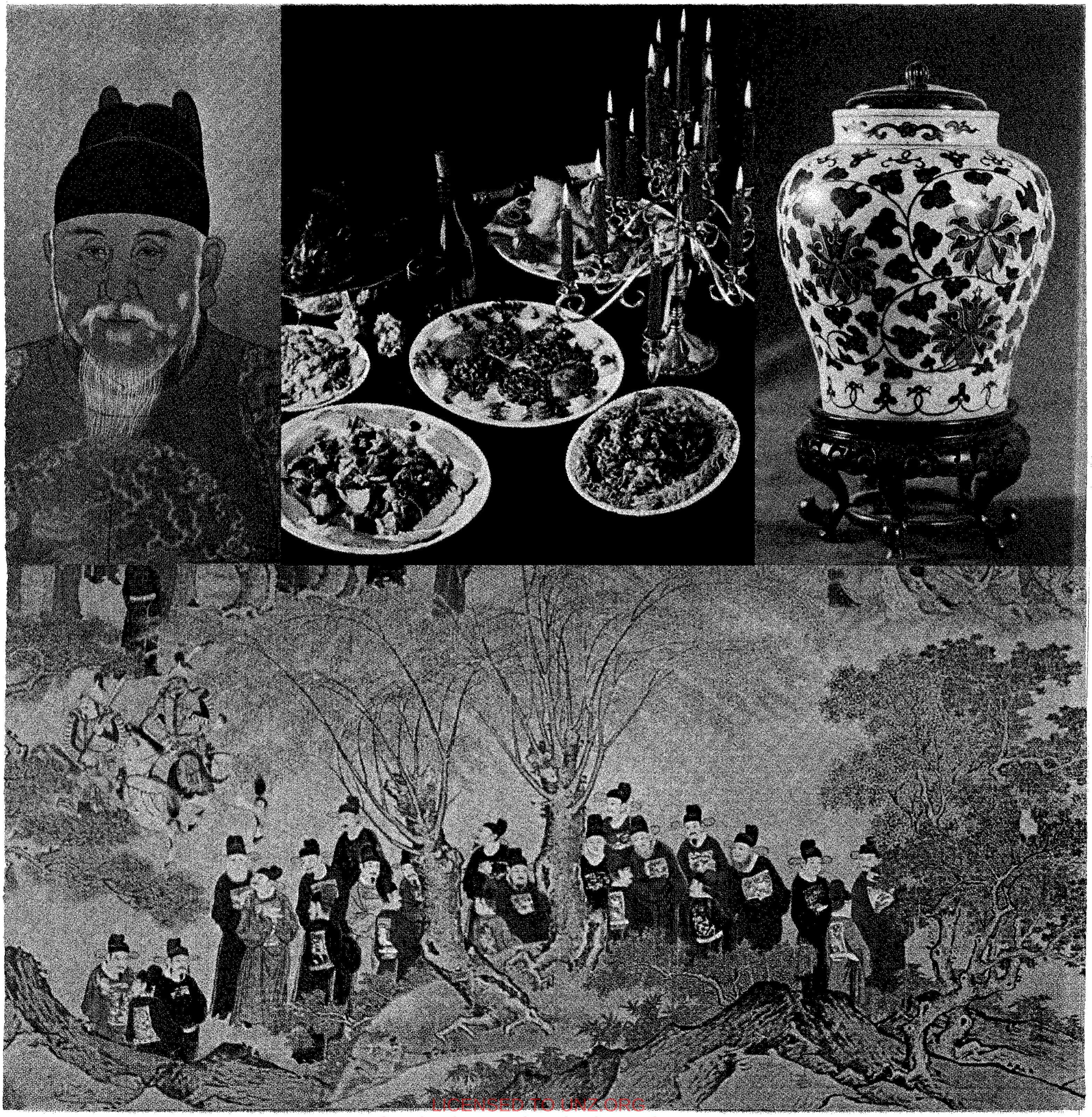

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Fellini Satyricon."

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Quiet Days in Clichy."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Yellow Submarine" and "Let It Be."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 29: "Loving" and "Watermelon Man."
From Sept. 30: "The Lion in Winter" and "Take the Money and Run."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 29: "Z."
From Sept. 30: "Woodstock."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 29: "Getting Straight" and "Loving."
From Sept. 30: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"M*A*S*H."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Catch-22."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Performance."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Things of Life."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Sept. 30: "Pound."
From Oct. 1: "The Baby Maker."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Patton."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Eugenie."

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Sept. 29: "Goodbye Gemini."
From Sept. 30: "Colossus: The Forbin Project."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Quiet Days in Clichy."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Borsalino."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Eldridge Cleaver."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"A Quiet Place in the Country."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"M*A*S*H."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"R.P.M."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The People Next Door."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Sept. 23: "Downhill Racer" and "Rosemary's Baby."
From Sept. 24: "The Battle of Algiers" and "Black Roots."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 29: "Women in Love."
From Sept. 30: "Woodstock."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Patton."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 30: "The Rise of Louis XIV."
From Oct. 1: "Pound."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 29: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon."
From Sept. 30: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Buster Keaton festival.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Sept. 29: "Goodbye Gemini."
From Sept. 30: "Colossus: The Forbin Project."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
From Sept. 23, at 8: "Tora! Tora! Tora!" (Opening night by invitation only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hello, Dolly!"

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Sept. 23: "Darling Lili."
From Sept. 24: "Sunflower."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Soldier Blue." (On Monday, Sept. 28, a filmed version of "Oh! Calcutta!" will be shown at 7 and 9:45 with performers from the New York, San Francisco, and London casts.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"L'Enfant Sauvage."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"M*A*S*H."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Kes."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Quiet Days in Clichy."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Tristana."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Something for Everyone."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5071)
"Catch-22."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 29: "The Landlord."
From Sept. 30: "The Love Bug" and "The Jungle Book."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 29: "Women in Love."
From Sept. 30: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 29: "Z" and "With Six You Get Eggroll."
From Sept. 30 (tentative): "Patton."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 23: "Gilda" and "Platinum Blonde."
Sept. 24-30: "Children of Paradise" and "Zero for Conduct."
From Oct. 1: "The Philadelphia Story" and "Wife Versus Secretary."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 29: "Medium Cool" and "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here."
From Sept. 30: "The Revolutionary" and "Rider on the Rain."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 23: "The Red and the White" and "A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein."
Sept. 24: "Dear John" and "A Stranger Knocks."
Sept. 25: "Weekend" and "To Die in Madrid."
Sept. 26: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Brief Encounter."
Sept. 27: "Never on Sunday" and "Topkapi."
Sept. 28: "Muriel" and "Mademoiselle."
Sept. 29: "The Thomas Crown Affair" and "Bedazzled."
Sept. 30: "Repulsion" and "Contempt."
Oct. 1: "Ulysses."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 29: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon."
From Sept. 30: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Baby Maker—With Barbara Hershey. Directed by James Bridges. (Plaza; starting Oct. 1.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Sept. 24.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Thalia; Sept. 29.)

Black Roots—A Lionel Rogosin film. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Sept. 24.)

Borsalino—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo as Marseille hoods in the thirties. The spoof falters. In French. (Cinema I.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," and Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard played the lovers with such touching restraint that they broke hearts everywhere. A craftsmanlike tearjerker. (Thalia; Sept. 26.)

Catch-22—Political and moral omens of the present in the absurd situation of a Second World War American bomber squadron at loose ends. Directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is perfect as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. With Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (New Yorker; Sept. 24-30.)

Eldridge Cleaver—William Klein's reportage of Cleaver talking in exile in Algeria. (Cinema II.)

Colossus: The Forbin Project—A rather parochial science-fiction story about a world crisis over a private contest between two powerful computers, one American (called Colossus), one Russian. The Russian one is academically behind. This is a very patriotic film. (Avco Embassy East and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Sept. 30.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 30.)

Darling Lili—Julie Andrews singing radiantly in a spy story set in the First World War. She cheers up French invalids with fine poise, and Rock Hudson is in love with her, and that's all. (Music Hall; Sept. 23.)

Dear John (1966)—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. In Swedish. (Thalia; Sept. 24.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—Well-heeled Manhattan in a very local sort of married trouble. A pretty masochist, played by Carrie Snodgress, is the wife of a good-looking sadist, played by Richard Benjamin. He is on the way up as a lawyer, and keeps her on the move about entertaining. She takes a lover, but her husband's teeth perfectly match the teeth marks on her shoulder, so all's well in the end. (Beekman.)

Downhill Racer (1969)—How Robert Redford wins the Olympic downhill race. The story is thin but the ski footage is exciting. Michael Ritchie directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 23.)

L'Enfant Sauvage—In his own film, Truffaut appears for the first time as an actor. He plays a late-eighteenth-century doctor named Jean Itard who brings up and tries to educate, with some doubt about whether he is doing the right thing, a boy of eleven or twelve who has spent his life abandoned in the woods. The relationship between this august, inquiring, clever man and his marauding charge is wonderfully delicate. Only Truffaut could have made such a picture. Among other things, it gives a fine account of the research mind, and living expression to the Romantic Age's fascination with Rousseau's Natural Man. In French. (Festival.)

Eugenie—With Marie Liljedahl. Directed by Jess Franco. (Pacific East.)

Fellini Satyricon—For Fellini, pre-Christian Rome resembles a stoned circus. In Italian. (Art.)

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. A marvellous picture, easy-natured, missing nothing. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (Coronet.)

Getting Straight—Elliott Gould and Candice Bergen in a campus picture. One of the varyingly cheap new tear-gas romances. The film's

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

student riots seem to be happening so that Elliott and Candy can patch up a lovers' fight. (Kips Bay; through Sept. 29.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that wonderful fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (New Yorker; Sept. 23.)

Goodbye Gemini—With Judy Geeson, Martin Potter, and Michael Redgrave. Directed by Alan Gibson. (Avco Embassy East and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Sept. 29.)

Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus here surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Guild.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (86th St. East.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hardhat prejudice in a bar, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. The alliance turns out to seem only a fairly easy plot trick, and the idea of the film never grows, perhaps because it has its origins in simple pursuit of the current. (Murray Hill.)

A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein (1968)—A documentary. (Thalia; Sept. 23.)

The Jungle Book (1967)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 30.)

Buster Keaton Festival—Raymond Rohauer has accumulated from all over the world a rare collection of ten silent features and twenty-one silent shorts. Sept. 23: "Our Hospitality" and two shorts. Sept. 24: "Sherlock Jr." and three shorts. Sept. 25: "The Navigator" and two shorts. Sept. 26: "Go West" and two shorts. Sept. 27: "Seven Chances" and two shorts. Sept. 28: "Battling Butler" and two shorts. Sept. 29: "The General" and two shorts. Sept. 30: "College" and two shorts. Oct. 1: "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," and two shorts. (Elgin.)

Kes—A simple, clear-spirited picture about English obduracy, made by Ken Loach. David Bradley plays a fifteen-year-old working-class Yorkshire lad—undersized, abstracted, self-trained to attack in extremity—who finds his kin in a kestrel. One trusts the techniques of the film, which has a lot of improvisations and doesn't cheat with cutaways. (Little Carnegie.)

The Landlord—Fair-to-middling story about Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white, ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother, buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. (Cinema Studio; through Sept. 29.)

Let It Be—The Beatles fugitively getting back the feeling of what it's like to be young together. We watch them in rehearsal. Not a good picture, but an endearing one, with its own sadness in the midst of the gang's cheery ethic of survivalism. (Cinema Village.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Charles; starting Sept. 30.)

The Love Bug (1969)—With Dean Jones and Michele Lee. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 30.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—The title of Cy Howard's comedy with Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Bob Dishy is a fresh-minted way of putting the untrue cliché that we never know a thing about our intimates. The picture looks as if it was assembled from the installments of some sophisticated soap opera. (Tower East.)

Loving—An unusually intelligent film, with George Segal as an amiable failed artist who wriggles this way and that because he doesn't like his life. (Charles and Kips Bay; through Sept. 29.)

Mademoiselle (1966)—Jeanne Moreau as a sex-starved pyromaniac schoolteacher, in a script by Jean Genet that punctures Kate Millett's argument for him. Tony Richardson directed this exquisitely photographed, elaborately bizarre, ridiculous, and tedious movie. (Thalia; Sept. 28.)

M*A*S*H—Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt as hip Galahads—combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean war. (34th St. East, U. A. East, and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

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Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero, about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Symphony; through Sept. 29.)

Muriel (1963)—Alain Resnais's experiment in fragmented flashback and flash-forward editing. The fragmentation, probably intended as a comment on modern life, is more irritating than illuminating. Delphine Seyrig is the forty-year-old antique dealer in whose symbolic shop (where she also lives) time and memory are scrambled and chopped up. Script by Jean Cayrol; music by Hans Werner Henze, sung by Rita Streich. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 28.)

Never on Sunday (1960)—Melina Mercouri as the happy whore who goes to bed only with men she likes in Jules Dassin's clumsy fable about the joys of amorality and the stupidity of virtue. Pinheaded Shavian ironies and an exhaustingly robust heroine. Made in Greece, with bouzouki music by Manos Hadjidakis. In English and Greek. (Thalia; Sept. 27.)

Patton—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed, in a handsome, almost imperial, style, by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Baronet and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 30, tentative.)

The People Next Door—The generation gap is a cliché, and this film adds a whole pile more evidence of that fact. (Loew's Ciné.)

Performance—A soaringly humorless thriller, set in Mod London as no Londoner would recognize it, with Mick Jagger and James Fox in the middle of a plot that offers hallucinogenic mushrooms, face-slashing, transvestism. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 1.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (New Yorker; Sept. 23.)

Pound—Robert Downey's satire (plotless, as this sort of satire now obligatorily is) about a lot of people represented as dogs, as if in a comedy of Jonsonian humors. There is a lot of stress on the characters' grotesqueries; the film's theme, it begins to seem, is not so much the moral hideousness of our species as our sorry lag behind the physical splendors of Miss Rheingold. (Plaza; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; starting Oct. 1.)

Quiet Days in Clichy—Based on the Henry Miller novel. A worthy try at reproducing Miller's tone, but it seems bungled and technically gauche. Shot in Denmark, in English, with much post-synching. (Evergreen, Ciné Malibu, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

A Quiet Place in the Country—Art drives men mad, say the movies. Franco Nero is the crazy painter here. Vanessa Redgrave dotes on him, and wears black underclothes to tie him up in sex games that look like let's-play-electric-chair. Dopey. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Red and the White (1968)—Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War of 1918, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossacks. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material, they make something austere and concerned with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (Thalia; Sept. 23.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl (Catherine Deneuve). (Thalia; Sept. 30.)

The Revolutionary—Paul Williams' very interesting film, with Jon Voight as a radical student. The place and the time of the action are nearly here and now, but not quite; there are subtle displacements. This isn't one of the Hollywood catchpenny films about campus unrest—not by a long shot. (Symphony; starting Sept. 30.)

Rider on the Rain—A thriller by René Clément about a girl called Mélancolie, married to an Air France navigator whom she dares not tell about a terrifying rapist she murdered. The film is an account of panic; the girl, who is always dressed in white, starts to climb up the wall of your mind, like a pigeon flattening itself against a window trying to get out. There are stretches that are mechanical and meagre-spirited, but it's worth seeing. In French. (Symphony; starting Sept. 30.)

The Rise of Louis XIV—Rossellini's best film for many years, and one of the most interesting documents about history and power that the cinema possesses. The director made it in 1965-66 for French-Italian television The view is Brechtian, sly, funny, very intelligent; life in the splendid palaces is seen in all its mixture of *luxe* and squalor. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Sept. 30.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 23.)

R.P.M.—With Anthony Quinn and Ann-Margret. Directed by Stanley Kramer. (Orpheum.)

Soldier Blue—A lot of blood coming at you as social self-castigation. The U. S. Cavalry is shown murdering Indian women and children. Candice Bergen sings. (Ziegfeld.)

Something for Everyone—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Paris.)

A Stranger Knocks (1965)—Danish melodrama by Johan Jacobsen, set in 1947, with rather maladroitly placed erotic scenes in it that at this distance look a bit more preposterous than before. In Danish. (Thalia; Sept. 24.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Thalia; Sept. 26.)

Sunflower—With Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Music Hall; starting Sept. 24.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Charles; starting Sept. 30.)

Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon—Liza Minnelli as the cheery head girl of a jolly gang of the maimed. She has been disfigured by acid; her chums are an incurable neurological patient and a paralyzed homosexual. The maudlin quality of the original book is not aided by the note of Otto Preminger's film, which makes the bravado of characters in appalling circumstances seem sometimes to be more relished than respected. (Greenwich and Midtown; through Sept. 29.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here (1969)—Ideology on horseback. Abraham Polonsky's indictment of American racism features Robert Blake as Willie, the hunted Indian, and Robert Redford as Coop, the sheriff. (Symphony; through Sept. 29.)

The Things of Life—Claude Sautet's film slithers from a study of a love affair into an oddly lyric reverie about a car crash. Not really up to "A Man and a Woman," as good French soup goes. In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwits a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinema-

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tography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (Thalia; Sept. 29.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (Thalia; Sept. 25.)

Topkapi (1964)—Comic grand larceny in Eric Ambler terrain—Istanbul. The gang in this Jules Dassin thriller includes Peter Ustinov, Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, and Akim Tamiroff, and they all work too hard at being merry, lovable scoundrels. Music by Manos Hadjidakis. (Thalia; Sept. 27.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—An account of the attack on Pearl Harbor, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Criterion; starting Sept. 23, at 8. Thereafter, nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Tristana—Buñuel's most Spanish of films, made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. The story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Lincoln Art.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Thalia; Oct. 1.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy—D. H. Lawrence's short novel as a film made by Christopher Miles. Maurice Denham is the head of the household; an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns, he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). The movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to Lawrence. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Watermelon Man—A rather funny comedy of crashing taste, with Godfrey Cambridge as a Northern white bigot who turns black overnight, to his frenzy. His liberal wife quickly tires of liberalism and quits, and he erupts as a more and more cheerful and adjusted black. (Charles; through Sept. 29.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 25.)

Wife Versus Secretary (1936)—With Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Myrna Loy. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 1.)

With Six You Get Eggroll (1968)—In the old days, Doris Day's films never gave more than a hint that she might be pregnant sometime after the end of the picture. In the new days—and this picture represents them—she has a sunny brood of kids. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 29.)

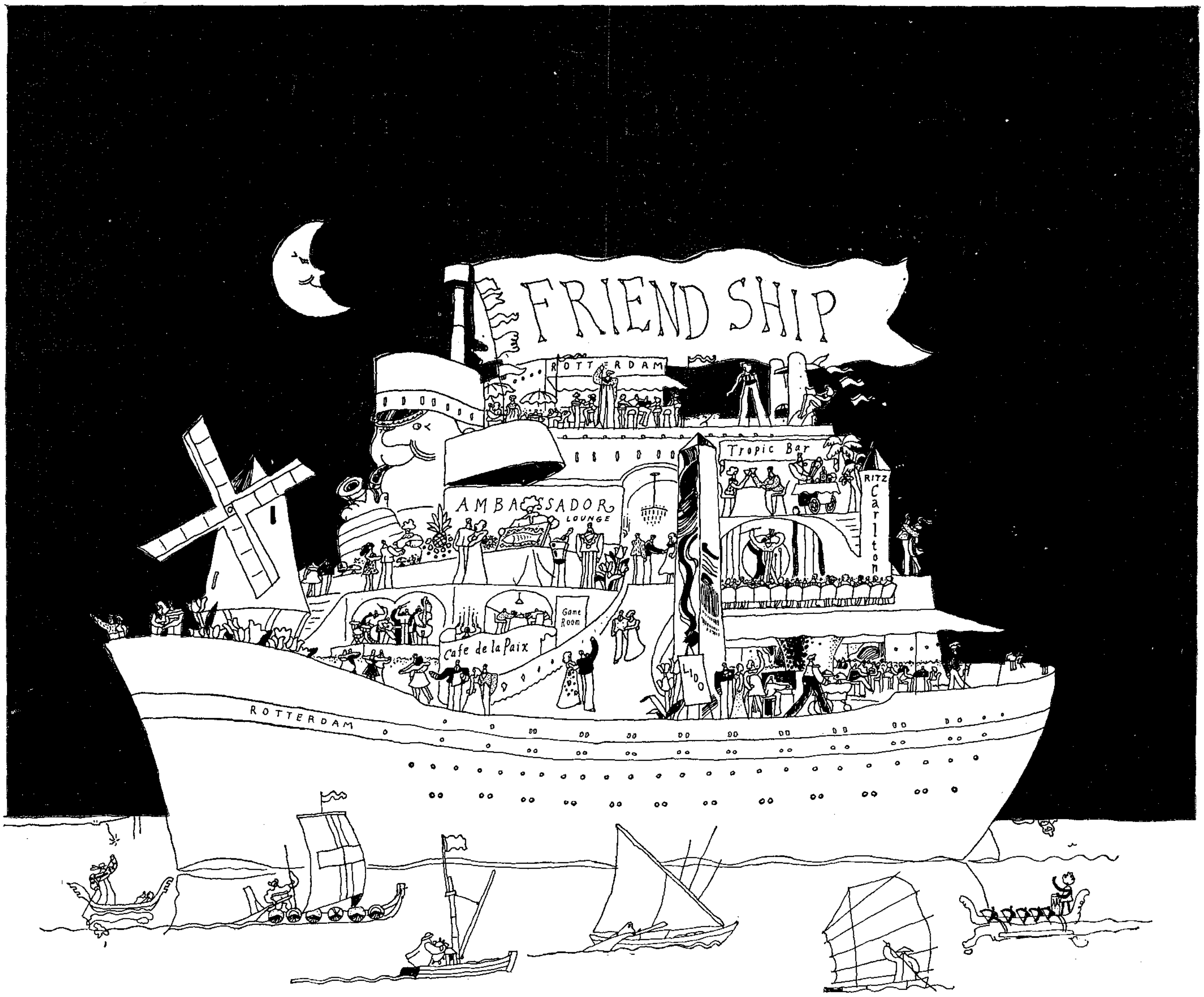
Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make a wild Gothic experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. (Waverly and Regency; through Sept. 29.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of last summer's Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style, and the standard of sound recording is first-rate, but skeptics would be right to call the picture a media hype. (Gramercy and Waverly; starting Sept. 30.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Cinema Village.)

Z—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras' extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. (In English at the Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ In French at the Gramercy; through Sept. 29.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (New Yorker; Sept. 24-30.)



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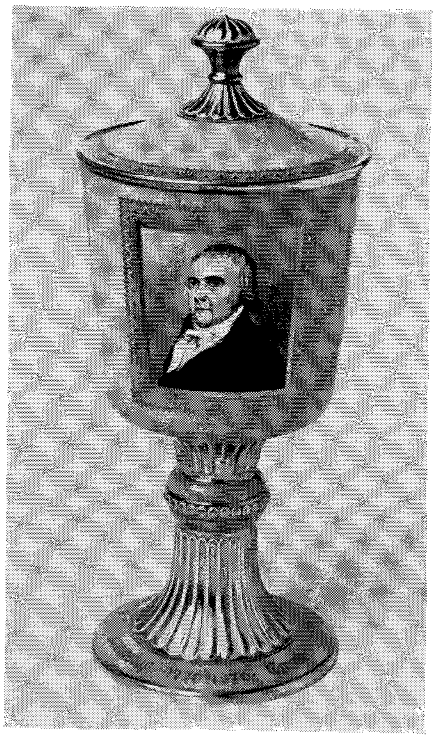

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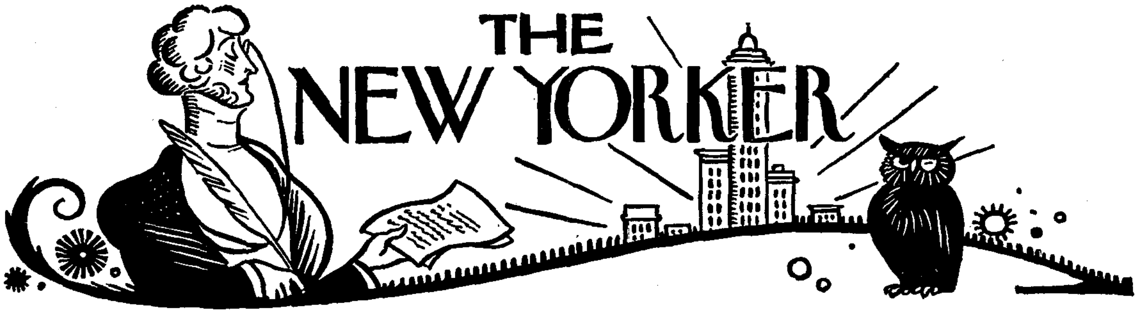


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

We had been hoping to hear from our old friend Ernest M. Frimbo, the world's leading railroad buff, ever since the collapse of the Penn Central, so that we could pass on some more of his pungent comments on that unfortunate railroad. Mr. Frimbo is a man whose remarks scare the daylights out of the timid and inspire in the strong a healthy respect. Perhaps we had better reintroduce this venerable man briefly, for the benefit of some of our younger readers. We first met Mr. Frimbo twenty-five years ago, when he was the *nation's* leading railroad buff. Since then, he has travelled over two million miles on railroad trains in all parts of the civilized world. At the same time, Mr. Frimbo has not neglected his other activities, which include writing, editing, snoozing, going to football games, eating dinner in night clubs, and dressing as well as, if not better than, the Duke of Windsor. His conversation, which was tart in 1945, has matured over the years, like a good Cheddar.

When our friend finally gave us a ring two weeks ago, he said he would have called us sooner but he had been spending the last few months travelling and polishing his remarks. He said that he had two tickets for a snappy excursion train pulled by a steam engine, and that he was prepared to "tell all" about the Penn Central if we would meet him in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on Saturday morning at nine o'clock.

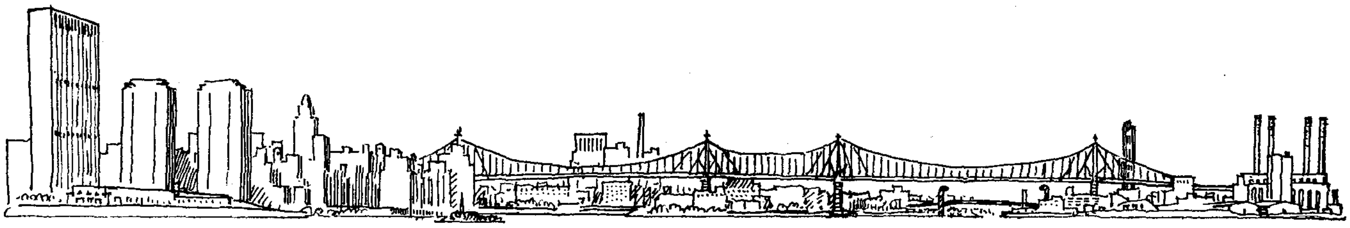
The snappy excursion train proved to be a sumptuous affair, sponsored by an outfit called the High Iron Company, of Lebanon, New Jersey. The company is run by a jolly commodities broker named Ross E. Rowland, Jr., who is a railroad buff in his spare time. We found Mr. Frimbo seated in the lounge of an observation car that had been built for a railroad executive. The car had a private dining room, and a private tub and shower in the bathroom adjoining the master bedroom. The trip afforded many exciting moments, including the chance to debark and watch a steam engine come rushing out of a tunnel at forty-five miles an hour—an event considerably more exciting than seeing a dragon come roaring out of its cave in "Siegfried." The train also climbed the Allegheny Mountains, west of Altoona, and managed to negotiate, under its own steam, the famous Horseshoe Curve, which the Penn Central calls "railroading's most famous geographical landmark." The curve is the trickiest part of the ascent of the Alleghenies, and it is also a magnificent feat of modern engineering, dating from the eighteen-fifties. The fact that our train made it up to the top astounded and confounded numerous Penn Central officials who were along for the ride and had been confidently predicting disaster. Mr. Frimbo, of course, was in high glee at the engine's triumph and the officials' frustration. "Wrong again," he said triumphantly. "A perfect, unbroken record!"

We will not describe the rest of the trip but, instead, will bring you, in toto, Mr. Frimbo's remarks, which were unusually pointed, even for him. (You must picture Mr. Frimbo sitting in an overstuffed armchair with a cool drink in one hand and a plate of toothsome canapés within easy reach.)

"Son," said Mr. Frimbo, "the United States of America is rapidly becoming an undeveloped country again. The Post Office is cutting down on Special Delivery, even though it charges forty-five cents a letter. I omit any reference to the Telephone Company, the electric-light companies, the bus companies, and the airlines. The railroads, as *you* know, as *I* know, as even the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission know, are disappearing. There is *no way* to get from many American towns to many other American towns these days except by automobile. The Secretary of Transportation seems to think that there is only one means of transportation: the private car. With one person in it. What mass transportation there is has become centralized on the main routes. Once you get off them, you're *dead.*

"Now, I know you want to hear about the Penn Central. And I want to talk about it. But I want you to get a picture of just how bad the Penn Central's performance has been. I am reminding you of how bad the performance of the *rest* of the industry has been, not just in looking after passengers but in delivering freight—and I am not forgetting some conspicuous exceptions—so you can see that the performance of the Penn Central has been *worse.*

"I have two points to make. Number One. It is my considered judgment that the boys at the Penn Central



Richard Edes Harrison

decided about five years ago to get out of the railroad business and into the real-estate business. I have thought about this a great deal, and it's the only explanation I can come up with that makes any sense. Here is my syllogism. The Penn Central owns great chunks of extraordinarily valuable real estate in the downtown parts of a number of major cities. This real estate would be ripe for development if only the current occupants could be evicted, or persuaded to leave, or put out of business. Most real-estate men's minds work this way—I'm not giving away any secrets. Now, the current occupants happen to be railroad stations. Ordinarily, a railroad station is very important to a community. There is, however, an occasion when a railroad station is not an important building. That occasion arises when *there aren't any trains*. If you happen to be in the railroad business already, and happen to own the stations in question, the absence of trains becomes something you can do something about. I have left out the footnotes, in the interests of brevity, but I assure you that many details can be furnished on request.

"Point Number Two. The railroad is a public utility. Now, this kind of public utility is supposed to serve both the travelling and the shipping public, in return for which the Interstate Commerce Commission protects it from unfair competition and protects the public against monopoly. I am sorry to have to say this, but it looks to me as though this notion were one of those well-intentioned, and even well-thought-out, reforms that have balled things up. And most of the state public-utilities commissions, which also supposedly protect the public from the railroad, are doing exactly the opposite. The railroad and the other utilities are being protected from unfair competition, all right. They are being turned into monopolies. And all monopolists think in the same way. The Penn Central, which, with the permission of the Interstate Commerce Commission, has become damn near a monopoly in this part of the country, seems to have decided that it is its duty to provide the public with only those services which make the largest amount of money. One way or another, it gets subsidies for some of the less profitable services, and I agree that it should get more. But suppose the Telephone Company decided to eliminate telephone service in the Catskills because it was not profitable. Suppose the Post Office said, 'Sorry, we're losing so much on Rural Free Delivery we'll have to cut it out.' Would there be a howl? Well, I'm howling now."

Bureaucrat

A WASHINGTON friend reports that he was leafing through the Department of State phone directory when, under Agency for International Development (AID), he came across a listing for Associate Assistant Administrator in the Office of Assistant Administrator for Administration.

Hoopla

ON September 12th, after a routine sluggish political summer, we were ready for some action, and seized on a promising note in the otherwise unpromising report in the *Times* on the election campaign of Senator Charles Goodell. "Within the next ten days," the Republican-Liberal candidate was said to have said, "we'll go through the hoopla." "Hoopla" (as defined by Republican lexicographer and Nixon Administration speechwriter William Safire): "Devices and techniques to stimulate or manufacture enthusiasm. . . . In politics, hoopla is a necessary ingredient to campaigns to give them bounce, youthfulness, and a sense of fun."

We made a telephone call to one of the Senator's press representatives to check out the details of this forecast. The press representative recommended Tuesday the fifteenth.

"What's the schedule?" we asked.

"Well," said the press representative, "Senator Javits is giving a fund-raising breakfast for Senator Goodell at the Waldorf at eight-thirty, but that's completely private—no press allowed. Probably there will be a press conference at ten, but we don't know where. Possibly at noon, the Senator will visit a rally at the U.N. Plaza to support Soviet Jewry. The afternoon isn't quite firm yet. At six-thirty, Senator Percy is hosting a cocktail party, but we're not sure where that is. There's a dinner at eight at the Monk's Inn, but Janet Wolfe's running that, so it might be off."

On the eve of the big day, we called again, hoping for a little more hoopla. The breakfast was still on and still private, we were told. The press conference was off. The rally was on, to be followed by a walking tour of the open-air market in East Harlem. The rest of the afternoon was empty. The cocktail party hosted by Senator Percy was off. The dinner was on.

A few minutes before noon on the fifteenth, we headed east on Forty-second Street toward the United Nations Plaza, at First Avenue. The rally had started without us, and without Senator Goodell. About twenty young men and women were sitting on the ground in front of the Isaiah Wall, which is inscribed with the prophecy about swords and plowshares, and which was hung that day with a hand-painted banner reading "Freedom Fast for Soviet Jewry." Other demonstrators were standing in groups around the sitters, and all of them were clapping in time to the music of an accordion and a clarinet. Above the banner, at the top of the steps leading from the Plaza to Tudor City, diners and an idle waiter peered down at the demonstration through the windows of La Bibliothèque. Three deadpan policemen and a cluster of men with cameras and microphones were standing near the curb. A man in a gray suit and a blue shirt was interviewing a man in a gray suit and a blue shirt.

At the foot of the steps, the master of ceremonies for the rally explained into an erratic microphone that the occasion for all this—one of a series of demonstrations to be held to dramatize the lack of freedom of the three and a half million Jews in the Soviet Union—was the opening day of the twenty-fifth session of the United Nations General Assembly. Five girls in dark costumes, their wrists tied with bright-pink cords, performed a dance that the m.c. described afterward as "a picture of what we hope is the future of Soviet Jewry." During the dance, a car and a taxi collided near the driveway to the U.N. buildings, across the street, and a hubcap rolled into the avenue. One of the rally policemen went over to mediate between the drivers. Meanwhile, a student from Queens College recited Yevgeny Yevtushenko's poem "Babi Yar."

"We are expecting Senator Goodell momentarily," said the m.c. "Please hold on."

There was a round of group singing, and then the accordion player made an announcement: "Now, in coöperation with our friends from the press, we will play a slow instrumental. You may hum softly in the background."

A friend from the press apparently

objected to the plan, and the accordionist amended his announcement. "You may hum with silent vocal cords," he said. "No humming, please."

"And now a message from Governor Rockefeller, who is unable to be here today," said the m.c. The message was read by a student from Brooklyn College: ". . . due to a previous engagement . . . transcends politics . . . ardent hope . . . free to live as they choose, wherever they choose."

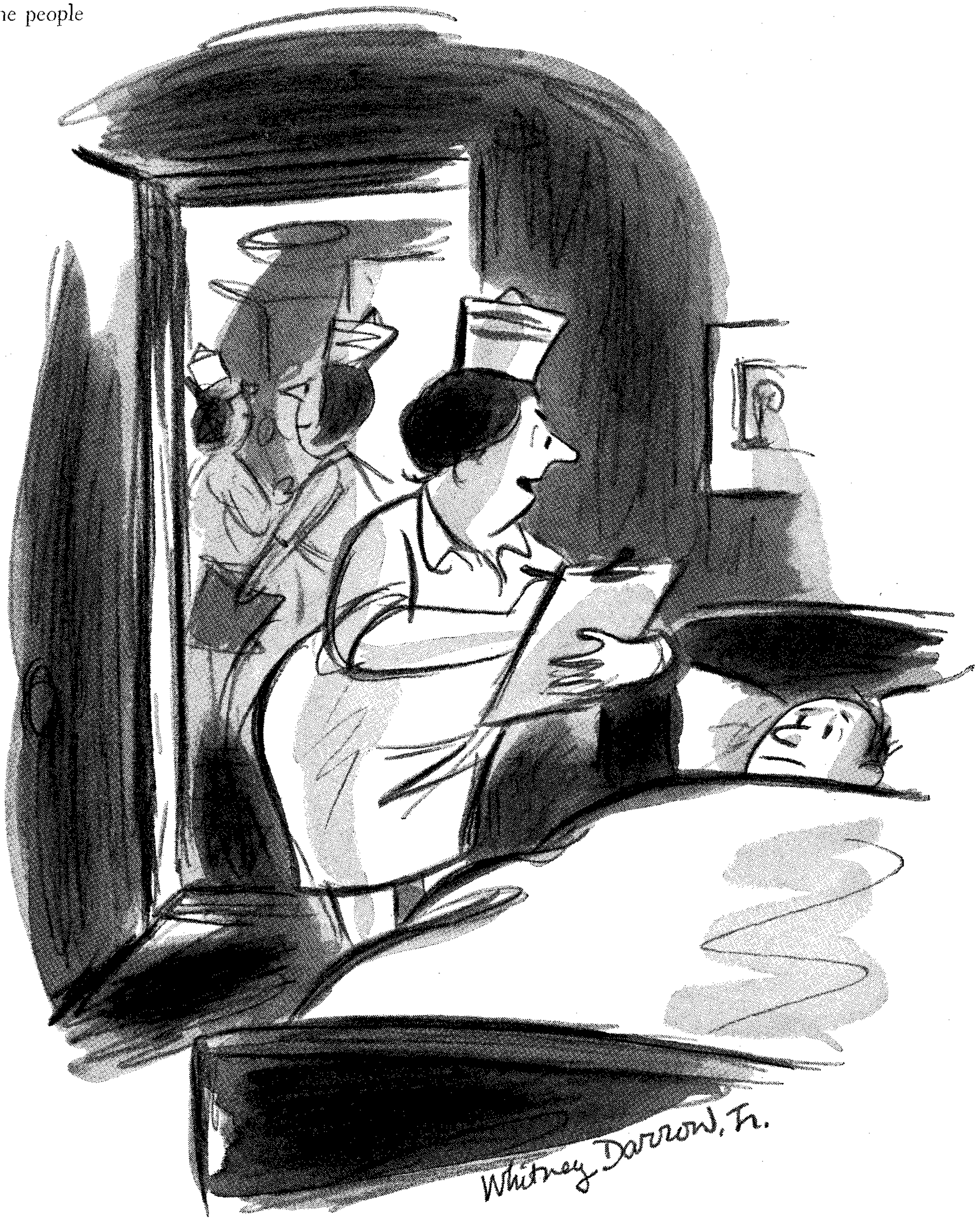
"While we wait for Senator Goodell, who is expected momentarily, and who has been delayed . . ." said the m.c., and he introduced a pantomime, in which the concern of the New Left for peace, love, ecology, and power to the people was contrasted, by means of placards, with its indifference to the plight of Soviet Jews. The performance was followed by speeches. Barry Farber, a candidate for Congress, dropped by to express his enthusiasm for the demonstration. "You have to be against injustice anywhere, or else you're a boring and dangerous phony," he said.

The m.c. read messages of encouragement and support from Allard Lowenstein, Paul O'Dwyer, and Richard Ottinger, one of Senator Goodell's opponents. "As we wait for Senator Goodell," he added, "there will be another musical interlude."

The audience, both casual observers and unoccupied demonstrators, applauded moderately at the end of each phase of the rally, more in honor of the parade of speakers and performers, it seemed, than out of deep feeling for the cause. This appreciation for mere form was clearly illustrated when Senator Goodell finally appeared and made a brief, inaudible statement. As he began to speak, people and camera crews swarmed around him, untroubled by the inadequacy of the microphone and by the sounds of buses lurching up First Avenue and by the machinery of a street-repair crew just back from lunch. Senator Goodell spoke with a grave expression on his face, and the people watched him intently, perhaps assuming that they could find out on the television news what he had said: ". . . disturbed . . . committed . . . discriminated against . . . tragic . . . do everything we can . . . keep it up . . . Thank you." Applause.

The walking tour of the East Harlem market consisted of a stroll past the close-packed shops and the curbside fruit-and-vegetable venders running from the southeast corner of 116th Street and Park Avenue to the southwest corner of 116th and Lexington, where the candidate stopped to deliver a statement on drug addiction. Along the way, he moved in and out of a cordon of television crews that accompanied him, greeting shoppers and storekeepers, introducing himself, and shaking hands. Not all the people on the street knew who he was or why he was there, but nearly everyone seemed to be excited about the possibility of appearing on the television news.

The Monk's Inn is a restaurant on West Sixty-fourth Street where the waiters are dressed as monks. When we got there, shortly after eight o'clock that evening, the candidate and his wife were standing just inside the lobby at the head of a receiving line that


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"You may feel you're not fully recovered, Mr. Bridgeman, but the computer says otherwise, so you must get up and go home."

also contained Joan Crawford, on the candidate's right, and, on Miss Crawford's right, Mr. and Mrs. David Susskind. Across from them, two monks were providing drinks for the guests, most of whom had paid seventy-five dollars apiece to attend the party. We stood in a niche between the liquor and a bowl of steak tartare on a side table, and enjoyed our fill of hoopla.

Television lights flashed on or off, depending on the stature of the incoming guests, who included Jack Gilford and his wife, and Betty Friedan in a long red cape.

"Hey, there's Bella Abzug!" a cameraman said, pointing to Ms. Friedan.

"No, no," said a sound man.

The Senator smiled broadly or laughed heartily throughout the evening, saying, "Nice to see you," "Glad to see you," "How do you do? Glad to know you," "Sid, how are you doing?," "Haven't seen you in a long time," or "George, how are you?," depending on whether he already knew a guest or was meeting a guest for the first time.

"He comes across very convincingly," a voice in the crowd remarked.

The first high point of the evening was a brief visit from Mayor Lindsay, who stopped in to say hello to the candidate and to pose with him for the cameras. In the crush that accompanied his appearance, the Mayor backed Mr. Susskind against a wall by mistake.

The second high point was the arrival of Governor Rockefeller, whose dedication to the election of Senator Goodell has been questioned. The Governor, who is campaigning himself these days, showed up with State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz—another candidate—and, after greeting the Senator and posing with him for the cameras, made a triumphal march from the lobby into the dining room and back, smiling and shaking hands. On the way, he backed the Senator into Mr. Susskind's plate of *bœuf bourguignon* by mistake. The Senator smiled broadly.

Rules

A RECENT guest at the leading hotel in Iguassu Falls, Brazil, closed the door to his room and was delighted to find dangling from the inside knob a sign reading "Do Not Perturb." This led him to make a close scrutiny of the Rules of the House, printed on a card next to the bed:

1. Time of falling day's pay 10:30 hrs.
2. This hotel is not responsible by any importance or worth that has not been depositated at the reception office.
3. Walking or other kinds of starts in bath clothes only can be done by lateral stairs.

THE DIRECTION

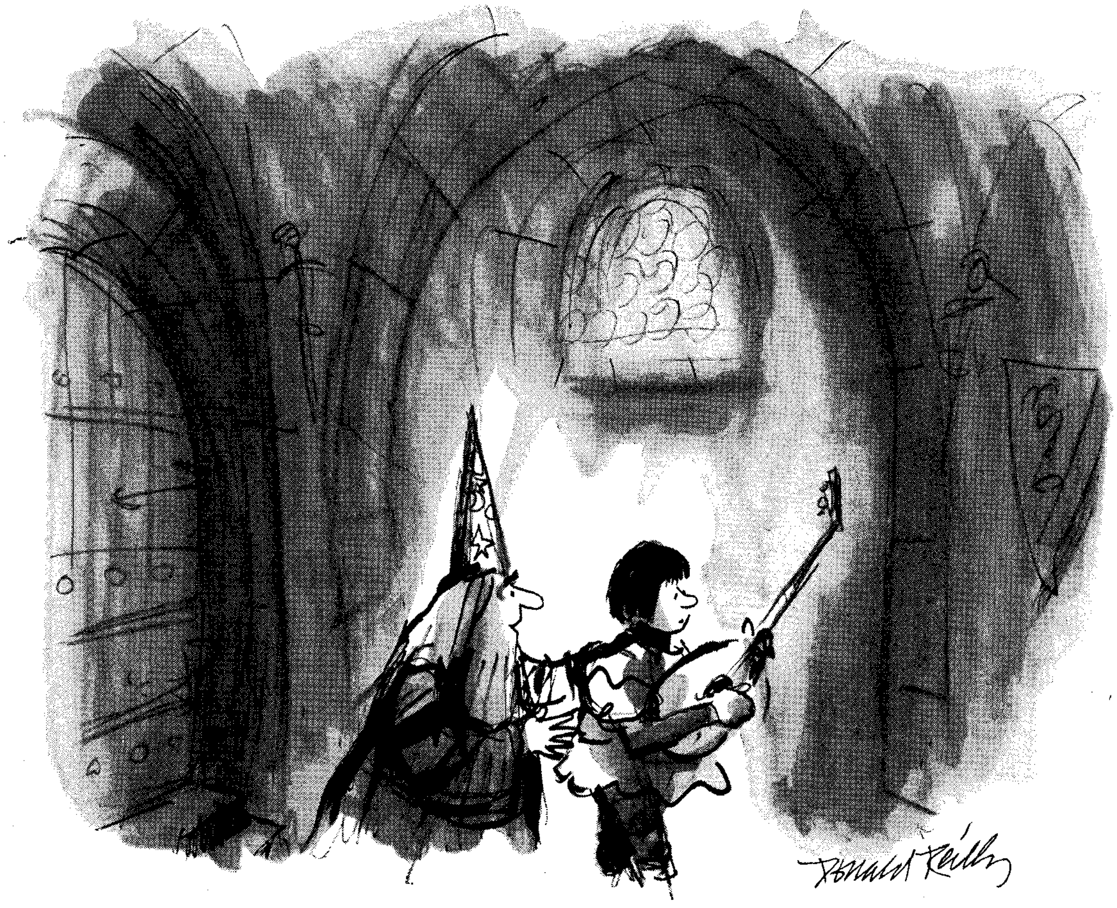
Bike to Work

LAST Wednesday morning, it was definitively proved that it is possible to ride a bike through darkest morning-rush-hour Manhattan—all the way from Sixtieth Street and Fifth Avenue to Battery Park—and live. This important fact was established through the efforts of a young architect, Barry Fishman, and his wife, Harriet Green, who recently started an organization called Bike for a Better City. The Fishmans believe that biking is a healthy, friendly, quiet, inexpensive, non-polluting, fast, and practical means of transportation, and apparently a lot of New Yorkers agree with them. All told, about a thousand enthusiastic cyclists, including us, turned out for the Bike to Work Ride that kicked off the Fishmans' campaign for bike lanes on major thoroughfares.

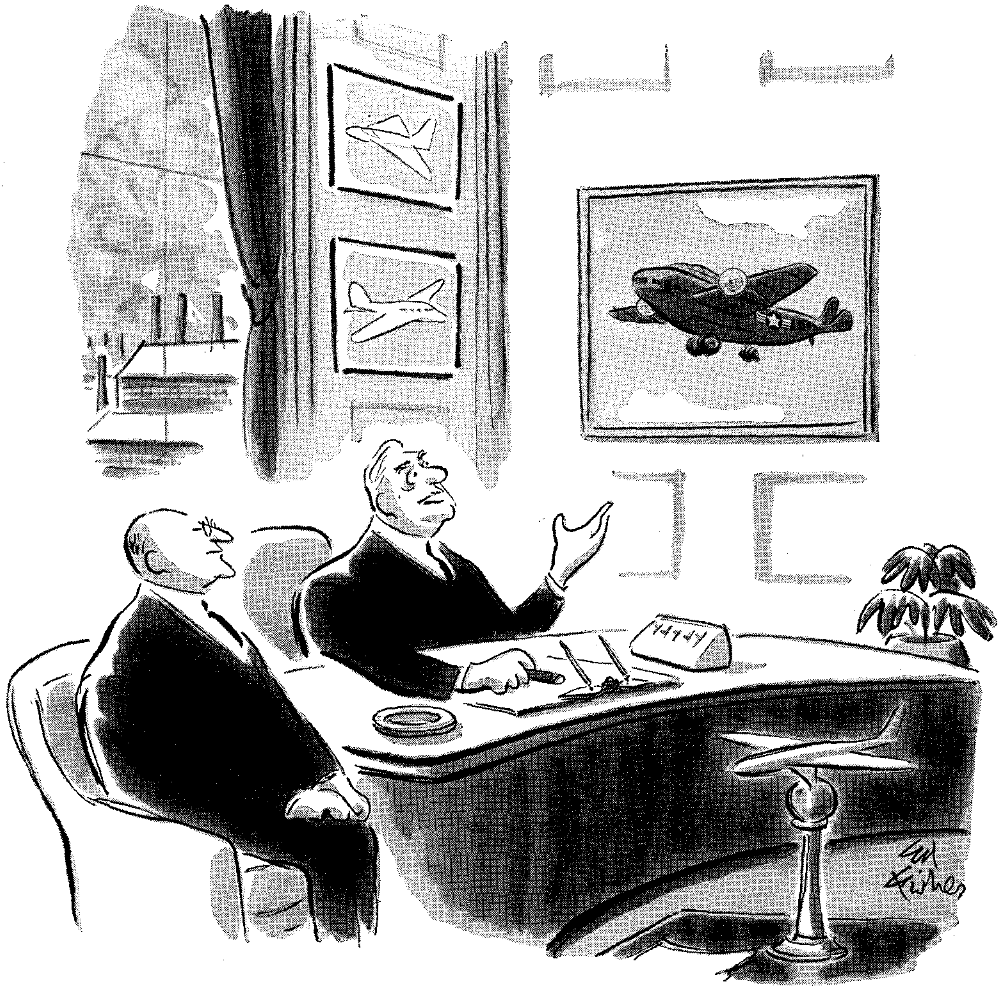
At a quarter to eight, when we arrived on our battered English racer, several dozen cyclists had already gathered at the Grand Army Plaza entrance to Central Park, across from the Plaza Hotel. One of them was David Dubinsky, the president emeritus of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. Mr. Dubinsky is a very short, solid-looking man with white hair and a sunny disposition. He was wearing a beret, smoking a cigar, and wheeling a ten-speed Hercules. "I've been riding for seventy years," said Mr. Dubinsky, who is seventy-eight. "When I came to this country, I was crazy for motorcycles, but who had the money for that? So I rode a bike. This is a new one. They already stole on me two good bikes."

"When did you get your first bike?" we asked.

"In 1937, the Union



"So you see, young man, instead of singing always of kings and knights and maidens fair, you would do well to include in your repertory songs dealing with a broader cross-section of the entire community."



"A rather clumsy and ugly old thing in the air, Renwick, but a beautiful cost overrun."

had a convention in Atlantic City," he said. "They wanted to get some kind of gift for me, so they asked my wife. She said, 'Get him a bike.' It was a nice thing to do, because when we were courting, I used to visit her on a bike. Before that, I had to rent. Look, here's Abe." He pointed to A. H. Raskin, of the *Times*, who had just wheeled up. "I often ride with him on Sundays in the park."

By this time, hundreds more cyclists had arrived. At 8:02, there was a commotion, and, once more, Mayor Lindsay's well-groomed head came into view in the middle of a crush of cameras and reporters. The Mayor took a piece of paper from his pocket and read a proclamation designating the day as Bike for a Better City Day.

A few minutes later, the Mayor took up his position at the head of the line. He was flanked by Charles Luce, chairman of the Consolidated Edison Company, and Jerome Kretchmer, the City's Environmental Protection Administrator, who had evidently found something they could agree upon. Nearby, Sid Davidoff, the Mayor's burly troubleshooter, was shouting instructions through a bullhorn.

"You got a bicycle, Sidney?" asked Mr. Kretchmer, who makes a point of always calling Mr. Davidoff "Sidney."

"You bet I do, Jerry," said Mr. Davidoff.

"Mr. Lindsay! Mr. Lindsay!" piped a female voice from the rear. The Mayor looked around. "Can we go?" the voice asked. "I have to get to school."

"And I have to catch a nine-o'clock flight to Washington," the Mayor said, and then he took off with startling speed, as if it were the Tour de France. Mr. Lindsay, moving out ahead of the pack, pedalled furiously down Fifth Avenue to Forty-sixth Street, where his limousine was waiting to take him to the airport. His performance was the more remarkable in view of the fact that his bike was a one-speed, coaster-brake model.

"The Mayor rides fast," we managed to say to Mr. Kretchmer, who was resplendently dressed in a cream-colored suit and a chocolate-brown shirt and tie, and who was setting a more reasonable pace on a shiny wine-red Raleigh.

"I've worked out with him, and he's in fantastic condition," said Mr. Kretchmer.

At the corner of Forty-second Street, a knot of pedestrians gaped at the extraordinary procession, and Mr. Kretchmer yelled at them, "Don't just stand there! Ride bicycles!"

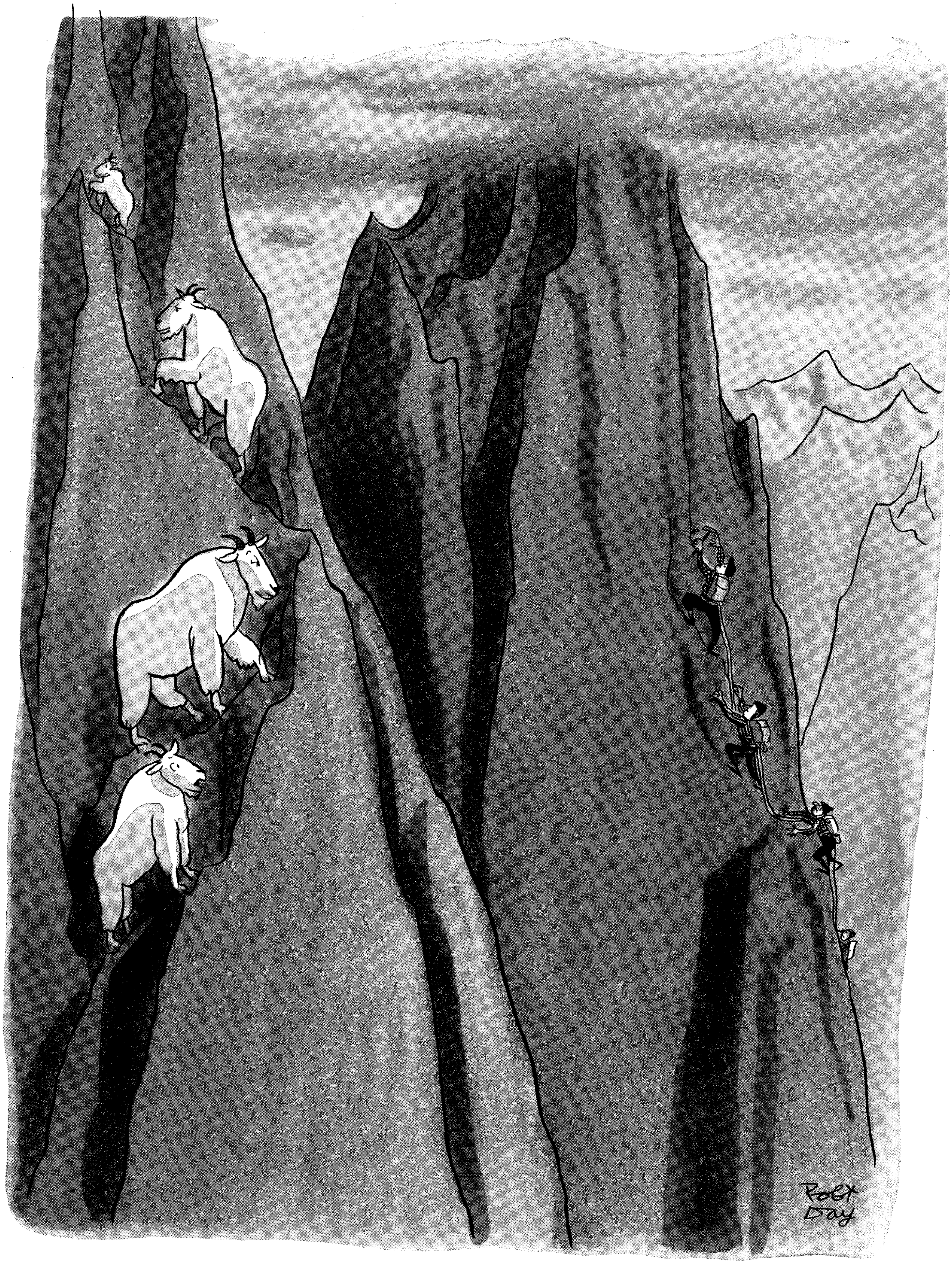
"Cycling is basically a solitary activity," a man on a fifteen-speed Peugeot remarked to no one in particular. "When you ride a bike, you kind of go into a trance."

At the corner of Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue, where a policeman was directing the cyclists east, we pulled over and watched for a while. Because most of the cyclists were taking the unusual step of stopping for red lights, the line stretched out over many blocks. We were struck by the variety of bikes and the variety of the people on them, and by the fact that the majority of the cyclists seemed to be over thirty. A white-haired lady in a long black dress pedalled by on a penny-farthing—the kind of bicycle with a very large front wheel and a very small rear wheel which one often sees in old prints. A black girl careered past on a unicycle. A Rasputinlike hippie took the corner on a contraption that resembled a schematic model of the atom.

The last leg of the ride was on Broadway, where the police had been less successful in clearing a lane for the cyclists, and it was sometimes necessary to weave among trucks and honking cars. Nevertheless, two hundred or so managed to complete the ride to Battery Park, where we asked Ms. Green, a pretty, dark-haired woman in a gray pants suit, if the event had exceeded her expectations.

"Well, when my husband and I first thought of this, we had in mind thirty or forty people making a quiet statement by riding together," she said. "Only lately did we realize we were going to get such a tremendous response. It makes me hopeful that we'll really be able to get some bike lanes. Everybody was so friendly and respectful. I think people will realize that bikes really *can* make it a better city without tearing it down and building it up again."

Someone handed Ms. Green a bullhorn, she made a little speech, and the cyclists rang their bells in appreciation. Then the cyclists went their separate ways, and once again New York was Car City.



"They're climbing it because it's there. But why are we climbing it?"

A FILM

THINGS have never been better, except that the child, one of the stars of our film, has just been stolen by vandals, and this will slow down the progress of the film somewhat, if not bring it to a halt. But might not this incident, which is not without its own human drama, be made part of the story line? Julie places a hand on the child's head, in the vandal camp. "The fever has broken." The vandals give the child a wood doll to play with, until night comes. And suddenly I blunder into a landing party from our ships—forty lieutenants all in white, all holding their swords in front of their chins, in salute. The officer in charge slams his blade into its scabbard several times, in a gesture either decisive or indecisive. Yes, he will help us catch the vandals. No, he has no particular plan. Just general principles, he says. The Art of War itself.

Whose child is it? We forgot to ask, when we sent out the casting call. Perhaps it belongs to itself. It has an air of self-possession quite remarkable in one so homely, and I notice that its paychecks are made out to it, rather than a nominee. Fortunately we have Julie to watch over it. The motor hotel in Tel Aviv is our temporary, not long-range, goal. New arrangements will probably not do the trick but we are making them anyhow: the ransom has been counted into pretty colored sacks, the film placed in round tin cans, the destroyed beams blocking the path are pushed aside. . . .

Have I ever been more alert, more confident? Following the dropped handkerchiefs to the vandal camp—there, a blue and green one, hanging on a shrub! The tall vandal chief wipes his hands on his sweatshirt. Vandals, he says, have been grossly misperceived. Their old practices, which earned them widespread condemnation, were a response to specific historical situations, and not a character trait, like being good or bad. Our negative has been scratched with a pointed instrument, all one hundred and fifty thousand feet of it. But the vandals say they were on the other side of town that night, planting trees. It is difficult to believe them. But gazing at the neat rows of saplings, carefully emplaced and surrounded by a vetch-like ground cover . . . A beautiful job! One does not know what to think.

We have got Frot Barlow for our film; he will play the important role of Henry. Frot wanted many Gs in the beginning, but now that he understands the nature of the project he is working for scale, so that he can grow, as an actor and as a person. He is growing visibly, shot by shot. Soon he will be the biggest actor in the business. The other actors crowd around him, peering into his ankles . . . *Should* this film be made? That is one of the difficult questions one has to forget, when one is laughing in the face of unclear situations, or bad weather. What a beautiful girl Julie is! Her lustrous sexuality has the vandals agog. They follow her around trying to touch the tip of her glove, or the flounce of her gown. She shows her breasts to anyone who asks. "Amazing grace!" the vandals say.

A MURDERED doll floating face down in a bathtub—that was the opening shot. A "cold" opening, but with faint intimations of the happiness of childhood and the pleasure we take in water. Then, the credits superimposed on a hanging side of beef. Samisen music, and a long speech from a vandal spokesman praising vandal culture and minimizing the sack of Rome in 455 A.D. Next, shots of a talk program in which all of the participants are whispering, including the host. Softness could certainly be considered a motif here. The child is well behaved through the long hours of shooting. The lieutenants march nicely, swinging their arms. The audience smiles. A vandal is standing near the window, and suddenly large cracks appear in the window. Pieces of glass fall to the floor. But I was watching him the whole time, and he did nothing.

Where is Henry? He was supposed to bring additional light, so that the ideological content of the punctuation could be scrutinized. The vandals hit the trail, confused as to whether they should place themselves under our protection or fight. The empty slivovitz bottles are buried, the ashes of the cooking fires scattered. At a signal from the leader the sleek, well-cared-for mobile homes swing onto the highway. The rehabilitation of the filmgoing public through "good design," through "softness," is our secret aim. The payment of rent for seats will be continued for a little while, but eventually abolished. Anyone will be able to walk into a film, as into a shower. Bathing with the actors will become commonplace. Terror and terror are our two great principles, but we have other principles to fall back on, if these fail. "I can relate to that," Frot says. He does. We watch skeptically.

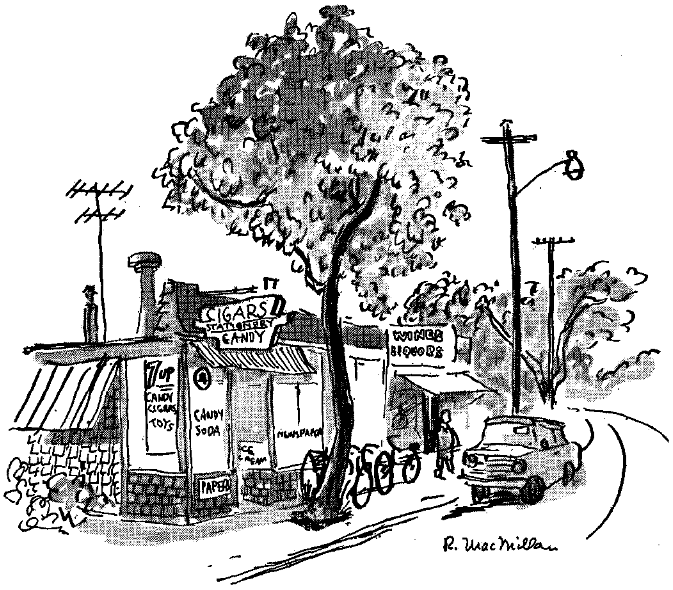
Who had murdered the doll? We pressed our inquiry, receiving every courtesy from the Tel Aviv police, who said they had never seen a case like it, either in their memories, or in dreams. A few wet towels were all the evidence that remained, except for, in the doll's hollow head, little pieces of paper on which were written

JULIE
JULIE
JULIE
JULIE

in an uncertain hand. And now the ground has opened up and swallowed up our cutting room. One cannot really hold the vandals responsible. And yet . . .

But here is Henry, and Henry is carrying the light we need for this part of the picture—a great bowl of light lent to us by the U.S. Navy. Now our film will be successful, or at least completed, and the child will be rescued, and Julie will marry well, and the light from the light will fall into the eyes of the vandals, fixing them in place. Truth! That is another thing they said our film didn't contain. I had simply forgotten about it, in contemplating the series of triumphs that is my private life.

—DONALD BARTHELME



FAT GIRL

JEANNE was a big, soft bolster of a girl, with no sharp edges anywhere. She had sky-blue eyes that would suddenly go blank and, after a few seconds, as suddenly come back into focus, and if this was strange what was stranger still was the fact that she seemed to be unaware that it was happening. There was also something odd about her pouting mouthful of pearly teeth—either they were exceptionally small and fine or, young as she was, they were false. Her feet were broad and flat-soled, and from a long way off she could be heard marching slump-slump over the linoleum-covered floors of the office corridors. She had a pretty face, with a well-modelled nose and a high, smooth forehead, from which her hair was drawn back in fine, light-gold threads to a bun behind. Men fell in love with her readily, and she was not surprised.

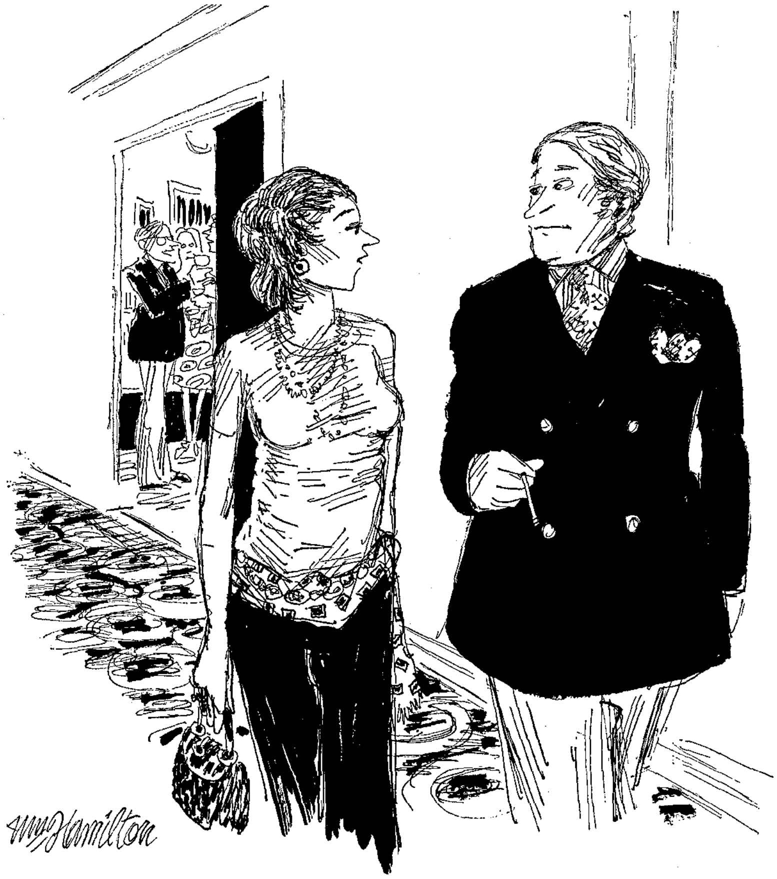
Two years ago, at eighteen, Jeanne got her first full-time job, with a firm of engineers in a building in the East Forties. The firm is a large one, occupying several floors in the tower of the building; from the office windows you look far out over Long Island, whose distant reaches seem an unpeopled low green wilderness against the sky. Until early this summer, when a number of substantial aircraft contracts were cancelled, the firm had enjoyed many years of unbroken prosperity. At the first hint of hard times, it started cutting down on its office staff, and Jeanne was certain to be among those who would be dismissed, more because her dismissal would serve as a warning to other girls on Jeanne's secretarial level that they must henceforth work harder than they were used to than because the firm was in serious financial difficulties. "We are taking advantage of this opportunity of putting our house in order," the president of the firm noted, not without relish, in a memorandum circulated among his board of directors. "A little bad news can be a healthy thing."

A week or so later, on the very day that Jeanne was given notice, she was battered to death by a young photographer with whom she had been living. (Though the newspapers didn't mention it, an executive of the firm was with her at the time. Roused by her screams, he ran to get help from neighbors, and so may have escaped being murdered himself.) Jeanne's death was shocking for many reasons, not the least of which was the discovery that she had, or appeared to have, no family. The data she had given the personnel office on applying for a job—place of birth, parents, schooling, and the like—had all been made up, perhaps on the spur of the moment. In any event, the body was never claimed by relatives, and after the police were finished with it it was buried, without a funeral ceremony, in the plot of a family named Archer, in a small cemetery in Connecticut.

People in the office found it incomprehensible that good-natured, slow-moving, slovenly Jeanne could be implicated in a deed so violent and bloody—the weapon the young man used in smashing her skull was a camera tripod, and it did its work badly—but the fact is that her fate was in every way characteristic of her; she died as she did because, up to the very last moment of her life, she was kind, lazy, and accommodating: a fat girl content with her lot, who pleased herself and pleased others.

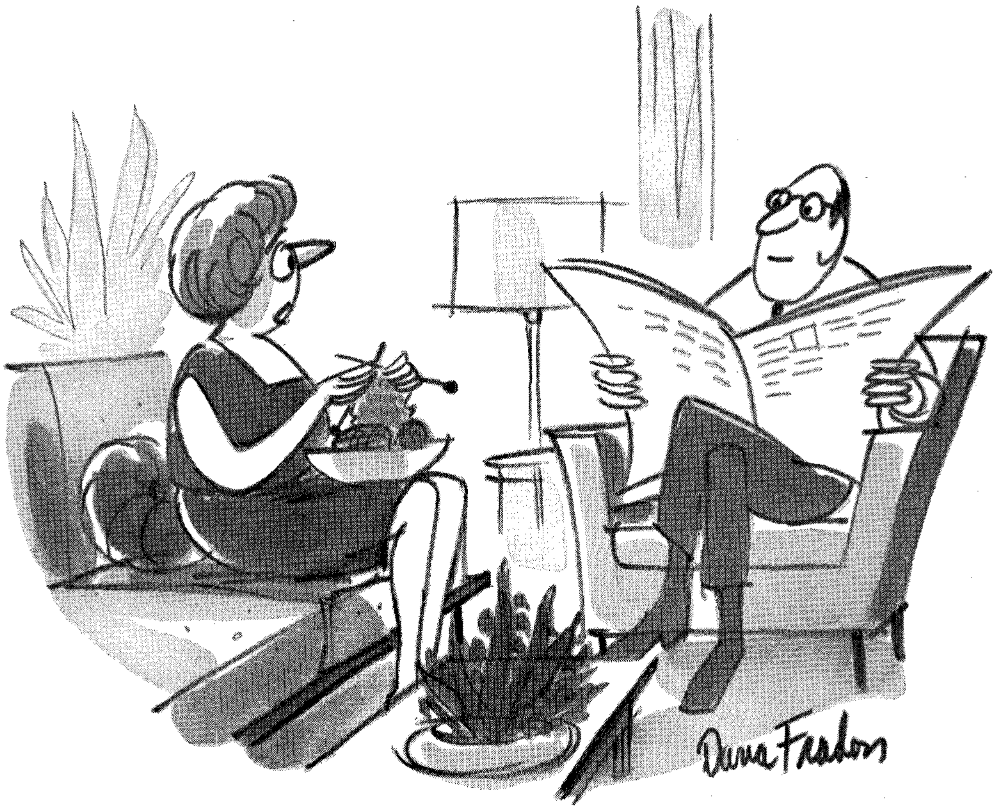
The two most extraordinary things about Jeanne were her size and her skin, which didn't resemble ordinary human skin at all; it was as if she had been upholstered in yard upon yard of some marvellous translucent fabric, very thin and strong, which had been drawn taut over her abundant flesh and blood and which effortlessly kept in place the clutter of her internal organs. When that silky pinkness was touched anywhere, it went white, then red, and the mark of fingers remained on the spot for a long while afterward. A stranger taking hold of her nakedness with his eyes closed might have supposed that he had come into possession of a bundle of some ancient, sumptuous Venetian bedding, and he would have been every bit as astonished when, from time to time, the bedding stirred of its own accord or gave up a sleepy sigh, as when, at the very start of lovemaking, a small, pointed tongue emerged from the pale, little-girl lips and set conscientiously to work.

What puzzled everyone at first was not only her size but also her attitude toward her size, which was one of unquestioning approval. She was totally unlike most fat girls, who suffer openly or secretly from their condition; they rarely choose, as Jeanne did, to ignore the problem. More accurately, not "ignore," since for her the problem didn't exist; her body satisfied her just as it was, and if, undressing her in your mind, your lust was given a momentary check by the thought of the thickness of the great thighs guarding the portal of her trunk, or by the thought of the loop of flesh that would surely hang from her waist as she knelt swaying above you in bed, it was, Jeanne seemed to imply, your loss, not hers—let your goggle-eyed adolescent mind busy itself undressing



"Ashley, are you sure it's not too soon to go around parties saying 'What ever happened to Marshall McLuhan?' "

other girls, the skinnier the better. She managed to convey without the least taint of vanity the impression that she believed herself to be a remarkable physical specimen. It was as if she had gathered up every scrap of available information about herself and had fed it into a computer and had then learned, without surprise, that the reading provided by the computer was the single word "Perfect."



"Rockefeller must be pouring money into his campaign. I'm beginning to feel an urge to vote for him."

• •

Jeanne took exceptional pleasure in eating and drinking. They were activities that she engaged in aggressively, as other people climbed mountains or competed in games. The sight of food and liquor made her eyes shine. Her first meal of the day was a hasty one—so hasty that she often had no recollection of having eaten it and would say later to girls in the office that it was no wonder she felt starved, having had to go without breakfast that morning. It was her own fault that the meal had to be gobbled on the run. She set her alarm clock to go off too late to allow time for all the tasks she knew she ought to perform in the apartment; moreover, when the alarm rang, she frequently turned it off without so much as opening her eyes and, hugging a pillow in her big bare arms, dozed until the second warning system, a clock-radio on a bureau well beyond her reach, filled the room with its clangor. Jeanne would then plunge groaning up out of bed, a cloud of pink skin that smelled of a childish intensity of sleep and, ever so faintly, of the previous evening's cigarettes and whiskey, and stumble through washing and dressing. In that morning rush, it was impossible for her to leave her room as tidy as she hoped to find it on her return. She acted as if she believed in a magic by which inanimate objects would be able to perform their own housekeeping, and the bed that she left unmade in the morning was always a disappointment to her when she came home at night and found it still unmade. As she clumped heavily down the stairs of the apartment house, the taste of breakfast, which consisted of whatever she had managed to find in her closet-sized kitchen—an open Coca-Cola and a couple of brick-hard brownies, say, or, with luck, a leftover hamburger flecked with white grease and all the more delicious for being cold—mingled not unpleasantly in her mouth with the taste of toothpaste and fresh lipstick.

JEANNE was expected to reach the office by nine, but she was always late, in part because she allowed herself too little time to walk the ten or twelve blocks between her apartment house on First Avenue in the Fifties and the office, and in part because she stopped at a delicatessen along the way to pick up a Danish pastry ring and a plastic container of coffee. ("Heavy on the cream," she would say, in her sweet, rather infantile voice.) Reaching the office, she lifted the coffee and pastry out of their brown paper bag and set them on her desk, on a blotter that bore the stain marks of innumerable other coffee containers of precisely the same circumference. With a concentration that turned the simple, necessary acts into a ceremony, she prized the lid off the container of coffee, unwrapped the waxed paper from around the Danish, and sat motionless for a few seconds, enjoying the look of the steam that rose from the coffee and the crisp fragrance of the pastry. She picked up the ring in both hands, the plump little fingers held at a sharp angle to the rest, and bit off the ring in large chunks, working them as steadily into her mouth as if she were stoking a furnace. Now and again, she would stop to wipe flakes of pastry from her smeared lips and chin, not with the paper napkin provided by the delicatessen but with her fingertips, which she would afterward lick carefully, one by one. When the Danish was finished and her fingers thoroughly licked, she ran the palms of her hands along the sides of her chair, which was covered with a stout brown furze and which, in the course of her two years in the office, took on a hard, yellowish patina. She ended by brushing any remaining crumbs of Danish from her lap onto the floor and uttering a long-drawn-out sigh of satisfaction. She fed and cleaned herself with the raptness of some outsize domestic animal, staring straight ahead of her and seeing nothing; she didn't like to be spoken to on such occasions, and despite her good nature she would generally refuse to answer any questions that were put to her, affecting as a form of politeness not to hear them.

This was the first of several between-meal snacks that Jeanne treated herself to in the course of the day. The second came shortly after ten, when Amos Archer, for whom she worked as secretary, arrived at the office. Archer would be as breathless as if he had just raced in on foot from Riverdale, though in fact he lived in a single room in a cheap hotel across the street. Sometimes it happened that smoke would be curling up out of the right-hand pocket of his tweed jacket when he arrived. Archer had old-fashioned good manners and believed that nobody should smoke in elevators; on entering one he would thrust his lighted pipe into his pocket and, as often as not, would forget its presence there until somebody happened to notice the smoke, or until the jacket itself, after smoldering away for a time (his jackets were famously old and threadbare and as dry as tinder), would suddenly burst into flames, which Archer would beat out with his bare hands, shouting "Damn! Damn! Damn!" in a high voice that sounded not altogether displeased with his adventure.

DAYSPRING

Upon an Appian, after happier Ways,
in bas-relief sarcophagi of bed by bed
for both of us I watch a television dead-
of-night ceiling turning to daylight.

Like a maze
Genoa's Campo Santo—town of tombs—displays
whole families as they wished to be remembered. One—
a woman only in an easy chair of stone—
our guide said she had starved and labored all her days
to pay for, lived to see it put in place.
About
us mountains cradle close this port that Sidon's hulls,
cedar of Lebanon, first found; and now its sea-
side churches chime each daytime hour—clangors of the
ringing wrangling—till the flocks of Tyrian purples,
hilltop-tended by a campanile, blacken out.

—HAWLEY TRUAX

• •

Archer was a good-looking, gray-haired man who, in his fifties, gave an impression of benign senility. He let his glasses ride well down over the bridge of his nose, and he would fix his attention on you over the tops of them, perhaps thinking that this would serve to increase the seeming sharpness of his appraisal of you. What it did, on the contrary, was to make him look dimmer and more elderly than ever—a foxy grandpa who had somehow prematurely mislaid his foxiness. Trained as an engineer, he had long since been eased out of any responsibility for design in the firm; though he was listed as one of the vice-presidents, he had been reduced to serving as a sort of office manager, whose duties were supposed to consist of keeping the place in order. It was he who parcelled out the chronically insufficient office space and purchased necessary equipment and supplies, and the high-strung ineffectiveness with which he performed these tasks was, for as long as the office remained prosperous, a cherished office scandal—Archer was the example always cited when the senior partners wished to reassure themselves that, big and rich as the firm had grown, it had not lost the common, cranky touch.

Archer and Jeanne suited each other to perfection. They were alike in geniality and incompetence, and from the start their days passed without friction and without accomplishment. As soon as Archer had seated himself at his desk, Jeanne would hurry down to the short-order restaurant in the lobby of the building and ask for tea and a buttered raisin bran muffin for Archer and a blueberry muffin and coffee for herself. ("Heavy on the cream," she would say again, not for the last time that day.) Scattering crumbs of muffin along his desk and occasionally, with too violent a gesture, overturning his tea—"God damn these silly containers! Why don't they make the bottoms broader than the tops? Why don't they *engineer* them? My underdrawers are soaking!"—he would harangue her passionately from his inner office about the problems heaped on his shoulders by his unconscionable superiors, while Jeanne in the glass-walled outer office would sit munching her muffin and sipping coffee, hearing nothing and saying nothing.

Once they had finished their snack, Archer would summon her to his desk and set about dictating memoranda, in extended reply to memoranda received by him from other executives of the company. Jeanne had claimed, applying for the job, to be capable of taking shorthand, but this was no doubt as untrue as everything else she had set down on that occasion; she wrote out laboriously, in a round, childish longhand, the messages that Archer intended to have strike like thunderbolts his innumerable adversaries up and down the hall. He spoke rapidly, in bursts of intricately cluttered phrases, and Jeanne would have been unable to set down six consecutive words as he had uttered them, but her incompetence scarcely mattered; no sooner had he tossed off a sentence than it turned out that he was merely testing the sound of it. "No, no, change that, change that!" he would exclaim, with mounting excitement, for the power of veto, even though it was being exercised only against himself, invariably went to his head. "Make it 'In answer to your inquiry'—no, make it 'In answer to your impertinent inquiry'—no, let's save 'impertinent' for later—make it just 'inquiry'—'inquiry of the seventeenth, let me refresh your recollection concerning the disposition of the . . . ah, the desk and chairs that you have the impertinence to imply'—yes, 'impertinence' is excellent there—'the impertinence to imply were promised you as of the first of the month. Nothing could be farther—further?—farther from the truth. Indeed . . .' "

By one, the usual time at which Jeanne went to lunch, she was again, so she claimed, starved. If she was having lunch with some of the girls in the office, they went to the nearest Schrafft's or Stouffer's, but if, as was more likely, she was being taken to lunch by some man in the office, or by some client of the firm whom she had met, this guaranteed a substantial meal at one or another of the three or four middle-priced French restaurants in the neighborhood. In any event, lunch was always preceded by her first drink of the day: a vodka Martini on the rocks. "*Oh*, but that's *good!*" she would protest, in a tone of astonishment, as if she had never tasted alcohol before and had heard nothing but bad about it. Three or four long swigs and her glass would be empty. Most of the other girls, whose masters were sterner than Jeanne's, would limit themselves to a single drink, but Jeanne had no fear of Archer, and the speed with which she gulped the first Martini allowed her ample time for a second before the usual fruit salad or grilled-cheese sandwiches arrived.

When Jeanne was with a man and he asked her if she would like a second drink (his attention having perhaps been called to this possibility by Jeanne's habit of spinning ice cubes about in the empty glass with her forefinger), she would roll her sky-blue eyes and say, "I know I shouldn't, but, oh, Lord . . ." Later, if the man asked whether she would like a glass of wine with her meal, she would roll her eyes again and in the same voice say, "I *know* I *shouldn't*, but . . ." And if the man proposed a bottle of wine instead of a glass, Jeanne's spirits would rise in proportion. "That would be *lovely*," she would say, reaching her hand out over the red-checked tablecloth and giving her companion's hand a warm, prolonged squeeze. The palm of her hand would be moist; by this time her smooth, high forehead would be covered with innumerable tiny beads of sweat. "Mr. Archer will be furious."

"Nonsense. He's dotty over you."

"No. Yes. That's true. He's a lamb."

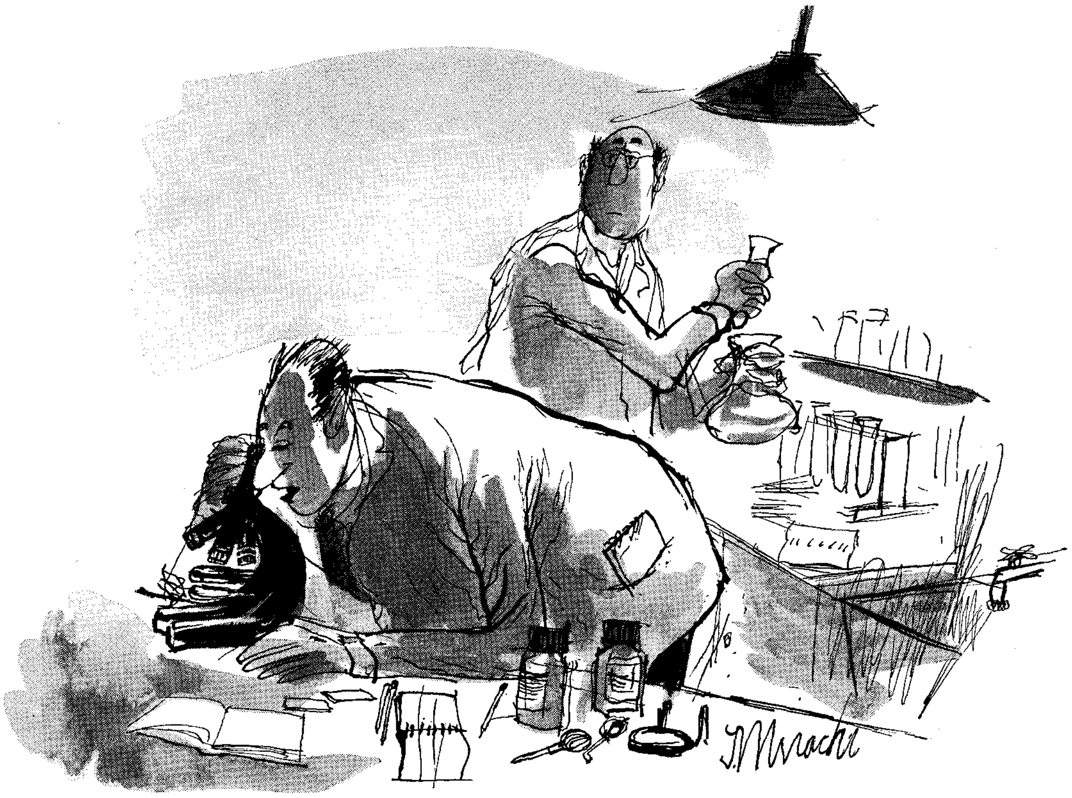
"Who happens to bark like a dog. Yap, yap, yap."

"No, no, no!"

"Yap!"

"Nope!"

Delighted with their wit, they filled the restaurant with a shout of laughter. Heads turned, regarding them.



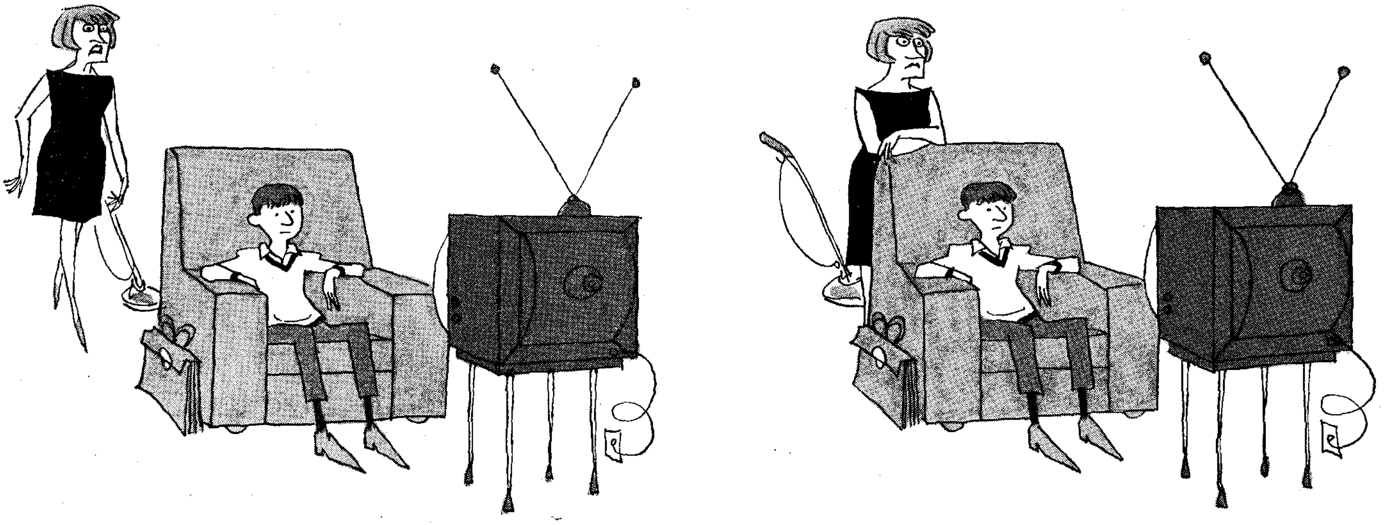
". . . now the female kills the male and eats him. Talk about women's lib!"

• •

WHEN she had lunch with the girls, she was back at the office by two-thirty; when she had lunch with a man she rarely got back before three-thirty and sometimes as late as four. On these exceptionally tardy occasions, Archer would greet her by not greeting her, silence serving him as a sign of wounded feelings, and Jeanne would spend much of the rest of the short afternoon making up to him and forcing him to forgive her. She was, of course, drunk, but less conspicuously so than one might have expected, and, while it was impossible for her to work at anything that required precision (the typewriter keys swam before her eyes in a blur of %'s and @'s), she found a dozen harmless errands to perform between their offices. She would think of questions to ask that required her to seat herself, dishevelled and pinkly incandescent, beside his desk, or she would carry in papers to sign that permitted her to hover beside him, her damp bosom grazing his head, and the bizarrely mingled smells of her body—Johnson's baby powder, Arpège, garlic, cigarette tobacco, and the odor of skin and hair—would steadily, relentlessly encircle him. Soon he would be sputtering away on the subject of the intolerable burden he bore on behalf of the company night and day without a word of complaint to anyone, and Jeanne would perceive that she had been forgiven, not for the first time, not for the last.

Sometime between four and five, depending on the hour of her return from lunch, she would pay a second visit to the restaurant in the lobby, picking up two orders of tea, toast, and strawberry jam, with perhaps a couple of slices of pound cake on the side, or a piece of lemon meringue pie—dishes that she described every day to Archer as "your special surprises." Archer never tasted them; half a piece of toast without jam, dipped into milky tea, was as much as his stomach dared to encounter at that hour. Jeanne would consume the surprises to the last morsel, saying with the coquettish smile that she used only when she spoke of food, "Waste not, want not." She had a large stock of such sayings, which she squandered continuously throughout the day: "A stitch in time saves nine." "Let sleeping dogs lie." "Least said, soonest mended." She used them like stage money, in lieu of the real thing; they let her hold up her end in conversations without the bother of taking thought, and the pleasure she derived from not thinking became a part of her companion's pleasure, as palpable as the touch of her hand or mouth.

Tea over, it was a matter of scarcely an hour before it was time to stop work for the day. Jeanne's mind would have begun to clear by then, which meant that an energetic befuddlement was replaced by torpor. She enjoyed this lull between periods of drinking; as the first waves of a delectable lassitude stole up her legs and into the stronghold of her body, she would march along the hall to the ladies' room and, kicking off her broad, ugly pumps, stretch herself out on the couch that occupied a third of the little, mirrored anteroom. Provided that she had remembered that morning, in the hurried hurly-burly of dressing, to furnish herself with a handkerchief, she would arrange it daintily over as much of her face as it could be made to cover; otherwise, and more commonly, she would cover her face with a couple of pieces of Kleenex, or, failing that, with a few lengths of the cheap speckled white toilet paper that Archer had ordered no telling how many thousands of rolls of over the years. She held the paper in place with her left arm, which she kept crooked over her eyes to shut out the harsh, naked fluorescent light above her in the ceiling, and to any of the girls who happened in before she fell asleep she explained that she was taking forty winks. That was one of her usual say-



"Have you no willpower, young man? Turn that thing off immediately and . . .

ings—"forty winks." She had never been known to say that she was going to take a nap. As the girls went to and from the toilets and sinks, or stopped in front of the mirror to comb their hair and restore their makeup, they chattered together without regard for the bulky object on the chintz-covered couch behind them. They knew that once Jeanne had fallen asleep, no ordinary sound would waken her. From time to time, she would speak a word aloud, or utter a faint moan, in response to some remembered or perhaps only dreamed-of pleasure; then her enormous thighs would part, her legs separating into the upright strokes of an A and her plump feet, pink toes packed together inside gauzy nylon, pointing stiffly left and right, like the feet of dolls.

The alarm that served to rouse her from her forty winks was the hubbub of closing time, when the door of the ladies' room was in constant, clattering motion. Jeanne uncrooked her arm, removed the handkerchief or paper covering her eyes, and peered at the ceiling unseeing, as, slowly and with difficulty, she came back into the world. She got up, thrusting her feet reluctantly into her pumps, and made her way into the bathroom proper, where she splashed cold water onto her closed eyelids, dried her face and hands with half a dozen paper towels, and returned to the anteroom. She stared fixedly at herself in the mirrored wall, repeating softly, "Oh, God, oh, God." Then she borrowed lipstick and eyeshadow from one or another of the girls, made up her face in slapdash fashion, and walked slump-slump to the office, where Archer, unmindful of the hour, was sure to be hammering away on his ancient typewriter, the room blue with smoke.

Teetering in the doorway: "Time to stop, Mr. Archer."

"Stop now? Stop *now*?" A fusillade on the keys, struck at great speed with two fingers. "Just getting started."

"Tomorrow is another day."

"I like working late, after the rabble has gone. Gives me a chance to use my head."

If she happened to have no date that evening, or if the date was a late one: "Come buy me a drink instead."

"You've already drunk too much today."

"You're not my father."

"Old enough to be. Your grandfather, if I'd got into trouble early enough. You were practically falling down when you got back from lunch. Which of my lecherous, aging colleagues was trying to seduce you, God damn the whole mindless lot of them?"

"Nobody."

"Ha! No kneesies, no invitations to a midtown matinée?"

"Just one drink. Then you can send me home."

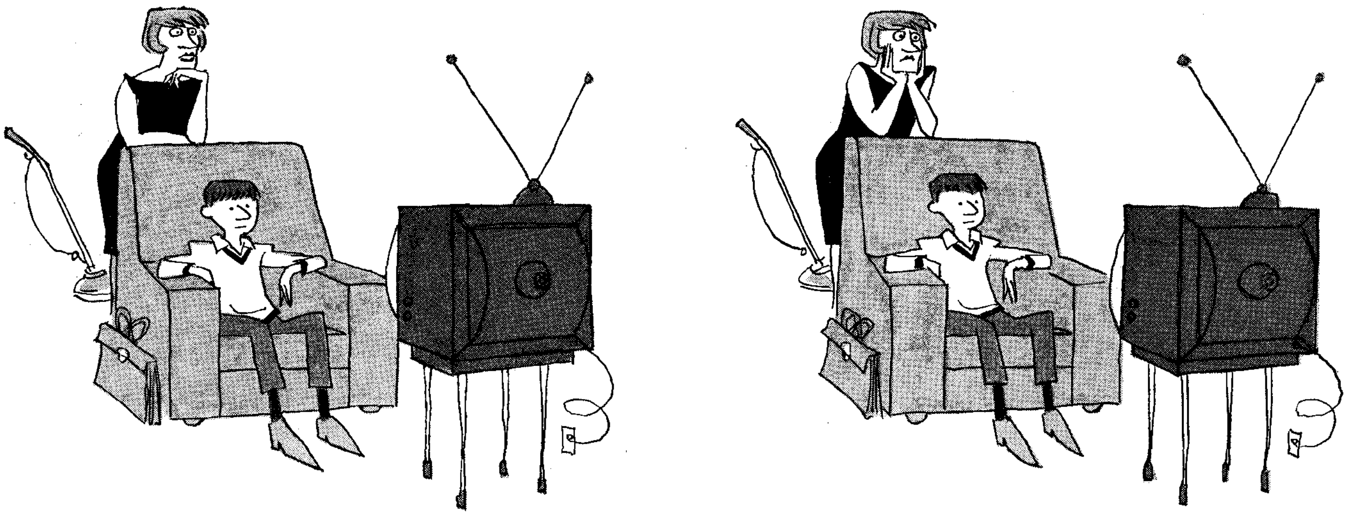
"Never. Not a drop."

In the end, they would go across the street to a small bar in the hotel where Archer lived, and he would buy her the one drink that she had exacted from him and in return would try to learn from her something about her relationships not only with the men in the office (this as possible ammunition for his running battle with them) but also with the college boys who were, so he instructed Jeanne, her only suitable beaux. Archer had been married twice and divorced twice and had no children. His idea of how a good father ought to behave toward a daughter like Jeanne—and he never for a moment risked assuming any other role—was based on recollections of how his father had behaved toward him and his sisters forty years earlier. He gave her advice, but he had no confidence in it, and he was grateful that she did not laugh at him. He was also grateful that she spared him, surely as much from boredom as discretion, particulars of her relationships with men. When she spoke about sexual matters, it was in general terms, and with unself-conscious candor. One gathered that she felt about sexual activity much as she did about her body: that it was a good in itself and had, and needed to have, no connection with any emotion of love. She spoke of other people's sexual practices with an ease that astonished men of Archer's age. She seemed to assume that anyone who had the ability to go to bed would do so as often as possible and that the choice of a partner was by no means the crucial aspect of the performance; which was to say that it was, after all, only a performance and could be judged accordingly. Sometimes, when she was having lunch with girls from the office and they happened to be seated near a window giving them a view of the street, she would offer comments on one or another of the male passersby. "That one there, in plaid," she would say. "He'd be great in bed."

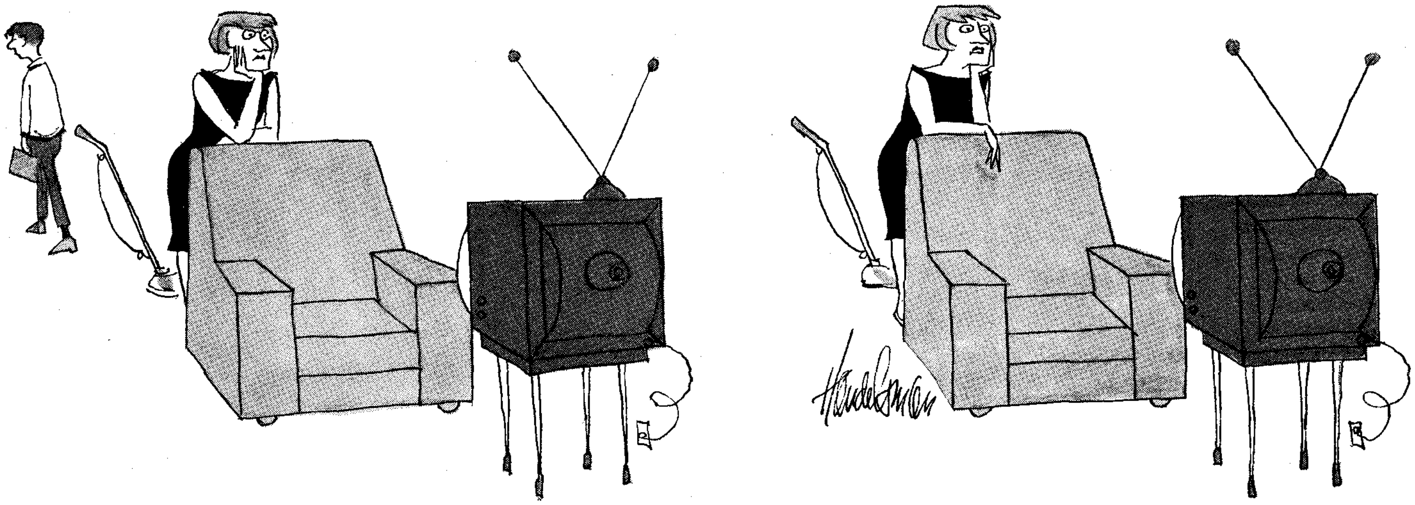
"Jeanne, what a faker you are," one of the girls would say, egging her on. "Nobody can tell by looking."

And Jeanne would smile her pearly smile and say, "*I* can."

FOUR or five evenings a week, Jeanne went out on dates. Her escorts ranged in age from twenty to



. . . start doing your . . .



. . . homework."

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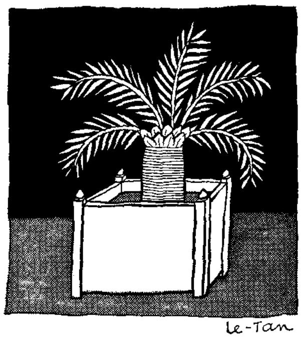
sixty. The very young men were unmarried, but nearly all of the rest had wives or, at the least, ex-wives. Most of them were commuters, with houses in Westchester or Connecticut, and no doubt their wives were used to eating dinner alone or with the children. Married men in their thirties who took Jeanne out were inclined to be still somewhat uneasy over not catching their habitual trains; to keep their wives from worrying about them, they felt obliged to telephone home that they had been held up in town on business, but they hated to have Jeanne overhear the falsehoods that made it possible for them to be with her—perhaps to be sprawled with her, telephone in hand, on her rumpled couch, with their loafers off and their mouths a smear of lipstick. Sometimes she found the evidence of their discomfiture touching, as when a young man would wait until she went to the bathroom before picking up the phone and, in a low voice, telling his wife in the suburbs the squalid, necessary lie.

Jeanne wondered why the young men took everything so hard. Their bad consciences were a matter of indifference to her, except to the extent that she was puzzled by their having them. What possible injury could be done to anyone, directly or indirectly, by a man's taking her to dinner and, in some cases, to bed? Even if some of them fell in love with her, what harm? She would never try to take them away from their wives; she was neither ambitious enough nor conspiratorial enough to find such an undertaking attractive. She was lazy and she disliked secrets. The guilty feelings of the young men were tiresome, which was one of the many reasons that she preferred going out with older men; they would have solved any problems in respect to the structure of their private lives long before. They liked feeling desire for her, whether they acted on it or not, and they liked having a companion for whom other men obviously felt desire. Finally, they liked her because she made no demands. She was warm and soft and slovenly and cheerful, and these are qualities that young men do not put a sufficient value on.

The youngest of her regular escorts was a black messenger boy in the office, who invariably took her to a mock-Irish pub in the same block as her apartment house and stared at her over baconburgers and beer for a couple of hours, scarcely speaking a word (the jukebox, which he fed continuously, took his place as the object she was expected to listen to, and Jeanne was well satisfied with this arrangement), and the oldest was the senior vice-president of the firm, a celebrated engineer and no less celebrated womanizer, who had had a heart attack a year or so earlier and who was terrified of dying of a second attack. No longer willing to risk making love, he was as eager as ever to be in the presence of desirable girls, and more eager than ever to be *seen* to be in their presence; he would take Jeanne to "21" or Quo Vadis and sit staring at her with something like the same immobile, silent longing as the young black, while Jeanne ate and drank with gusto and from time to time brushed his cheek with her open mouth.

Jeanne lived on the fourth floor of her apartment house. Since it was a walkup, the vice-president was forced, for his heart's sake, to meet and say good night to her in the tiny ground-floor lobby. Most of the other men in the office felt that they owed it to their manhood to make the climb to her door at the beginning and end of the evening, hoping for much or little according to their natures. It was a stiff climb, and when they rang her bell at the top of the third long flight of stairs they would be breathing hard. Some of them, aiming to give an impression of youthful vitality, would wait a minute or two outside her door to catch their breath, but, if Jeanne had ever troubled herself with such trifles, the ruse would not have deceived her at all—they had to press the button beside her name in the vestibule of the lobby in order for her to release the lock of the front door, and she could have calculated to the second how long it would take them to reach her floor. In fact, she had no thoughts about them between the time they pressed the button downstairs and the time they pressed the button outside her door. When she opened the door, they began to exist, and when she closed it they stopped existing: it was as simple as that. If they were visibly winded, she took pity on them, and this was never, as they feared, because she assumed that their momentary fatigue was a sign of diminished sexual power. Her imagination was exceptionally economical; she could entertain a single concern for a long time without feeling obliged to let it lead her into a second or third one. Sometimes, greeting them at her door and, for a wonder, being ready to go out, she would say, "Poor thing, you look exhausted! Don't you want to come in and rest?" And her middle-aged escort, wanting nothing so much as a few minutes' respite in her blowsy living room, would reply pantingly, "Nonsense! Never . . . felt . . . better in my life! Away we go!"



Equally contrary to what Jeanne's admirers supposed was how little she speculated about their bodies. In her presence, the older men fretted to themselves about their approaching or actual baldness, about their jowls and thickening waists, about the bellies that could no longer be sucked in and rendered comparatively invisible. They would hold their heads unnaturally erect to strengthen the line of the jaw, and, seated, they would keep a picture magazine spread on their knees to conceal the flagrant thrust of their pots. At the moment of undressing, they would become as skittish as maidens, turning off lights and taking advantage of half-opened closet doors to hide behind, then making a rush, phantoms of white, rippled, ungainly flesh, for her ill-made bed. Jeanne, who undressed at leisure in the bathroom, would return to find her bedroom in darkness, the man tucked away under the covers and dimly smiling, like a child in a nursery waiting for Nanny's good-night kiss. "But I can't *see* anything!" Jeanne would complain, turning on the light beside the bed and throwing herself down naked beside the man, with only the thickness of the covers left between them. Propping herself up on one elbow, her big body running the length of the bed like an Appalachian range of translucent pinky-white alabaster, she would say, "Let me look at you," and throw back the covers, exposing him. She would contemplate him without haste, reaching out from time to time to touch his body at one point or another and saying, to his astonishment and pleasure, "Nice. Oh, that's nice."

JEANNE's agreeable promiscuity, centered for so many months on the office, was brought to an end when a young man named Ross Fisher fell in love with her. He was a graduate student at Columbia, getting a Ph.D. there for his parents' sake but planning, for his own sake, to become the greatest photographer in the world. They met at a cocktail party one weekend, somewhere in the gusty upper reaches of Riverside Drive, and that was the first thing he ever said to her: "I'm going to be the greatest photographer in the world."

"Do you always say that to people when you first meet them?"

"To girls I do."

"And are they always very impressed?"

"They always say I ought to be analyzed and I always say I've tried that, so then we take it from there. Or we don't take it from there, you know?"

Afterward, neither of them could remember the name of their host, or even why they had happened to go to the party, and Ross considered these facts proof that they had been ordained to meet. Promptly at five the following Monday, Ross was at the office to pick up Jeanne and take her to dinner. He was there on Tuesday as well, and on Wednesday; by then, everyone in the office was aware that an intense courtship was under way—indeed, Ross had announced it to the girl at the reception desk. "I'm courting Jeanne," he said. "I'm going to take her by storm, you'll see. Once I make up my mind to do a thing, nothing can stop me."

Even Archer, who seemed to observe so little, soon became aware of Ross. By the end of the first week, he was in the habit of nodding to Ross, and by the end of the second week he occasionally went so far as to utter a muffled "Hi" to him. Working his pipe up and down in his strong yellow teeth, Archer said one morning to Jeanne, "Not much to look at, but at least he's the right age."

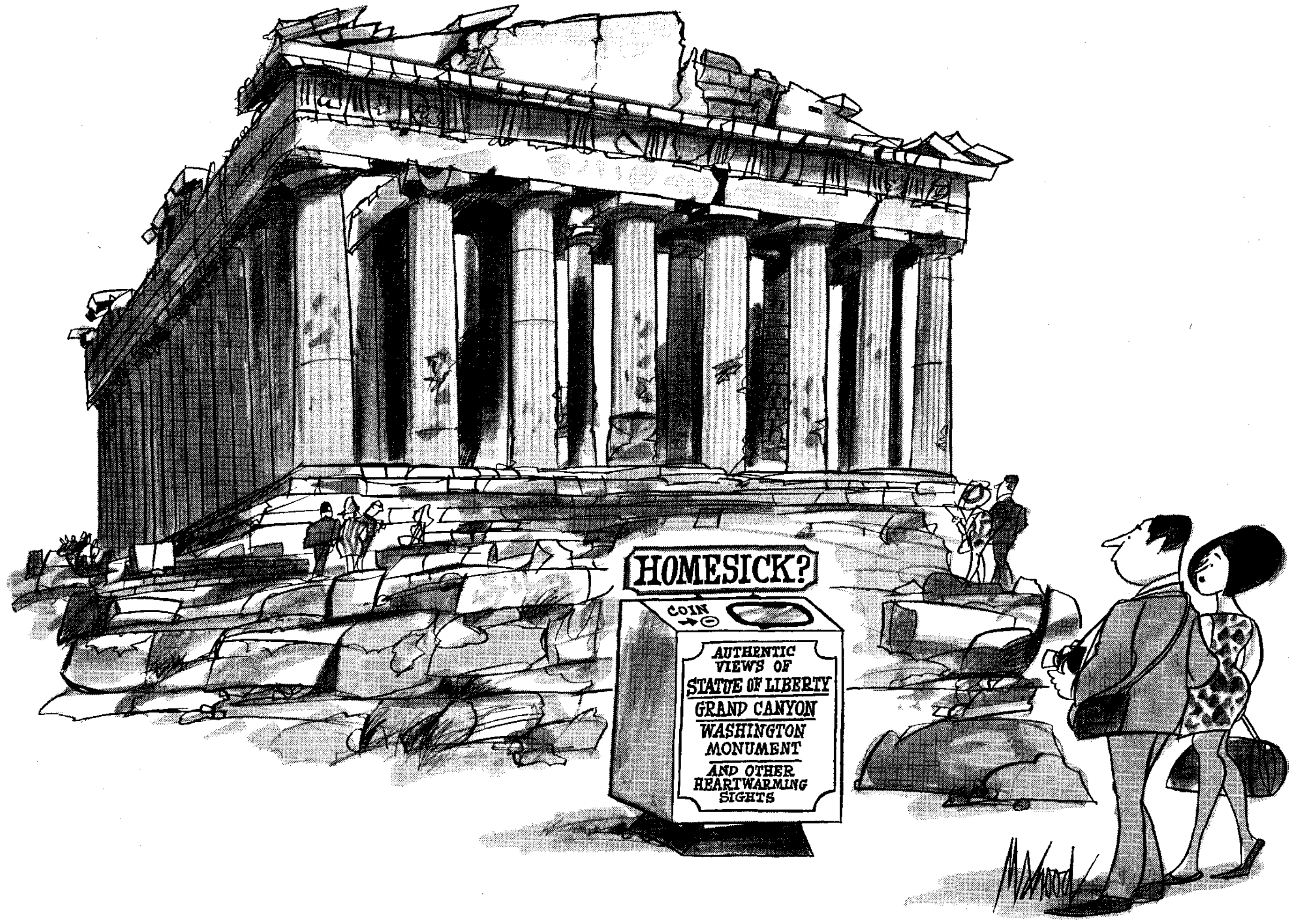
"I hate the babies you want me to like."

"Give him a chance."

"He won't let me not. I wonder what makes him so sure I won't get sick of him. I always do, his type."

"That young man seems pretty sure of everything."

Archer had been wrong to say that Ross was not much to look at. He was a slender, small-boned boy, with features that had the look of having been almost too carefully chosen. Because he was the same height as Jeanne, beside her he seemed smaller than he was. It was true, moreover, that he weighed less than she did, which led to a good deal of ribald speculation in the office about the ways and means of their making love. In fact, there was nothing particularly novel about it. Ross had known but two or three girls, and they had been as inexperienced and tentatively exploratory as he. He was enchanted by the speed and ease with which Jeanne engulfed him. It



was as if the boundaries of their bodies had been abrogated; there was no beginning or end to him or to her. In whatever fashion, or sequence of fashions, she led their flesh to become entangled, the feeling on his part was always that of being plunged—weightless, his heart bursting—into an abyss. Making love with Jeanne was by far the most extraordinary physical experience of his life, and sitting beside her afterward at a bar, or across from her at some rickety restaurant table, he marvelled at the composure with which, having returned to the world, she faced the world. The tranquil impassivity of that big body had no connection with the fierce engine that had wracked him and wrung him and left him a breathless eunuch, curled in its shadow.

For Jeanne, Ross was a lover like any other. With time, she knew, he would learn to give her greater satisfaction, but what he already gave her was enough for her needs. It was the surprising modesty of these needs that made it easy for her to say that she would try to be faithful to him. At first, it had not occurred to her that this would be a matter of concern to Ross; she was amused and touched by how shocked he was to discover, in the early stages of their affair, that she was continuing to see and go to bed with other men. It turned out that he had not supposed, from what he had read and heard about affairs, that such conduct was permissible. He was still more shocked when, having accused her of behaving unnaturally, she laughed at him. "Unnatural would be *not* going to bed with people I like to go to bed with," Jeanne said.

"I don't want to make love to anyone but you."

"Then you don't have to."

"And I don't want you to make love to anyone but me."

"That's being piggy."

"People who love each other—"

"Oh, Christ! Who said anything about that?"

"You have, in bed."

"Those times don't count. You always beg me to say something then, so I do."

He said furiously, again a six-year-old, "I'll kill you if you go to bed with anyone else."

"Sticks and stones can break my bones, but words will never hurt me."

He burst into tears, and she held him in her arms on the edge of the bed. When he could speak again, he said, "I *am* going to be the greatest photographer in the world, you wait and see. You'll be terribly proud of me."

"If you don't stop that kind of baby talk, I'll never be proud of you."

He curled his fingers into her bare thigh; the skin went white. "That hurt?"

"Yes."

"Now?"

"Yes."

"Want me to stop?"

"I don't give a damn what you do."

"Tell me to stop. Tell me to stop. Tell me to stop."

But she would say nothing. Eventually, he took his hand away, and the red and white mark of his fingers was on her thigh for days.

She had intended not to see him anymore, but she could never stay angry with anyone for long. She not only went on seeing Ross but agreed to make the experiment of remaining faithful to him. The only condition that she exacted for what he solemnly called her "fidelity" was that he never ask whether she was having sex with someone else. There was no way for him to be sure that her fidelity was absolute, but after a few weeks she allowed him to move into her apartment, and this was assurance of a kind: if she was ever with another man, at least it was no longer in the bed that she shared with Ross.

His presence in the apartment proved a convenience to her, as well as a guarantee to him that he enjoyed privileges in respect to her time and body greater than anyone else enjoyed. For it turned out that Ross had a natural bent for housework. He was as tidy in his domestic habits as Jeanne was sloppy in hers. In the morning, it was he who insisted on their making the rumpled bed that Jeanne would have left unmade until evening, and sometimes when, despite his repeated warnings, she was late for work he would hurry her out of the apartment and make the bed himself, then carefully wash and dry the breakfast dishes before setting out on the long crabwise uptown journey to Columbia.

Jeanne had no interest in his graduate studies. Her education, such as it was, had sunk in her without a trace; she could read and write and (though not easily) multiply and divide, but she never mentioned a book that she had liked or disliked and her knowledge of history embraced only such figures as Washington and Lincoln. Once, when Archer asked her to name the fifty states of the Union, with a bottle of Scotch for a prize if she could name them all, she was able to name only twenty-seven, and one of these turned out to be Omaha. Ross was often furious with her for being ignorant. "How can you stand knowing so little when you ought to know so much?" he would ask her, looking up from his reading. "I'd hate to have my mind as empty as yours is."

"You can be bright for both of us, baby."

Even his photography didn't interest her. He fashioned a makeshift darkroom out of a closet between the bedroom and bathroom and spent at least two hours of every day taking and developing pictures, and the most that she would say of the results was "That's very pretty," or "That's ugly. What do you see in such ugly things?" He took scores of pictures of her—a languorous odalisque, always fully clothed, for though she offered to pose for him in the nude, he rejected the offer with a taunt: "You're too fat."

"You never thought so before."

"You're not. Of course you're not. But I want your body to be mine. I don't want anyone to see it except me."

"Lots of people have seen it."

"Never any more."

"Then go back to taking pictures of chimneys and dead trees."

"What a bitchy thing to say. You don't care whether I become a good photographer or not."

"Believe me, Miss, if we had a mini I'd show you a mini!"

She smiled and held out her arms. "Come to Mama."

Trembling with contempt and anger, he went to her.

THE day of her death began like any other. She was, of course, behind schedule, and Ross shouted to her as she padded down the apartment-house stairs that he had a seminar that evening and wouldn't be back from Columbia until late. She stopped at the delicatessen and ordered a Danish and coffee ("Heavy on the cream"), which she savored slowly at her desk. Archer came in ahead of his usual time. The cutting down of the office staff had made him uneasy for Jeanne's sake, and he was determined that he and she should be seen to be getting a great deal of hard work accomplished. "I've already had my tea downstairs," he said.

"What a rotten liar you are."

"Listen, you know as well as I do what a panic my witless colleagues are in. They've lost two cents and they whimper like bankrupts."

"I'm not worrying. I'll go down and get us a special surprise. Something gooey."

"No, God damn it, you'll stay here and work." Archer's glasses slid to the very tip of his nose and hung there, and he was too distracted to push them back. "Please, Jeannie," said Foxy Grandpa, and because he had never said "please" and because he had never called her "Jeannie," she sat down beside him with pencil and paper and let him churn up the contents of his "in" and "out" baskets and fire off savage memos to his enemies until, to their astonishment, it was one o'clock.

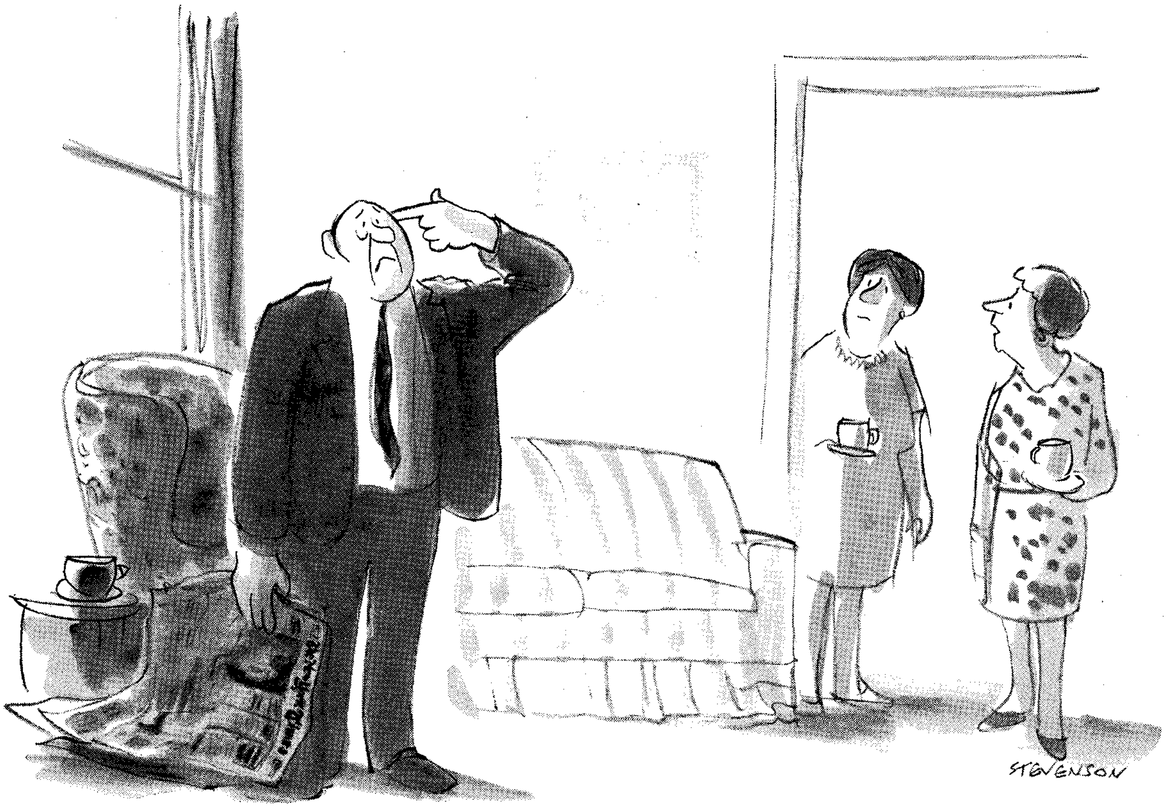
"Watch the time," he said. "Be back by two."

"Time and tide wait for no man."

"I warn you, they'll throw you out."

"Let's cross that bridge when we come to it."

With a couple of girls from the office, she had lunch at Schrafft's, and perversely she took care to have her usual two vodka Martinis, followed by a glass of wine. When the other girls returned to the office, Jeanne drifted through midtown, window-shopping and enjoying the heat of the sun on her damp face and throat. She got back to the office to find an envelope waiting for her on the desk. It was her notice. Plainly, it had been prepared a day or two earlier, so plainly she had done well to dawdle over lunch. Coupled with her slight drunkenness, the sensation of having been fired—of having



“He does that after the ‘Times’ every morning and after Cronkite every night.”

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had something harsh and irrevocable happen—exhilarated her. She went into Archer’s office to share this unexpected pleasure with him. “I feel—” she began, intending to tell him that she felt like a child let out of school, like a child at a circus, like a child with a red balloon, but seeing his face she guessed instantly what had befallen him, and in the same breath but in a different voice she ended, “Oh, Christ. I’m sorry.”

No pipe, no glasses—why had he taken off his glasses? Had it been to keep them from being broken while they stripped him of his badge of office? He said, “They’re making me put in for early retirement. I said I’d fight it, but of course I won’t. I haven’t anything to fight it with.”

“Buy me a drink.”

“You’re already drunk. You ought to be ashamed.”

“Now, Daddy-o.”

“One drink, then, just to spit in their eye.”

In the little bar of his hotel, they sat drinking until after dark. Archer found his glasses in one pocket, his pipe in another. He never stopped talking, having thirty years of grievances to explore. He grew cheerful as he drank, and the worse the grievance the more uproarious it began to seem to them. Once or twice, he interrupted himself to say, “You don’t have to stay and listen to all this dreary vomit, you know,” and she smiled and patted his hand on the bar and, shaping the words with care, said, “Jeannie is a very, very, *very* good lis’ner.” Around nine, they set out to find a place to eat. Holding tight to each other and tacking with brave abandon from one side of the pavement to the other, they made their way toward a restaurant that Jeanne remembered liking, a block or so from her apartment house. When they reached Jeanne’s doorway without having located the restaurant, she suggested that he come up and let her cook supper for them. She worried a key out of her purse and between them they found the keyhole and unlocked the door. As they started up the stairs, Jeanne warned Archer that it would be a long climb and that he must stop talking in order to save his breath. The stairs proved even more treacherous than the sidewalk. Archer fell to his knees on almost every landing, when the counted-on next step failed to materialize. Occasionally, he took to his backside, bumping his way upward from tread to tread. Jeanne reached the fourth-floor landing ahead of him, and the door of the apartment was already open when, puffing with exertion, Archer arrived. He stumbled past Jeanne into the living room. “Welcome!” he said to her as she followed him in, and then, “Bathroom?”

Leaving the bathroom, Archer took a wrong turn, wheeled into the dark bedroom, tripped over a camera tripod, and crashed to the floor, carrying the tripod and a small table with him. Jeanne hurried to him from the kitchen, switching on lights as she went. Archer was moaning and Jeanne was laughing as she gathered him up off the floor and propped him, a crumpled tweed sack, on the edge of the bed. She peeled off his jacket, trousers, and shoes, and pushed and rolled him onto the far side of the bed. “Take forty winks while I get supper,” she said. Archer made no answer. Curled with his face to the wall and holding his boney, bruised knees in his hands, he was already asleep.

Jeanne went to the bathroom to sprinkle cold water on her face. She felt very drunk and very cheerful and only a little sick as yet. Rocking from foot to foot, she stared at her bathrobe hanging in its accustomed place on a hook on the back of the bathroom door. Even sober, she had room in her mind for but one thought at a time; the bathrobe before her, she no longer remembered her plan for making supper. She washed her hands and brushed her teeth, fumblingly undressed herself, and returned to the bedroom. With a sigh of pleasure, she lay down naked upon the bed and crooked her arm over her eyes to ward off the light. As she fell asleep, she turned on her side and drew up against the soft warmth of her breasts Archer’s wiry little body. And there they lay when Ross came back at midnight and walked into the apartment ablaze with lights and called her name.

—BRENDAN GILL

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Here are three tours of Africa, that would have been the envy of David and Livingston.—*Travel brochure of Iberia Airlines.*

You must mean Stanley and Goliath.

REFLECTIONS

THE GREENING OF AMERICA

I. THE CORPORATE STATE

THERE is a revolution under way. It is not like revolutions of the past. It has originated with the individual and with culture, and if it succeeds it will change the political structure only as its final act. It will not require violence to succeed, and it cannot be successfully resisted by violence. It is now spreading with amazing rapidity, and already our laws, institutions, and social structure are changing in consequence. Its ultimate creation could be a higher reason, a more human community, and a new and liberated individual.

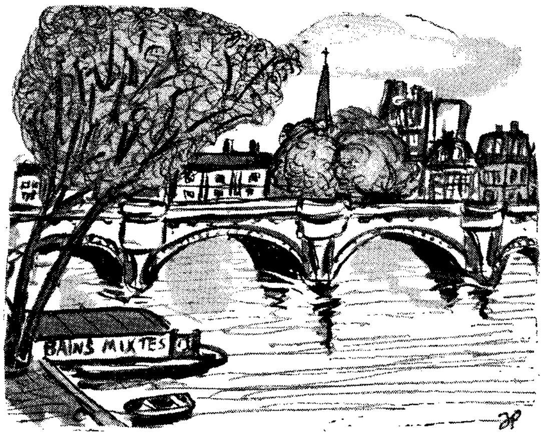
This is the revolution of the new generation. It is a transformation that seems both necessary and inevitable, and in time it may turn out to include not only youth but the entire American people. The logic of the new generation's rebellion must be understood in light of the rise of the corporate state and the way in which the state dominates, exploits, and ultimately destroys both nature and man. Americans have lost control of the machinery of their society, and only new values and a new culture can restore control. At the heart of everything is what must be called a change of consciousness. This means a new way of living—almost a new man. This is what the new generation has been searching for, and what it has started to achieve. Industrialism produced a new man, too—one adapted to the demands of the machine. In contrast, today's emerging consciousness seeks a new knowledge of what it means to be human, in order that the machine, having been built, may now be turned to human ends.

Most of us see the nature of the present American crisis as a collection of problems, not necessarily related to each other, and, although profoundly troubling, nevertheless within the reach of reason and reform. Yet if we list these problems, not according to topic but as elements of larger issues concerning the structure of our society itself, we can see that the present crisis is an organic one, that it arises out of the basic premises by which we live, and that no mere reform can touch it in any way.

(1) *Disorder, corruption, hypocrisy, war.* The front pages of newspapers tell of the disintegration of the social fabric, and of the resulting atmosphere of anxiety and terror in which we all live. Lawlessness is most often associated with crime and riots, but there is lawlessness and corruption in all the major institutions of our society—matched by an indifference to responsibility and consequences, and a pervasive hypocrisy that refuses to acknowledge the facts that are everywhere visible. Both lawlessness and evasion find their ultimate expression in the Vietnam war, with its unprincipled destruction of everything human, and its random, indifferent, technological cruelty.

(2) *Poverty, distorted priorities, and legislation by power.* America presents a picture of drastic poverty amid affluence. There is a superabundance of some goods and activities, such as defense manufacture, while other needs, such as education and medical care, are at a starvation level for many. These closely related kinds of inequality are not the accidents of a free economy; they are intentionally and rigidly built into the laws and institutions of our society. An example is the tax structure, which subsidizes private wealth and production of luxuries and weapons at the direct expense of impoverished people and impoverished services. The nation has a planned economy, but the planning is done by the exercise of sheer private power, without concern for the general good.

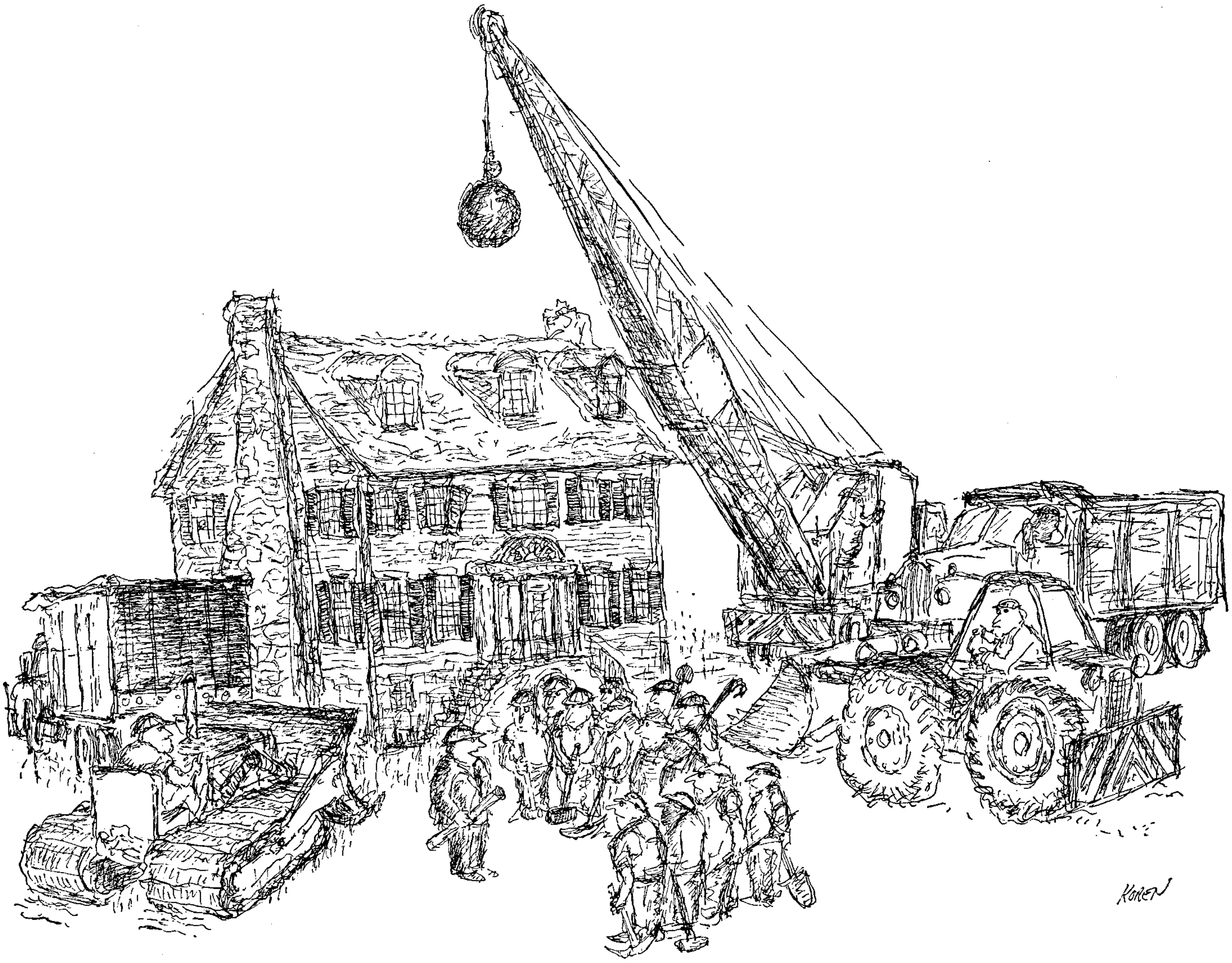
(3) *Uncontrolled technology and the destruction of environment.* Technology and production can be great benefactors of man, but they are mindless instruments, and if undirected they career along with a momentum of their own. In our country, they pulverize everything in their path—the landscape, the natural environment, history and tradition, the amenities and civilities, the privacy and spaciousness of life, much beauty, and the fragile, slow-growing social structures that bind us together. Organization and bureaucracy, which are an application of technology to social institutions, increasingly dictate how we shall live our lives, with the logic of organization taking precedence over any other values.



(4) *Decline of democracy and liberty, powerlessness.* The Constitution and Bill of Rights have steadily been weakened. The nation has gradually become a rigid managerial hierarchy, with a small élite and a great mass of disenfranchised. Democracy has rapidly lost ground as power has been increasingly captured by giant managerial institutions and industrial corporations, and decisions have come to be made by experts, specialists, and professionals safely insulated from the feelings of the people. Most governmental power has shifted from Congress to administrative agencies, and corporate power is free to ignore both stockholders and consumers. As regulation and administration have grown, liberty has been eroded and bureaucratic discretion has taken the place of the rule of law. The pervasiveness of police, security men, the military, and compulsory military service show the changed character of American liberty.

(5) *The artificiality of work and culture.* Both work and living have become more and more pointless and empty. There is no lack of meaningful things that cry out to be done, but our working days are used up in what lacks meaning: making useless or harmful products, or servicing the bureaucratic structures. For most Americans, work is mindless, exhausting, boring, servile, and hateful—something to be endured—while "life" is confined to "time off." At the same time, our culture has been reduced to the grossly commercial; all cultural values are for sale, and those that fail to make a profit tend to be destroyed. Our life activities have become vicarious and false to our genuine needs—activities fabricated by others and forced upon us.

(6) *Absence of community.* America is one vast, terrifying anti-community. The great organizations to which most people give their working day and the apartments and suburbs to which they return at night are equally places of loneliness and alienation. Modern living has obliterated place, locality, and neighborhood, and given us an anonymous separateness of existence. The family, the most basic social system, has been



"Be gentle with it, men. It's a historic landmark."

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stripped to its functional essentials. Friendship has been coated over with a layer of impenetrable artificiality as men strive to live roles designed for them. Protocol, competition, hostility, and fear have replaced the warmth of the circle of affection that might sustain man against a hostile universe.

(7) *Loss of self.* Of all the forms of impoverishment that can be seen or felt in America, loss of self—a sort of death-in-life—is surely the most devastating. It is, even more than the draft and the Vietnam war, the source of discontent and rage in the new generation. Beginning with school, if not before, an individual is systematically stripped of his imagination, his creativity, his heritage, his dreams, and his personal uniqueness, in order to fit him to be a productive unit in a mass technological society. Instinct, feeling, and spontaneity are suppressed by overwhelming forces. As the individual is drawn into the meritocracy, his working life is split from his home life, and both suffer from a lack of wholeness. In the end, people virtually *become* their occupations and their other roles, and are strangers to themselves. Blacks long ago felt their deprivation of identity and potential for life. But white "soul" and blues are just emerging. A segment of our young people are articulately aware that they, too, suffer an enforced loss of self—that they, too, are losing the lives that could be theirs.

We seem to be living in a society that no one created and that no one wants. The feeling of powerlessness extends even to the inhabitants of executive offices. Yet, paradoxically, it is also a fact that we have available to us the means to begin coping with virtually all the problems that beset us. Most people would initially deny this, but reflection shows how true it is. We know what causes crime and social disorder and what can be done to eliminate those causes. We know the steps that can be taken to create greater economic equality. We are in possession of techniques for fashioning and preserving more livable cities and environments. Our problems are vast, but so is our store of techniques. It is simply not being put to use.

The American crisis, then, seems clearly to be related to an inability to act. But what is the cause of this paralysis? Why, in the face of every warning, have we been unable to act? Why have we not used our resources more wisely and justly? We tell ourselves that social failure gets down to individual moral failure: we must have the will to act; we must first find concern and compassion in our hearts. But this diagnosis is not good enough. It is contradicted by the experience of powerlessness that is encountered by so many people. Today, a majority of the people, as moral individuals, certainly want peace, but they cannot turn their individual wills into action by society. It is not that we do not will action but that we are unable to act, unable to put existing knowledge to use. The machinery of our society apparently no longer works,

A CELEBRATION FOR AUTUMN

Once more I welcome a purer darkness
Of evening in the hour of the year
Between summer and an end of summer,
When the soft air is songless as moss
Over the barn where the swallows are

Restless. Something has wearied the sun
To yellow the unmolested dust
On the bitter quince; something is lost
From its light, letting waxen bees drown
In their liquor of fatigue. But by last

Shadows of another season gone,
I live into beginning autumn
To see its silver, broken column
Of thready smoke ascending. Someone
Has gathered up his few leaves fallen

On the morning's webby lawn, who knows
Nothing of how I share them. I think
Of his hands at the live fire, and thank
Him in his private wood for what grows
Commonly for us toward the stars

I recognize of winter to come.
And I remember an August once,
With armfuls of slushing leaves, left since
Noon to dry by the hedge they fell from,
Shiny as the shears. Could we burn them

Now, I wheedled my grandfather, now?
Everything in its own due time,
He said, for fires need cold and autumn
Dark if you want their flowers to grow;
And who was I to call down the snow

Before its proper season? The weeks
Frittered on beyond the old man's dying,
And the ready pears, and my crying
In his garden rows of empty sticks.
His fire shot higher than hollyhocks

One night when the smell of dead summer
Was too much to bear. It was for me,
Who had had hardly a breath easy
From the heavy hammer of asthma,
That frost assembled in that glimmer

Of thrown smoke, and prized into my blood
Like the feel of knives over the skin.
I lived on, into its cold. Again
I tread through a crisping grass; the hard
Air closes again, and I am glad.

Some troubled sleep it may take to bear
The slump of one less summer—but clean
The sun tomorrow, or the frail rain.
I shall breathe in refreshed September.
I have much to thank my autumns for.

—TED WALKER

* *

or we no longer know how to make it work.

THE corporate state in which we live is an immensely powerful machine—ordered, legalistic, rational, yet utterly out of human control and indifferent to human values. It is hard to say exactly when our society assumed this shape. The major symptoms of change started appearing after the Second World War, and especially in the nineteen-fifties. The expenditure of a trillion dollars for defense, the destruction of the environment, the production of unneeded goods—these were not merely extensions of the familiar blunders and corruption of America's past; they were of a different order of magnitude. And although they were all an integral part of a legal and seemingly rational system, they were surrounded by a growing atmosphere of unreality. The stupidities and thefts of the Grant era were not insane; they were human departures from a reasonably human standard. In the nineteen-fifties, the norm itself—the system itself—became deranged.

Our present system has gone beyond anything that could properly be called the creation of capitalism or imperialism or a power élite. That would at least be a human shape. Of course, a power élite does exist, and is made rich by the system, but the members of the élite are no longer in control; they are now merely taking advantage of forces that have a life of their own. Other societies have had bad systems, but endured because a part of human enterprise went on outside the system. We have turned over everything to what can be thought of as a single vast corporation. It consists primarily of large industrial organizations, plus non-profit institutions such as foundations and the educational system, all related to the whole as divisions to a business corporation. Government, providing coördination and a variety of needed services, is only a part of this corporate state, which represents a complete reversal of the original American ideal and plan. The corporate state, and not the market or the people or any abstract economic laws, determines what shall be produced, what shall be consumed, and how it shall all be allocated. The corporate state determines, for example, that railroads shall decay while highways flourish, that coal miners shall be poor and advertising executives rich. The state is subject neither to democratic controls nor to Constitutional limits nor to legal regulation. Instead, the organizations that make up the corporate state are motivated primarily by the demands of technology and of their own internal structure. Technology has imperatives such as these: if computers have been developed, they must be put to use; if faster planes can be produced, they must be put into service; if there is a more efficient way of organizing an office staff, it must be adopted; if a psychological test provides added information for personnel directors, it must be used on prospective employees. The commanding officer of the California National Guard described the use of a helicopter at Berkeley for attacking students with chemicals as "logical." As for business organizations, their imperative is to grow. They need stability, freedom from outside interference, constantly increasing profits. Everyone in the organization wants more and better personnel, more functions, increased status and prestige—in a word, growth. The medium through which these imperatives operate is law. The

Sea Breeze
MOTEL
NO VACANCY
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON

legal system acts as an instrument of corporate-state domination, and it acts to prevent the intervention of human values or individual choice. Although the forces driving the state are impersonal rather than evil, they are wholly indifferent to man's needs, and tend to have the same consequences as would a system expressly designed for the purpose of destroying human beings and their society.

The essence of the corporate state is that it is relentlessly single-minded; it has just one value, the value of technology as represented by organization, efficiency, growth, progress. No other value is allowed to interfere with this one—not amenity, not beauty, not community, not even the supreme value of life itself. Thus, the state is essentially mindless; it has only one idea, and it merely rolls along, never stopping to think, consider, balance, judge. Only such single-valued mindlessness would cut the last redwoods, pollute the most beautiful beaches, invent devices to injure and destroy plant and human life. To have just one value is to be a machine.

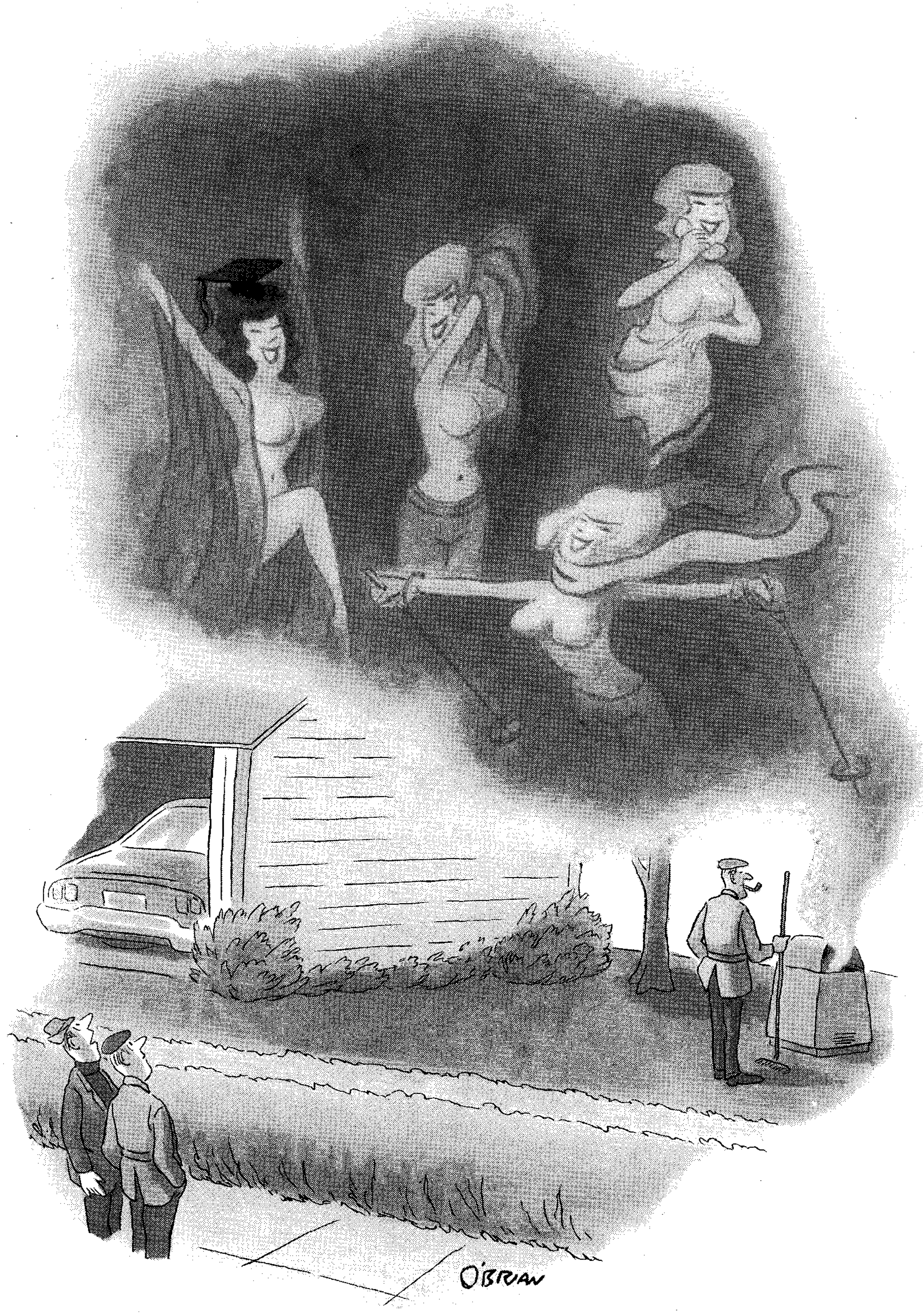
In the following attempt to outline the main features of the corporate state, the description is meant to be cumulative, for it is the interrelationship of the several elements that gives the state its extraordinary form. In the case of the corporate state, the whole is more than the sum of the parts, and the truth is in the whole, not the parts.

"Never a liquidity crisis around here, eh, Otto?"

AMALGAMATION AND INTEGRATION. We normally consider the units of the corporate state—such as the federal government, an automobile company, a private foundation—as if they were separate from each other. This, however, is not the case. In the first place, there is a marked tendency for supposedly separate units to follow parallel policies, so that an entire industry makes identical decisions as to pricing, kind of product, method of distribution; the automobile and the air-travel industries show this. Second, very different companies are coming under combined management through the device of forming conglomerates, which place vast and diverse empires under unified control. But even more significant is the disappearance of the line between "public" and "private." In the corporate state, most of the "public" functions of government are actually performed by the "private" sector of the economy. And most "government" functions are services performed for the "private" sector.

Let us consider first how government operations are "privately" performed. To a substantial degree, this relationship is formalized. The government hires private firms to build national-defense systems, to supply the space program, to construct the interstate highway system, and even to do its thinking for it. An enormous portion of the federal budget is spent in simply hiring out government functions. This much is obvious, although many people do not seem to be aware of it. What is less obvious is the "deputizing" system by which a far larger sector of the private economy is enlisted in government service. For example, a college teacher may receive a form from the Civil Service Commission asking him for certain information about an individual who is applying for a government job. When the teacher fills out the form, he is acting as if he had been "deputized" by the government; that is, he is performing a service for the government—one for which he might even feel himself entitled to compensation. Now consider a foundation that is granted special non-taxable status. The foundation is in this favored position because it is engaged in activities that are deemed to be of "public benefit." That is, it is the judgment of the government that some types of activity are public services although performed under private auspices. The government itself could do what private foundations now do—aid education, sponsor research, and carry out other projects that do not command a profit in the commercial sense—but the government has decided that these functions are better performed by foundations. This is the same judgment that the government makes when it hires Boeing to build bombers, or a private construction firm to build an interstate highway. Public utilities—airlines, railroads, truck carriers, taxicabs, oil pipelines, telephones—are all "deputized" in this fashion. They carry on *public* functions—functions that in other societies might be taken on by the government itself.

This summer, it was reported that the broadcasting industry was participating in a "crusade" against drug use. At the urging of President Nixon to "get the message across" to young people that drug use is "weakening the character" of the United States, television and radio responded in such diverse ways as adding a drug-addiction problem to the plot line of a daytime serial, delivering editorials against drugs, devoting news programs to the



"Looks like Stevens is getting rid of his back issues of 'Playboy.'"

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drug "crisis," cancelling all programs for an entire day to present twenty-four hours devoted exclusively to the subject of drug abuse, and inserting subtle anti-drug messages amid programs of rock music. Since broadcasters get their licenses from the federal government, there may be some question whether this concerted campaign was the purely voluntary action of private businesses. And the fact that the campaign was not limited to announcements but was also incorporated into supposedly neutral entertainment programs shows the extent to which the entire content of broadcasting can become political in nature, and serve to carry out policies of government. Even the most ordinary family or adventure program shows only an approved attitude toward government. If the "Mission Impossible" team undertook an anti-Vietnam-war mission, or a comedian made some serious jokes about patriotism, the broadcasters involved would surely feel that they had reason to worry about the loss of their licenses.

Let us now look at the other side of the coin: government as the servant of the private sector. Once again, the relationship is sometimes formal and obvious. The government spends huge amounts for research and development, and private companies are often able to get the benefits of this. Airports are built at public expense for private airlines to use. Highways are built for private trucking firms to use. The government pays all sorts of subsidies, direct and indirect, to various industries. It supplies credit services and financial aid to homeowners. It grows trees on public forest lands and sells them at cut-rate prices to private lumber companies. It builds roads to aid ski developments.

It is true that government has always existed to serve the society—police and fire departments help business, too, and so do wars that open up new markets. This is what government is and always has been all about. But today governmental activity in aid of the private sector is enormously greater, more pervasive, more immediately felt than ever before. The difference between the local public services provided in 1776 and the expenditure of millions of dollars in subsidies to the shipping industry is not only one of degree. In the difference between a highly autonomous, localized economy and a highly interdependent one, there is a difference of principle as well as one of degree. Government help today is an essential, not a luxury. The airlines could not operate without allocation of routes and regulation of landings and takeoffs, nor could the television industry without corresponding regulation. The educational system, elementary school through high school,

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But at least you know where your money goes.

It's right there in the bottle.

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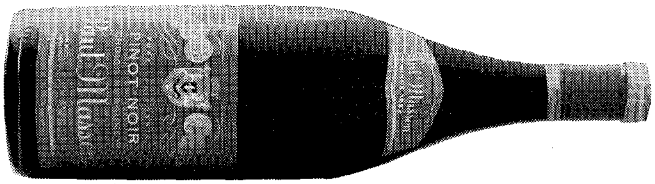

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1970

is necessary for the production of people able to work in today's industry. Thus, it may be said that everyone who operates "privately" really is aided and subsidized, in one degree or another, by the public. The sturdy independent rancher rides off into the sunset on land irrigated by government subsidy, past sheep whose grazing is subsidized and crops whose prices are artificially maintained by government action; he does not look like a welfare client, but he is on the dole nevertheless.

Regulation, originally an instrument of reform, has been remade into a service to industry. State and federal laws enable the oil industry to act as an oligopoly, closely controlling imports, production, and prices that otherwise might be subject to the wishes of consumers and to the other influences of "free enterprise." Without these convenient laws to eliminate competition and the free market, the oil industry might have to go to the trouble and expense of "regulating" itself. Thus, the motion-picture industry and the professional-sports industry have elaborate systems of private regulation, including "commissioners," a corpus of laws, and a scale of fines and other penalties, all designed to place the industry on the best and most united basis to sell its product. Such regulation as is performed by federal agencies like the F.C.C., S.E.C., F.T.C., and C.A.B. is remarkably similar in general effect, but it is a service rendered at taxpayers' expense.

Once the line between "public" and "private" becomes meaningless and is erased, the various units of the corporate state no longer appear to be parts of a diverse and pluralistic system in which one kind of power limits another kind of power. The various centers of power do not limit each other; they all weigh in on the same side of the scale, with only the individual on the other side. Once we realize that what is public and what is private have been merged, we can discern the real monolith of power, and see that there is nothing at all within the system to impose checks and balances, to offer competition, to raise even a voice of caution or doubt. We are all involuntary members, and there is no zone of the "private" to offer a retreat.

One way to appreciate the true nature of the public-private amalgamated state is to list a few of the kinds of power that can be found in the United States:

Power to make one publication available to airline passengers but not another.

Power to raise bank interest rates.

Power to forbid apartment dwellers to have pets or children.

Power to require peanut-butter eaters to choose either "creamy" or "chunky" peanut butter and to prevent them from buying real, unhydrogenated peanut butter.

Power to force all young people who want to go to college to take examinations requiring a certain standardized kind of mechanical problem-solving.

Power to popularize snowmobiles instead of snowshoes.

Power to dominate public consciousness through the mass media.

Power to induce lung cancer in thousands of persons by promoting the sale of cigarettes.

Power to turn off a man's telephone service.

Power to encourage or discourage various forms of scholarship, educational activity, philanthropy, and research.

Power to construct office buildings with windows that will not open, or without any windows at all.

Power to determine what life styles will not be acceptable for employees.

Power to make relatively large or relatively small investments in the safety of consumer products.

Power to change the culture of a foreign country.

Were we told that all this power was held by a single tyrannical ruler, we would find the prospect frightening indeed. As things are, however, we are likely to take comfort in the thought that although the power may exist, it is divided in many ways, held by many different entities, and subject to all sorts of checks, balances, and controls, and that for the most part it applies only to persons who subject themselves to it voluntarily—by taking a job with a corporation, for instance. But the power of the corporate state is not so easily escaped. The refugee from a job in one corporation will find a choice of other corporations all prepared to subject him to similar control as an employee. The television viewer who tires of one network finds the others even more tiresome. Can railroad passengers do anything about conditions they object to? Do they find alternative means of transportation readily available?

Editorials denouncing students often say that a student who does not like the way a university is run should leave. But society makes it all but mandatory for a young person to complete his education, and in their rules and practices most universities are extraordinarily alike. Moreover, the penalty for many young men who leave is to be drafted. Under these circumstances, it is hardly accurate to say that a student has submitted "voluntarily" to a university's rules. The student's case is the case of the railroad traveller, the peanut-butter eater, the man who wants a bank loan, the corporate employee, the apartment-house dweller who wants to keep a pet. The integration of the corporate state makes inescapable what was formerly voluntary, and powers that once were small and gentle become monstrous and terrifying. The better organized, the more tightly administered, the more rational and inclusive the corporate state becomes, the more every organization turns into a government, and all forms of power take on the aspect of government decrees.

The Principle of Administration and Hierarchy. The decisions, policies, and activities of a society might theoretically be carried out by a variety of methods—voluntary coöperation by individuals, or the physical coercion of a military tyranny, or more subtle coercion of psychological conditioning. The corporate state has chosen to rely on hierarchical administration. The principle here is that the best way to conduct any activity is to subject it to rational control. A framework of organization is provided. Lines of authority, responsibility, and supervision are established as clearly as possible; everyone is arranged in a hierarchy. Rules are drawn for every imaginable contingency, so individual choice is minimized. Arrangements are made to check on what everyone does, to have reports and permanent records. The random, the irrational, and the alternative ways of doing things are banished.

It is worth recalling how this con-

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dition derived from classic liberalism, and, more proximately, from the New Deal and the welfare state. Liberalism adopted the basic principle that there is no need for management of society itself; the "unseen hand" is all that is needed. The New Deal modified this principle by requiring activities to be subject to "the public interest." Gradually, this came to mean ever-tightening regulation in directions fixed by the demands of a commercial, technological mass society. Gradually, it came to mean the replacement of a "political" state with an "administrative" state. (So pervasive, indeed, is the principle of administration that in many ways the corporate state is in its essence an administrative state.) A political state, in our present meaning, is one in which all sorts of differences in culture and opinion coexist, are represented in the political process, and contribute to the diversity and balance of the nation. This political model has also been called the "conflict" model. By either term, this resembles the original model on which our society was founded. Administration means a rejection of the idea of conflict as a desirable element in society. Administration wants extremes adjusted; it wants differences settled; it wants to find out which way is best and use that way exclusively. Whatever refuses to be adjusted is considered by administration to be "deviance," a departure from the norm that must be treated and cured. It is a therapeutic model of society, in which variety is compromised and smoothed over in an effort to make everything conform to "the public interest." Political radicals are expected to be "responsible;" blacks are expected to be "integrated." The state "knows what is best" for everyone; its massive energies, power, and apparatus are focussed on making sure that everyone accepts "what is best."

The structure of the administrative state is that of a hierarchy in which every person has a place in a table of organization, a vertical position in which he is subordinate to someone and superior to someone else. This is the structure of any bureaucracy; it represents a "rationalization" of organization ideals. When an entire society is subjected to this principle, it creates a small ruling élite and a large group of workers who play no significant part in the making of decisions. Though they continue to vote in political elections, they are offered little choice among the candidates; all the major decisions about what is produced, what is consumed, how resources are allocated, the conditions of work, and so forth, are made administratively.

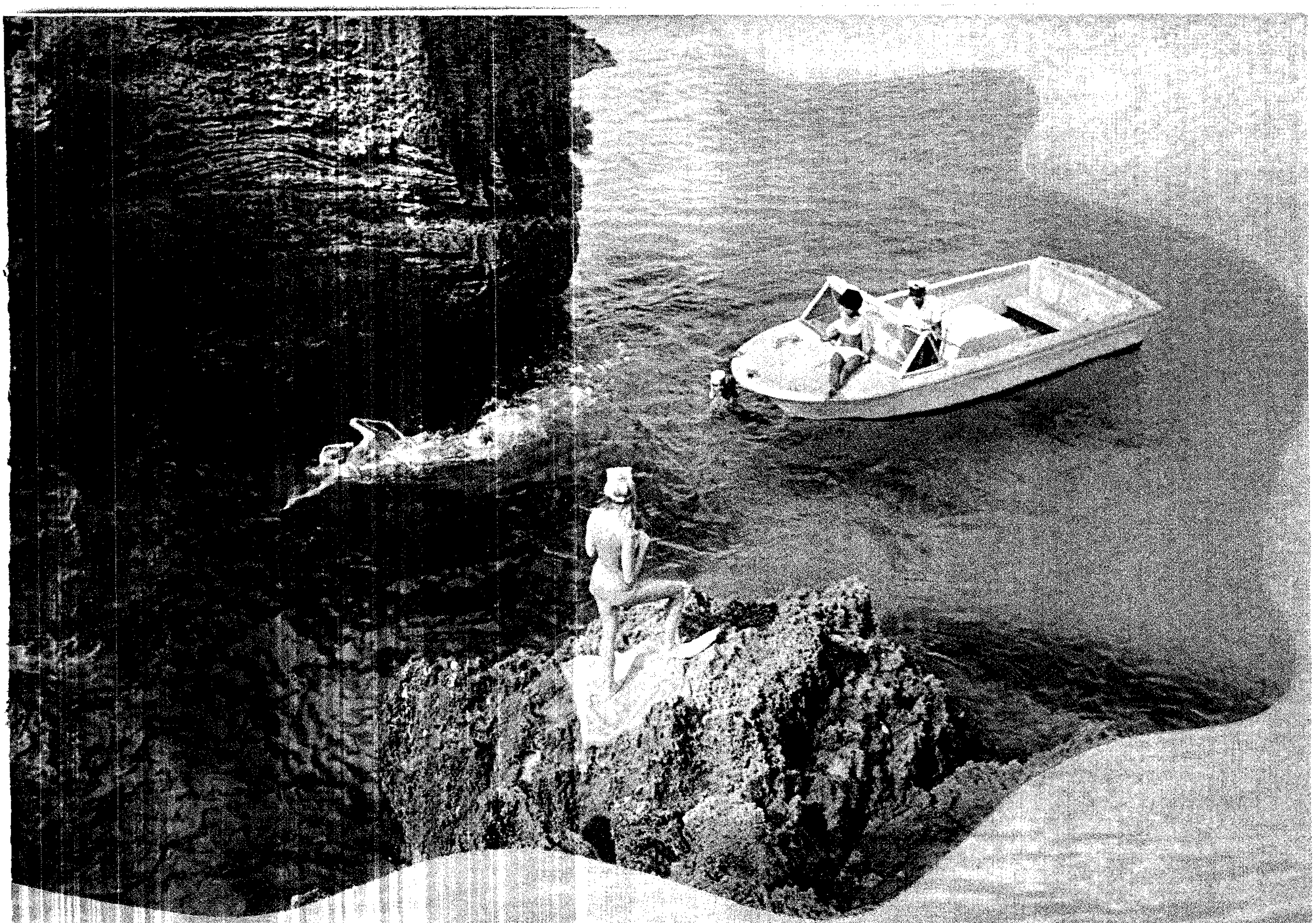
Hierarchy takes on particular importance in the organizations where most people work. It declares that, as workers, most men and women must accept the absolute authority and superiority of someone "above" them. For the boss to be empowered to tell a worker how to perform his work is one thing, but all too often the boss is treated as a higher form of human being. We have frequently heard criticism of the "childishness" of the average adult American; in many instances, hierarchy not only encourages but demands childishness—the wholesale turning over of responsibility and self-respect to someone in authority. One of the key points in the rebellion of the new generation is rejection of such authority and insistence upon personal responsibility and true personal equality.

Administration seeks to remove decision-making from the area of politics to the area of "science." Democratic or popular choice is rejected in favor of a "rational" weighing of all the factors by experts. Procedures are set up by which decision-making is channelled, and care is taken to define exactly which institution shall make which decisions. For each type of decision, there is someone "best" qualified to decide; administration avoids participation in decisions by the "less qualified." If followed, these procedures usually produce a decision that is a compromise or balance and that rejects any particular choice in its pure, uncompromised form. Choice takes place within narrow limits. A weighing of all the factors produces a decision somewhere in between, rather than at one or another "extreme."

Administration has no values of its own, except the institutional ones just described. Theoretically, it could accept any values. In practice, however, it is strongly conservative. Things go most smoothly when the status quo is maintained, when change is slow, cautious, and evolutionary. The more elaborate the machinery of administration is, the less ready it is for new, disquieting values. And "rationality" finds some values easier to understand, to justify, to put into verbal terms than other values. It can understand quantity better than quality. Administration is neutral in favor of present policy.

Public welfare offers an example of the administrative model of society. The theoretical object of public welfare is to protect people from the hazards of forces in an industrial society that are beyond their control and from the other hazards of life against which neither family nor local community any longer offers help—to provide every person with a minimum standard of security, well-being, and dignity. With the introduction of administration as the means for carrying out public welfare, the emphasis shifts to regulation of exactly who is qualified for welfare, how much is allotted, how it is spent, whether rules are being followed. A large apparatus is developed for checking up, for keeping records, for making and enforcing rules, for punishing infractions. Some of this may save money, but the saving is minimized by the costs of administration. Some of this may also serve the purpose of punishing the poor for not working, even though many are unable to work. But the "accomplishments" of administration are almost secondary; after a while, what it does ceases to have an outside reference and it acquires a life of its own.

While the tendency of administration may appear to be benign and peaceful, as opposed to the turbulence of conflict, it is actually violent. For the very idea of imposed order is violent. It demands compliance; nothing less than compliance will do; and it must obtain compliance, by persuasion or management if possible, by repression if necessary. It is convinced that it has "the best way" and that all other ways are wrong; it cannot understand those who do not accept the rightness of its views. A growing tension and anger develop against those who would question what is so carefully designed to be "best"—for them as well as for everybody else. Thus, it is not uncommon for public-school administrators to engage in repression of independent thinking by students, although the ability to think independently is presumably an important objective of education. At the Del Valle High School in Walnut Creek, California, the students produced a "controversial" yearbook last spring. It included a poem by Robert Danielson, a seventeen-year-old star of the school baseball team, poking fun at school athletes who "don't reason" and "don't ask questions." Because of the poem, young Danielson was told by his coach that he would not receive a team letter and was not welcome at the presentation-awards dinner. The coach sought to mitigate this punishment by telling the faculty, "I like the kid. . . . I think he's pathetic, but I like him. If I hadn't, he wouldn't have played baseball for me for two years." Mean-



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while, the principal threatened the faculty adviser of the yearbook, Mrs. Hildegarde Buckette, with dismissal; however, the principal and Mrs. Buckette reached an understanding whereby the yearbook would be subject in the future to "guidelines" established by a faculty committee. Administration wants the best for everybody, and all it asks is that individuals make their lives conform to the framework established by the state.

The Autonomy of the Corporate State. We usually make at least three reassuring assumptions about the amalgamated power of the corporate state: (1) power is controlled by the people through the democratic process and pluralism in the case of government and through the market in the case of the "private" sector, (2) power is controlled by the persons who are placed in a position of authority to exercise power, (3) power is subject to the Constitution and the laws. These assumptions stand as a presumed barrier to the state power we have described. Let us deal here with the first two assumptions, leaving a discussion of law until later.

As machinery for translating popular will into political effect, the American system functions very badly. We can hardly say that our political process makes it possible for voters to enforce their will on such subjects as pollution, the supersonic plane, mass transportation, the arms race, and the Vietnam war. On the contrary, it is usually impossible for popularly held views to be expressed politically; this was demonstrated for all to see in the 1968 Presidential campaign, when both the Republican and the Democratic candidate supported the Vietnam war. And even if the political machinery allowed the electorate to express its views, it would be difficult for citizens to get the information necessary to form an opinion.

The failure of the political process is matched by that of the private economic process, which is supposedly governed by a market. It has long been true that stockholders have no realistic power in the management of corporate affairs. But the more important fact is that producers largely create their own demand for products. This is a central thesis of Galbraith's "The New Industrial State," and it is hard to see how it can be disputed. Corporations decide what they want to produce, and then they convince the public that it wants these products, thus fashioning their own market. What we now produce and consume, the way we use our resources, the plans we make for future use of resources, are not directed by what the people want. No one asks them whether they would rather have snowmobiles than new hospital equipment, and they cannot make their voices heard.

If pure democratic theory fails us in both the public and the private sphere, we must nevertheless consider whether a modified version of democracy makes it possible for large competing interests to achieve a balance that represents a rough approximation of what people want; this is the theory of pluralism. Here again the theory simply does not work out. Robert Paul Wolff has effectively discussed this type of pluralism in his book "The Poverty of Liberalism." (The same essay also appears in a coöperative volume called "A Critique of Pure Tolerance.") The interests that make up the spectrum of political pluralism are highly select; many important interests are entirely omitted. Thus, as Wolff points out, we have recognized the three major religions but no agnostics; we have virtually no representation of the poor, the blacks, or other outsiders, no representation of youth, no radicals. And "pluralism" represents not interests but *organized* interests. Thus, "labor" means large labor organizations, though these do not necessarily represent the real interests of individual employees. "Labor" may support heavy defense expenditures, repressive police measures, and emphasis on economic growth, but this support may not express the true interests of the industrial worker at all. Likewise, the three major religions may fail to represent the spiritual strivings of individual persons, which might take some such form as resistance to the draft. Indeed, at the organizational level there is far more agreement than difference among the "competing interests," so they come to represent the same type of coöperation that conglomerate mergers produce among interests in the private sphere.

Even if the people had power to give orders, the orders might have little or no effect. Increasingly, the important part of government is found in the executive departments, which are staffed by career men, experts, professionals, and civil servants who have specialized knowledge of technical fields. These persons are not elected, nor are they subject to removal on political grounds. They are thus immunized from direct democratic control. Congress and the state legislatures have neither the time nor the specialized knowledge to oversee all these governmental activities. Instead, the legislatures have increasingly resorted to broad delegations of authority. In effect, the legislature abandons any effort to set policy. It is true that Congress makes occasional investigatory forays into agency activities, but these are not in their nature policy-setting. Even if a statute tries to set definite standards—as the Federal Water Power

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Act, say, lists some factors to be considered in building hydroelectric projects—the standards are simply left to be weighed at the agency's discretion. Thus, in the case of Consolidated Edison's proposal to develop a new power plant at Storm King Mountain, on the Hudson, the Federal Power Commission has continued to show a single-minded devotion to the interests of power development despite mounting public concern about its effect on the environment. What really happens is that government becomes institutionalized in the hands of professionals, experts, managers, whose decisions are governed by the laws of bureaucratic behavior and the laws of professional behavior. This means that decisions will be within narrow compass, tend to preserve the status quo, tend to continue any policy once set, tend to reflect the interests of the organization. These agencies, then, are unprepared to respond to any outside direction even if the people were in a position to give it. The same is true of the private corporate bureaucracies. And more and more often this immunity from human influences produces results that are truly monstrous, as the Army's recent dumping of nerve gas shows.

If the people do not control the corporate state, is it at least controlled by those who give the orders—the executives and the power élite behind them? Such control might not satisfy those who favor democracy or the rule of law, but it would still be control that had to consider the broad trends of public opinion—thus still representing a major difference from no control at all.

Let us focus first on an imaginary organization—government or private (an agency or a corporation)—and its executive head, the personification of the "power élite." Entering the executive suite, we expect to find an individual or a "team" really exercising power. But the trappings, from the modern sculpture to the console telephone, do not tell the whole story. Any organization is subject to the demands of technology and of its own middle management. The corporation *must* respond to advances in technology. It *must* act in such a way as to preserve and foster its own organization. It is subject to the decision-making power of those in middle management, whose interests lie with the advance of organization and technology. If the organization is a private corporation, the power élite must take many factors into consideration. There are financial interests, for example, represented by bondholders, stockholders, banks, institutional owners such as pension funds and mutual funds, potential raiders and conglomerates seeking financial control. This is not to suggest that stockholders or bondholders have any significant part in management. But the very existence of all these interests creates certain impersonal demands upon the corporation, including, for example, the demand for profit, a demand for growth, a demand for stability of income. The manager cannot act without an awareness of the constant demand for profit. Thus, a television executive's decision about whether to put on a special news broadcast and "sacrifice" a paying program is made in the oppressive awareness of the demand for profit—a demand so institutional and impersonal that it literally "cares" about nothing but profit. The business executive is also required to be aware of many different state and federal laws, and the corporation is quite likely to be influenced by another set of relationships to government if it possesses valuable government contracts, subsidies, franchises, or licenses, any of which can be modified or revoked. A corporation that is the beneficiary of favored tax treatment must act in such a manner as to preserve whatever special privileges and advantages it has.

Inside a corporation, the system by which decisions are made is significant. To begin with, most managements consist of a committee rather than a single head; all students of group behavior know how a committee is limited in ways that a single executive is not. Beyond this, management is limited by the many kinds of specialists whose views must be consulted—the experts, whether in marketing or in business-management methods, the whole class of people who occupy what Galbraith calls the "technostructure." Decisions become "institutional decisions," which can be identified with no one person, and have the qualities of the group mind. The bureaucracy is so powerful that no executive—not even the President of the United States—can do much to budge it from its course. Top executives know only what they are told. In effect, they are "briefed" by others, and the briefing is both limiting and highly selective. The executive is far too busy to find out very much for himself; he *must* accept the information he gets, and this sets absolute limits to his horizons. Yet the briefing may be three steps removed from the facts, and thus be interpretation built upon interpretation—nearer fiction than fact by the time it reaches the man at the top. The man at the top turns out to be a broker, a decider between limited alternatives, a mediator and arbitrator. And such a position tends to be utterly inconsistent with thought, reflection, or originality. Increasingly, it is also inconsistent with the realities of the outside world.

From all this, there emerges a great revelation about the executive suite. It is not the place from which power-hungry men rule our society. The truth is far worse. In the executive suite, there may be a Léger or Braque on the wall, and a vast glass-and-metal desk, but what looks like a man is only a representation of a man, doing what the organization requires. He does not run the machine; he tends it.

THE NEW PROPERTY. The effects of the corporate state's autonomy are in themselves profoundly harmful to human beings, but the state is worse than autonomous; the workings of its machinery are influenced by private manipulation for power and gain, yet those who use it in this way have no power to influence it in any more positive direction, and ultimately become captives as well as profiteers. These paradoxical results follow from the development of what we may call the New Property.

Once organization had come to be the governing principle of American life, a change in the nature of private property and wealth necessarily followed. Organizations are not really "owned" by anyone. What formerly constituted ownership was split up into stockholders' right to share in profits, management's right to announce policy, employees' right to status and security, government's right to regulate. Thus, older forms of wealth were replaced by new forms. A job, a stock certificate, a pension right, an automobile dealer's franchise, a doctor's privilege to use hospital facilities, the status of being a student in a university—these are typical of the new forms of wealth. All of these new forms of wealth represent relationships to organizations, so that today a person is identified by his status: an engineer at Boeing, a Ford dealer, a student at Yale.

The growth of status with respect to private organizations has been paralleled by a rise in statuses produced by, and related to, government. The more government has become "affirmative" in nature, engaging in regulation, allo-

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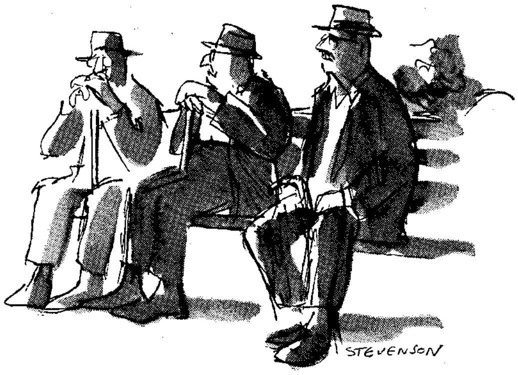
cation of resources, distribution of benefits, and public ownership, the more it has become a status-dispensing organization—indeed, the largest of all such organizations. Characteristic forms of status wealth dispensed by government are occupational and professional licenses, taxicab and television franchises, airline routes, grazing rights on the public domain, subsidies to businesses and farmers, welfare payments to indigent families, tax benefits, Social Security benefits, jobs on the public payroll, and contracts for the construction of highways or defense hardware.

These statuses, public and private, achieve their great importance because they become for most individuals the chief goals of life. Taking a new job cannot be a mistake as long as it is "a step up." An individual gets satisfaction from "having people under him." And a title can compensate for the absence of many other things. The individual feels he must be happy because he has status; if he is an "executive director" or works for a top-level corporation, he glows with an artificial inward warmth. Statuses involve money, security, convenience, and also power, but they mean even more. They are a substitute self. The organizations of the corporate state are empowered to confer and take away selfhood, and this fact, perhaps more than any other, explains the state's ability to dominate all the thinking and actions within it.

In theory, all benefits, whether originating in the government or in private organizations, are distributed according to "the public interest" or the interests of the organization concerned, and not simply to advance private interests. An airline route or a television channel is given to the applicant who will "best serve the public interest;" the windfall to the successful applicant is supposedly paid for by services to the public. Likewise, a government contract is awarded to the bidder who will best serve the government's interest or to the one who submits the lowest bid. The theory is extended to taxicab medallions and turnpike concessions; these privileges are valuable because they are partial monopolies, and they are given to the "best" applicants, just as in a private organization the promotions supposedly go to those who most merit them and will do the company the most good. On a grander scale, Congress votes subsidies or tax concessions to large groups, such as farmers or the shipbuilding industry or the oil industry, on the theory that these groups serve the national interest. But the whole concept of a society that assumes responsibility for allocating resources, benefits, and privileges is undercut if private interests are able to manipulate the system for their own advantage. If an airline can get a new route not because of merit but because of its political influence in Washington, the allocation system ceases to be an instrument of public policy and becomes a vast grab bag for the shrewd and the powerful. In turn, this maneuvering alters public policy. The machinery of the state begins to be influenced by private interests. It is still autonomous, but autonomous in an even more antisocial direction.

The marriage of the machinery of the corporate state to private profiteering can be illustrated by the television industry. Technology gives us television, and the imperative of technology, unguided by other values, insists that we produce it and use it without attempting to consider what it should and should not be used for, what harm it might do, what controls are essential to its use. When private manipulation is added to the equation, it produces programs expressly designed to win huge audiences so that mass-produced products can be sold, even if this means a degradation of popular taste and consciousness. It is the worst of all possible worlds: uncontrolled technology and uncontrolled profiteering combined into a force that is both immensely powerful and utterly irresponsible.

When status and relationships to organizations replace private property, the result is a change in the degree of independence enjoyed by the individual. Private property gave each person a domain in which he could be sovereign, and enabled him to tell the rest of the world to go fly a kite. But a person whose "property" consists of a position in an organization is tied to the fate of the organization; if the organization goes down, he goes with it. More important, he is subject to the power of the organization, for there are conditions to be met in acquiring status, maintaining it, advancing it, and avoiding its loss, and these conditions significantly affect the individual's independence. The conditions are set by the organization, not by the individual, and they may be unilaterally altered by the organization. And except as specifically enacted by law, there are no limits to the conditions that may be placed on status—they may be anything that serves the needs of the organization. In some places, a high-school boy must cut his hair or be suspended, a civil servant must refrain from political activity, a college teacher must publish in scholarly journals. In "The Adventure of the Copper Beeches," Sherlock Holmes was consulted by a young lady who had been offered a position as governess provided that she agreed to cut her hair short, wear a designated dress at certain times, and sit in a certain chair when requested. These conditions puzzled her enough to make her seek Holmes' advice, but nobody questioned that the prodigiously stout man with the smiling face who offered her the position at his country house had a perfect right to make these or any other requests of a would-be employee. Today, in the public-private state, where organizations are nationwide and are connected both with other organizations and with the government, the smiling request is no longer a private whim but a matter of public concern. If the telephone company or I.B.M., beaming with prodigious good nature, asks that its employees cut their hair or wear a certain dress or sit in a certain chair, the fact that such companies have almost monopoly control over various areas of the labor market makes them the possessors of a broad new legislative power never contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, who said that the United States would never be a country where a man could be told whether or not he must wear a hat.



This legislative power may cut deeply into the private life of the individual. Each step forward in job technology and organization means a further refining of job specifications, and today employers justify as fully relevant to the job an official inquiry into a prospective employee's home life, psychological makeup, friends and associates, political and cultural activities, and past history. No part of an employee's life is so private that it could not be deemed, by the accepted process of reasoning, a matter of legitimate concern to his employer. The investigations today by organizations such as the Peace Corps and VISTA ask former

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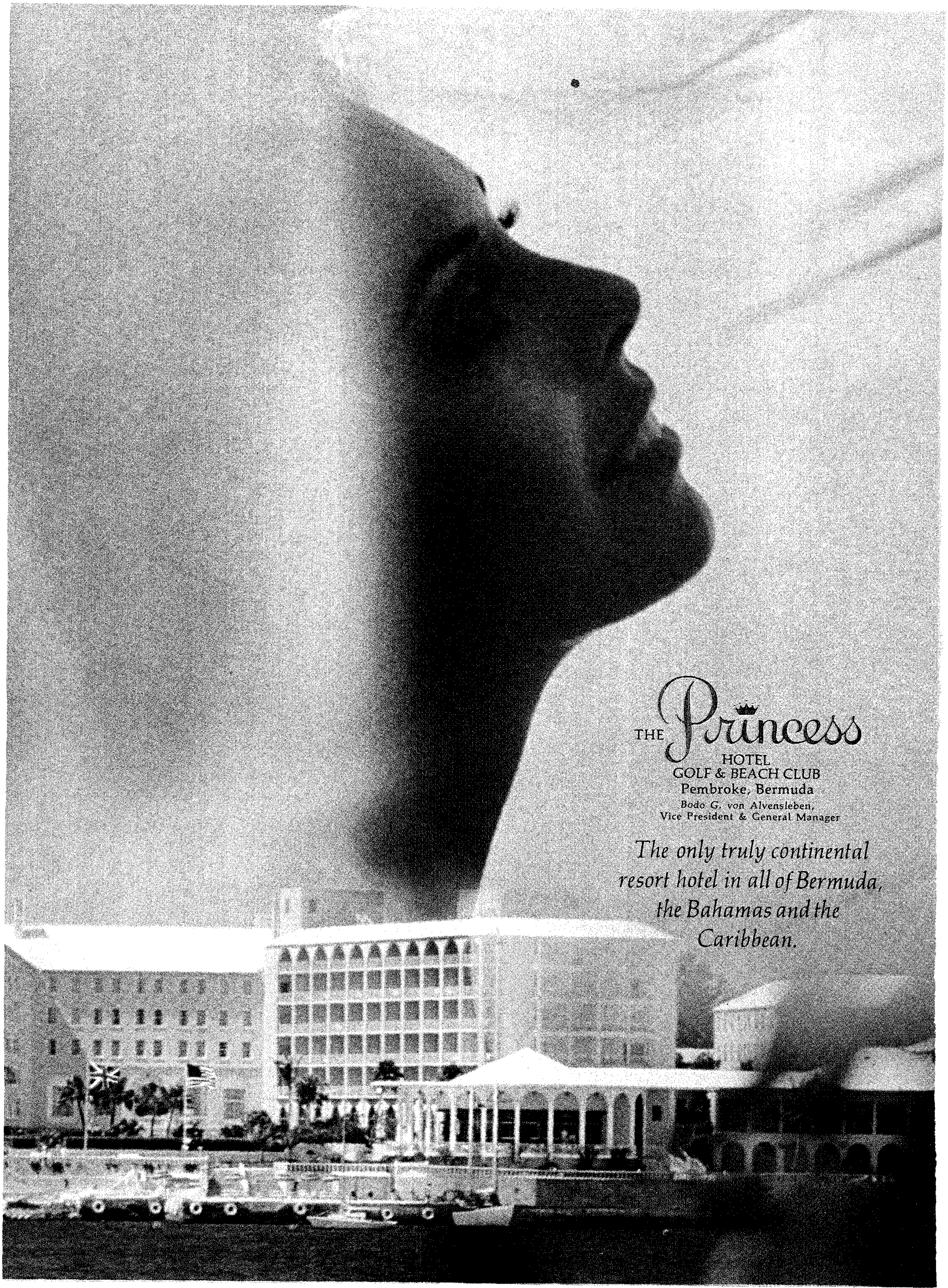
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teachers and employers to make evaluations of an applicant based on the most intimate of personal considerations.

Whether in the hands of private or public organizations, the new legislative power may in many circumstances be exercised without regard to the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. A private employer may dismiss a man, or a private university may expel a student, for an act that, as a citizen, he has a Constitutional right to do; the rationale is that these private organizations are not limited by the Constitution. The government, which *is* limited by the Constitution, can evade those limits when in its capacity as a regulator of statuses. Would-be government employees, candidates for admission to the bar, applicants for radio or television channels have their opinions, speeches, friends, and associations subjected to scrutiny. Here the theory is that the particular status is "not a right but a privilege;" if the individual is denied the status, it is claimed, he can continue to exercise his Constitutional liberties and therefore the government has not taken away anything protected by the Constitution.

Power over the New Property leads to all sorts of procedural innovations unknown to the Constitution. Organizations set up investigatory procedures that take no account of the Fourth Amendment's protection against unreasonable searches and seizures, conduct trials in which the rules of evidence are not followed, and impose punishments that violate the principle of double jeopardy—all in the process of determining whether a student has broken university rules, or a federal employee is a security risk, or a welfare recipient is not qualified to receive a certain type of payment. It was the entertainment industry that instituted blacklists and loyalty oaths for those suspected of left-wing political views. Congressmen tack on a loyalty oath or a no-riot provision to old-age benefits or student aid; having the power, they cannot resist exercising it. Or private employers institute lie-detector tests and personality-evaluation forms. Moreover, a victory against the invasions of Constitutional liberties may be more illusory than real. Suppose an employee or a contractor wins his point. He may nevertheless be denied advancement or denied a new contract when the time comes. The organization may find other conditions that he cannot meet. There is nothing to stop a private employer, or even the United States government, from establishing new conditions and applying them retroactively to past situations. There is always a large area of discretion if a specific exercise of power loses out in a legal battle.

But will anyone even want to contest the conditioning power of organizations? The Bill of Rights assumes that the individual has interests that are separate from, and possibly contrary to, those of government. The Bill of Rights is not self-executing. One must *want* to make a speech that displeases the authorities before the right of free speech comes into play. But status works to undermine the separateness of that interest. It makes an individual decide that what is best for the organization is also best for him; he has the same interest as the conditioning authority. He *wants* to be investigated, he *wants* to have his privacy invaded, he *wants* to fulfill special conditions because the organization's well-being is identical with his own, and he hopes to satisfy the conditions for moving up to the next rung on the ladder. Under the circumstances, rights are likely to go unused until they cease to be functional. Statuses erode the individual's basis of independence, his ability and desire to "go it alone." They offer him a reward for compliance; they purchase an abandonment of independence. From the welfare recipient to the licensed physician, from the student with a government scholarship to the man with an executive job, individuals have an *interest* in the compliance that the corporate state demands. Power is the stick, and status benefits are the carrot; together, they leave few people with the means or the will to resist what is, after all, designed expressly to be in their "best interests."

The deepest problem has to do with the kind of people that statuses create. Each person is increasingly tied to his status role. He is forced more and more to *become* that role, as less and less of his private life remains. His thoughts and feelings center on the role, and he becomes incapable of thinking about general values, or of assuming responsibility for society. He can do that only in the diminishing area outside his role. Consider an automobile-company executive. He can propose public housing as a solution to the urban crisis. But he cannot propose that fewer cars be produced, or that models be kept the same, to save money for public housing. His role prevents him from acting for the community in

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the one area where he has power to act, and it prevents him from even realizing that his cars are draining off money that might be used for cities. As long as he is in his role, he cannot act or think responsibly for the community. Outside his role, if there is any outside, he is virtually powerless, for all of his power lies in the role. Thus, a nation of people grows up who cannot fight back against the power that presses against them, for each, in his separate status cubicle, is utterly apart from his fellow-men.

What is true of individuals who are dependent upon the New Property carries over to organizations. The large corporations that enjoy privileges as television licensees or holders of airline routes may get rich off the government, but they cannot and do not contest the government in any area; they are timidly afraid of the government, or even of an individual congressman or commissioner, at the same time they are using the government for their own purposes. They have no interest or will to express independent values, and in this way they contribute to the autonomy and uncontrollability of the corporate state.

LAW: THE INHUMAN MEDIUM. Law is supposed to be a codification of those lasting human values that a people agree upon. "Thou shalt not kill" is such a law. The corporate state, a distinctively legalistic society, utilizes law for every facet of its activity—there has probably never been a society with so much law, or where law is so important. Thus, it might be expected that law would represent a significant control over the power of the corporate state, and a source of guidelines for it. But law in the corporate state is something very different from a codification of values. The state has transformed it.

During the New Deal period, the law was gradually changed from a medium that carried traditional values of its own into a value-free medium that could be adapted to serve "public policy," which became the "public interest" of the corporate state. This produced law that fell into line with the requirements of organization and technology, and supported the demands of administration instead of protecting the individual. Once law had assumed this role, there began a vast proliferation of laws, statutes, regulations, and decisions. For the law began to be employed to aid all of the work of the corporate state by compelling obedience to the state's constantly increasing demands.

One aspect of this development has been the steady erosion of Constitutional rights and the kind of laws that really do protect our basic values. Thus, despite the vast growth of corporate power, the courts, except in the area of racial discrimination, have failed to hold that corporations are subject to the restrictions of the Bill of Rights. Of course, the drafters of the Constitution did not imagine that corporations would exercise the governmental powers with which the Bill of Rights was concerned. But today private institutions do exercise governmental powers—more, indeed, than "government" itself does. They decide what will be produced and what will not be produced; they do our primary economic planning; they are the chief determinants of how resources are allocated. With respect to their own employees or members or students, they act in an unmistakably governmental fashion; they punish conduct, deprive people of their positions within the organization, and decide on advancement. In a sweeping way, they influence the opinions, expression, associations, and behavior of all of us. Hence the fact that the Bill of Rights is inapplicable is of paramount importance; it means that these Constitutional safeguards actually apply to only one part—and not the most significant part—of the power of the corporate state. We have two governments in America, then—one under the Constitution, and a much greater one not under the Constitution. Consider a right such as freedom of speech. "Government" is forbidden to interfere with free speech, but corporations can fire employees for free speech, universities can expel students for free speech, and newspapers, television, and magazines can refuse to carry "radical" opinion. In short, the inapplicability of our Bill of Rights is one of the crucial facts of American life today.

Does the Bill of Rights afford protection even where it is still held to apply? The Supreme Court decisions of the last few decades are not reassuring. In its adjudications, the Court gives heavy weight to "the interest of society." The commands of the state are to be overturned only if there is no "rational" basis for them or if they contravene an express provision of the Constitution and that provision is not outweighed by "the interest of society." The result over the years has been that virtually any policy in the field of economics—production, planning, or allocation—has been declared Constitutional; that all sorts of decisions classifying people in different and unequal statuses for tax or benefit pur-

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poses have gone unquestioned; that peacetime selective service has been upheld; that free speech has been severely limited.

A second aspect of the transformation of law is found in federal regulation of industrial activity. Here, if anywhere in the law, one might expect control to be exercised over corporate power. But consider the case of the regulated television industry. The television channels, in theory owned by the public, are licensed free of charge to various applicants (who can make a fortune out of them and then sell them for millions of dollars). The Federal Communications Commission could have distributed these channels to a wide spectrum of applicants; there could be stations controlled by blacks, by the poor, by students, by universities, by radicals, by groups with various cultural interests. The opportunity was there. What did the F.C.C. actually do? A large number of channels, the most desirable of all, were given to the three giant networks, and this proved a crucial aid to the networks in establishing domination over the entire industry, despite rules seemingly designed to limit chain ownership. Most of the remaining channels were given either to already established powers in the mass-communications field, such as newspapers (with the result that the sources of information were further concentrated rather than expanded), or to giant corporations. Moreover, the F.C.C. failed to make any adequate provision for truth, objectivity, or balance in the programs of those to whom it turned over the airwaves. Has anyone ever been able to see a program prepared by the Black Panthers, or migratory workers, or student draft resisters, or New Left economic critics, or women's liberation groups presented on a major network? Yet, at the same time, the law actually forbids any of these unrepresented groups to attempt to broadcast their views without a license. Regulation, proceeding strictly according to law, thus has the effect of giving a television monopoly to existing power groups in the corporate state and excluding all others.

The role of the law with respect to the corporate state, and particularly with respect to technology, can be further illustrated by the circumstances surrounding the introduction of chemical Mace as a police weapon. Developed by a private company, whose motivation was presumably to make a profit and expand its market and organization, Mace was purchased by many police departments and sprayed in people's faces, causing temporary or

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possibly lasting injuries, plus a more profound injury to the nation as a whole that comes from the use of technology in a way that dehumanizes both policeman and victim. The law authorized the company to market this product and the police to start using it on human beings without (1) any tests or studies by a scientific or government agency, (2) the kind of review by the Food and Drug Administration required for other substances used on people, (3) approval by any legislative body, (4) any vote by the public, (5) any disclosure of information concerning the properties of Mace, (6) any information on long-term effects of Mace or its effects on people with special infirmities or allergies, (7) setting any general standards as to what weapons are appropriate for what circumstances, (8) requiring any special training for the use of Mace. At the same time, the law gave Mace protection and sanction. The law bars any redress to victims, any lawsuit for injuries, any criminal proceedings against the police—except under the most unusual circumstances. Thus, the use of Mace has the full power of the law behind it, and those who oppose its use have never been given a chance to be heard in a legal proceeding.

As the nation has become an increasingly legalistic society, law has become the medium in which private maneuver for power, status, and financial gain takes place. It has provided a huge game board, like Monopoly, on which expert players make intricate moves to positions of advantage. The game of law is played with all of the legal powers of government to provide benefits, subsidies, allocate resources and franchises, and grant special exceptions and favors to the winners. As for the losers, the legal game board embodies almost every inequity, injustice, and irrationality that has become accepted in our society. The tax laws, for example, surely constitute one of the most intricate and remarkable structures of inequity that the human mind has ever devised. There are well-known examples—capital-gains income and oil income taxed at lower rates than other income, deductions for businessmen not available to those in other occupations, distinctions between the person who owns his home and the person who rents one, distinctions between the single person and the married one. A great number of other inequalities and special favors are buried in its endless, complex pages. The draft law is even worse. For it sends some young men off to risk their lives and lose long years that might be spent in ways of their

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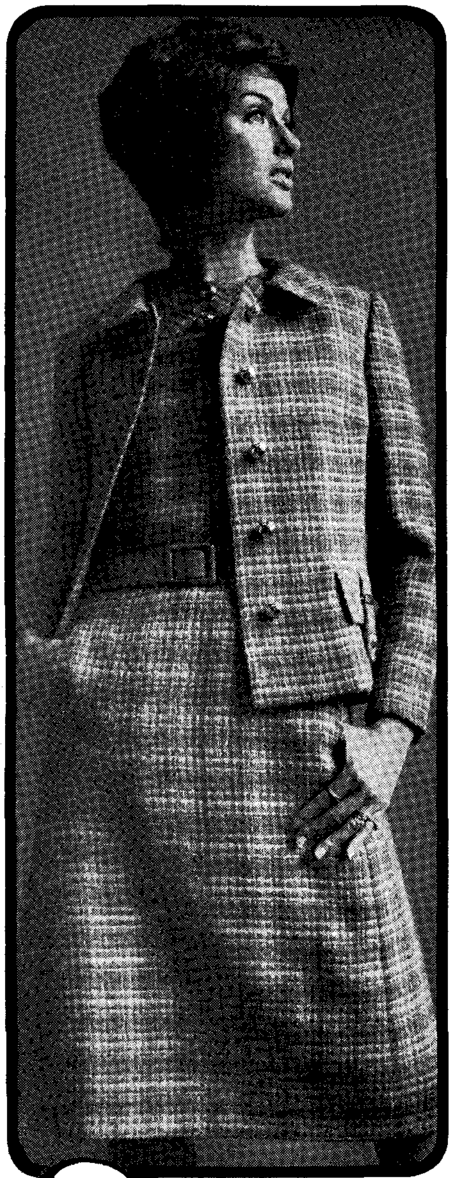

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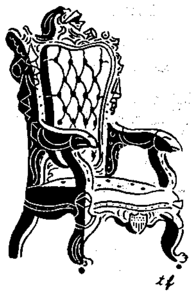
own choosing, while others are privileged to escape any military service. The most recent regulations concerning conscientious objectors continue the inequitable pattern, since they clearly favor the well-to-do and the well-educated. We need not linger here on facts that are well known; the point is that the tax and draft statutes are not unusual examples of how the law works; they are entirely characteristic examples.

From a broader perspective, it can be seen that for each status, class, and position in society there is a different set of laws. There is one set of laws for the government employee, another for the congressman. There is one set of laws for the farmer, another for the writer. The Constitutional right of privacy is not the same for a welfare recipient as it is for a businessman. A person receiving Medicare was required by the original legislation to take a loyalty oath. If "law" means a general rule to govern a community of people, then there is no longer any such concept as "equal protection of the laws."

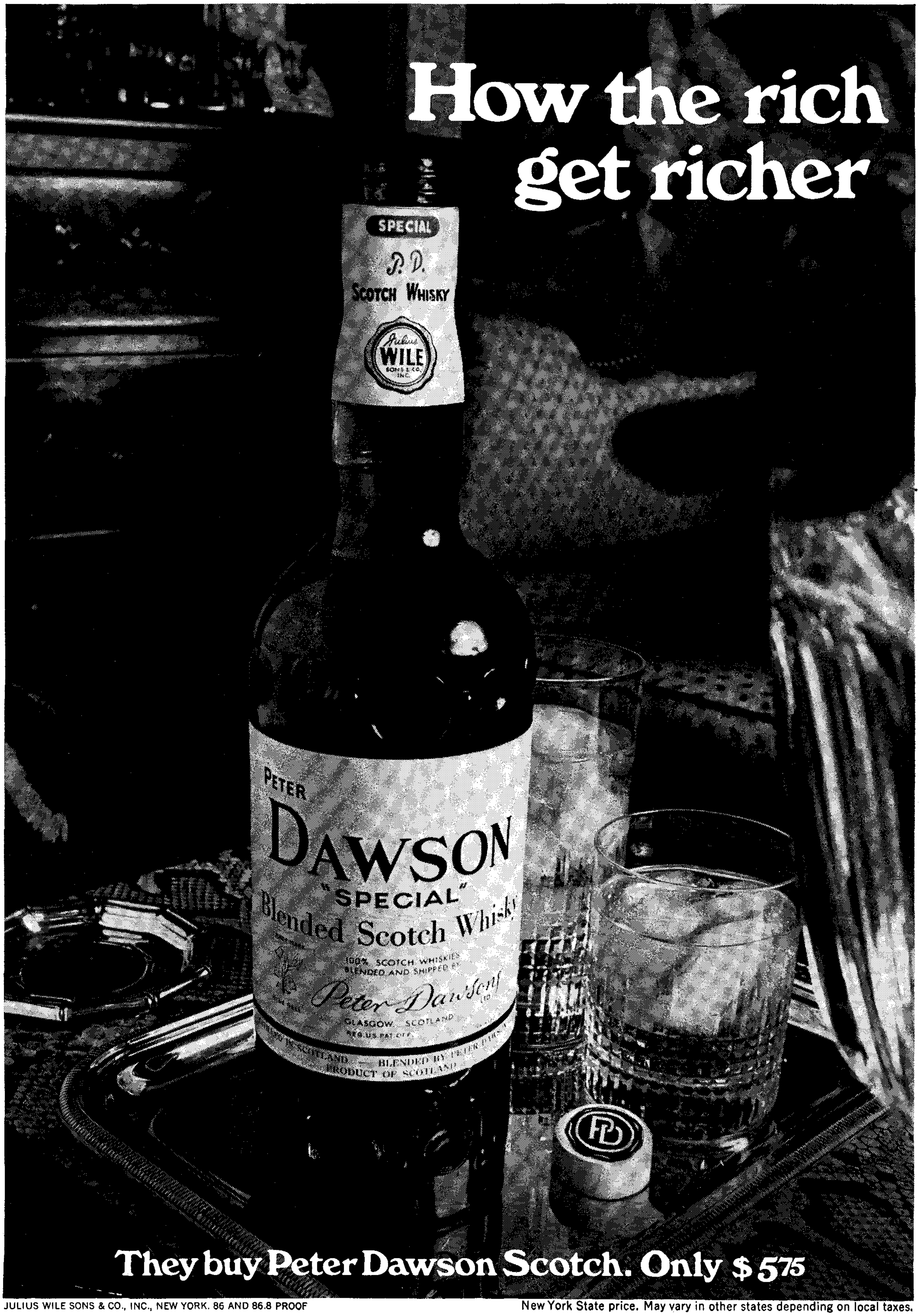
As administered, the law becomes lawless in an even deeper sense. When the heavyweight boxing champion Muhammad Ali refused to submit to induction into the Army, the New York State Boxing Commission, a public body operating by authority of law, revoked his title. The Commission held no hearing at which Ali could present his case. It did not wait to see whether the courts would convict him of a crime or accept his claim that by reason of his religious views he had a right to refuse induction. In Seattle, the legal authorities initiated action to revoke the license of a coffeehouse because the coffeehouse supposedly encouraged anti-war thinking among young G.I.s; the licensing official said that he did not want such activities around the Seattle area. Through the law, his arbitrary personal view became a governmental act.

When governmental lawlessness is revealed, as in the "police riot" in Chicago or the killings at Kent State, everyone is shocked, as if this were an aberration in our society. But the police have always been brutal and lawless in their treatment of the powerless; we know this from the way blacks were and are treated by the police in the South, and from the way young people, the poor, blacks, and other outcasts are treated in the North. The cry of police lawlessness misses the point. In any large city, all the bureaucracies tend to be lawless—the building inspectors make threats and collect bribes, the liquor-licensing authority is both arbitrary and corrupt, the zoning system is tyrannical but subject to influence.

Misuse of law is not an aberration in our society. It is the inevitable condition of any society that permits a concentration of enough power, of whatever sort, to exercise full control over those within the system. The ideal of the rule of law can be realized only in a political-conflict state that places limits upon official power and permits diversity to exist. Once everything is subject to regulation, the rule of law is inevitably lost, for the rule of law cannot stand as an independent principle of society; it is always tied to the question of power. Recent disclosures concerning the arbitrary arrest and jailing of migratory farm workers in New Jersey follow precisely in this pattern: the law is used by those in power as a weapon against those who are powerless. The bitter truth is that despite all our ideals of law and all the talk of law and order, we are today in the most literal sense a lawless society, for our "law" has ceased to be law and become instead its opposite—mere force at the disposal of whoever is at the controls.



With the advent of deep cultural conflict in the United States, the law has lost any pretense of neutrality and become a major element used by one side in the struggle. The way law is employed in the ghetto, in cases involving war protesters, and in drug-possession cases among the young has made almost the whole new culture "illegal." During the summer of 1970, nearly every attempt to hold an outdoor rock festival anywhere in the United States was subject to repression by legal means. An instructive example was the Powder Ridge Festival, supposed to be held at a ski resort in Connecticut on the weekend of August 1st. A judge declared the whole festival to be a "nuisance" because of the traffic congestion it might create, and issued an "unappealable" injunction against it. Of course, the rock fans responded by coming anyway, perhaps in part to show their contempt for this species of law. Equally instructive was a recent action by the Board of Regents of the University of California. Ignoring the recommendations of faculties and administrators, the regents delayed promotions for two professors deemed to be left-wing and at the same time gave extraordinary and unrequested salary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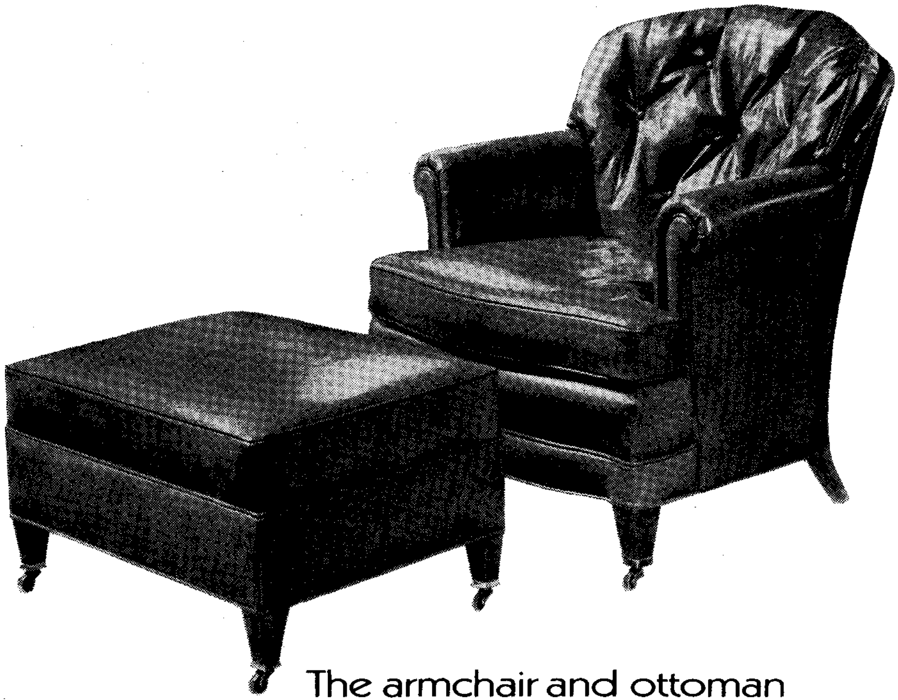

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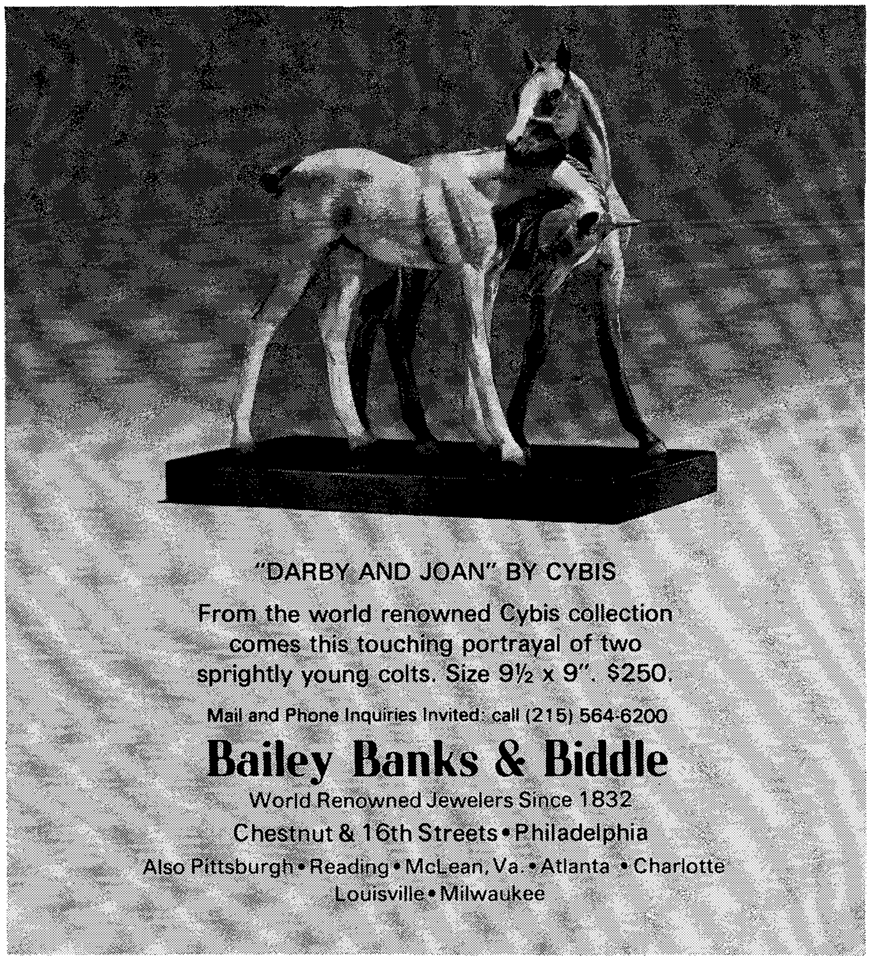

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raises to two professors who had been vocal in a way that appealed to right-wing sensibilities. Both actions carried with them, of course, the full sanction of the regents' legal authority.

When law is employed to serve the corporate state, the people do not know what has been done to them, for law gets into the individual's mind and substitutes its external standards, whatever they may be, for the individual's own standards. We are taught that it is our moral and civic duty to substitute the law's standards for our own. It is a virtue to obey the law, a sin to ignore it in favor of personal desires. That doctrine serves a community well as long as law is formed in a human image. But what if the law becomes the betrayer of the people? The people's best instincts are then used to disable them from fighting an enemy, and they are told it is morally right to surrender. Diabolically, law can teach that what is wrong is right, that what is false is true. It does this by supplying the sole normative standard in a society become so complex, so confused, so divided, where people know so little about each other, that there is no other standard.

Behind the law stands that even more basic element of the corporate state, "reason." Ours is a state built upon "reason." But just as what is denominated as "law" has been distorted to fit the ends of the state, so reason itself has become merely an expression of the state's values. The "reason" of the corporate state leaves out so many values, ignores so many human needs, and pushes its own interests so single-mindedly that it is like the logic of an insane person—a monomania of technology and organization. Ultimately, what the corporate state does is to separate man from his sources of meaning and truth. For human beings, the only truth must be found in their own humanity, in each other, in their relation to the living world. When the corporate state forces its "public-interest" truth as a substitute for man's internal truth—the truth man creates—it cuts him off from the only reality he can live by. We say a man is mad when he believes he is Napoleon, or kills someone because he heard a voice telling him to do so. A society is mad when its actions are no longer guided by what will make men healthier and happier, when its power is no longer in the service of life.

ALL the features of the corporate state combine to cause the major symptoms of our country's sickness and decay. The complicity of American of-

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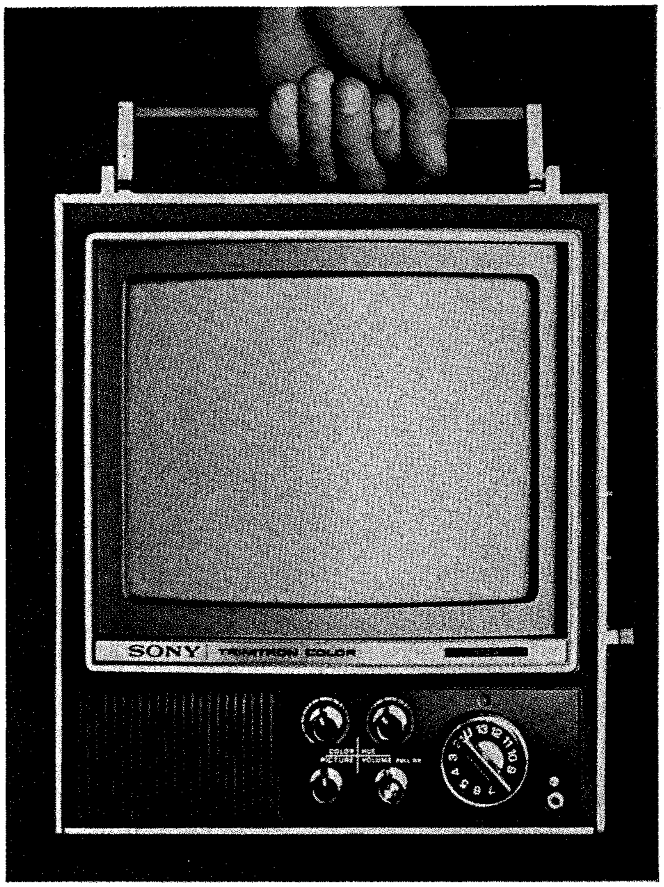

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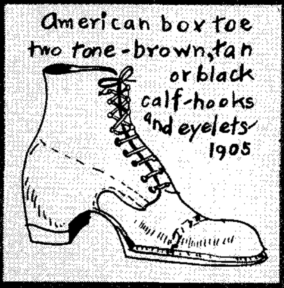
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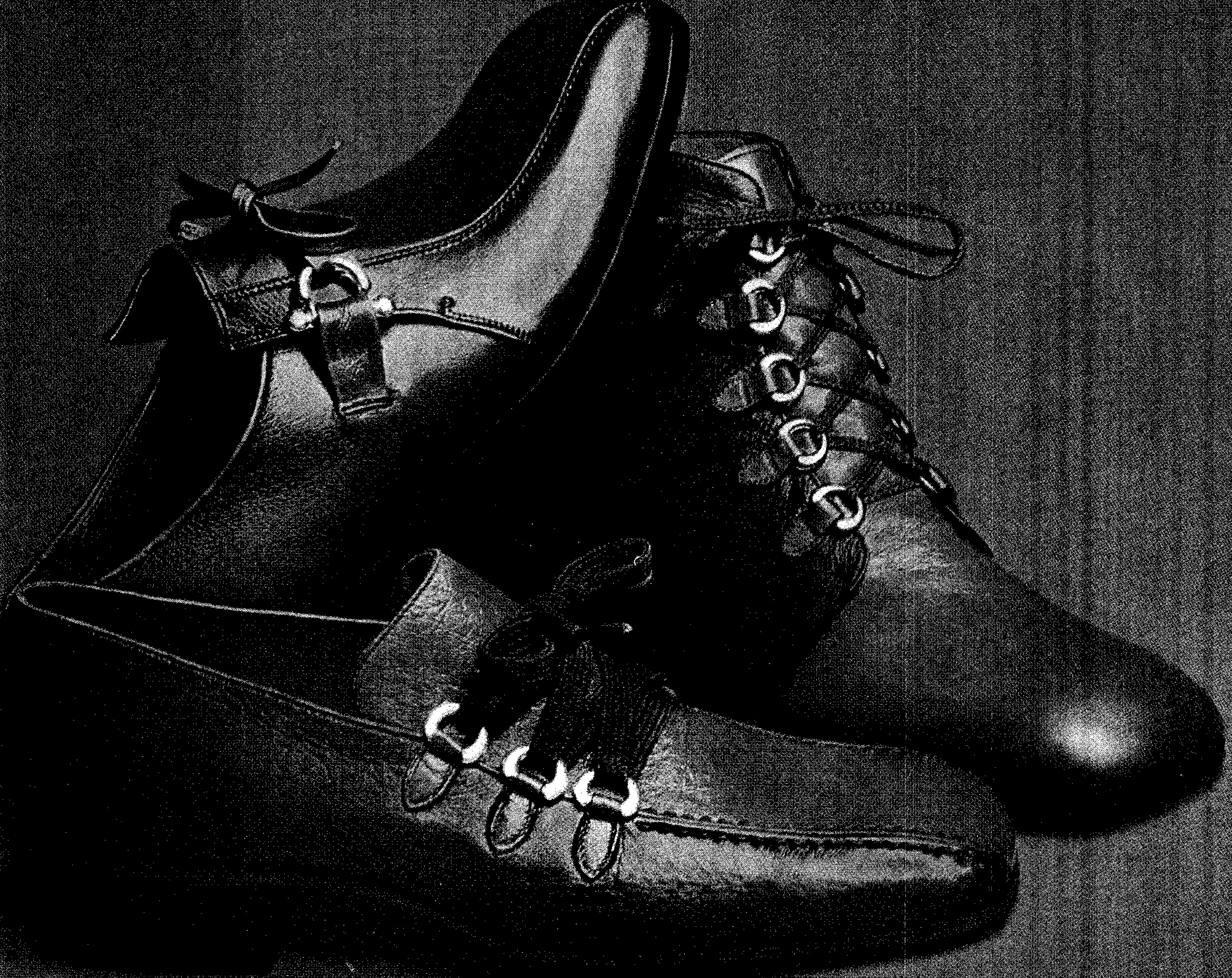

From $19.95 to $50.00, Nunn-Bush Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201 ficials in the horrors of Con Son prison reveals men who are not so much evil as they are the unthinking embodiments of their bureaucratic roles. New York City, beset by pollution, congestion, and utility breakdowns, is the victim of a system mindlessly preempting human energies and exhausting human resources for non-human ends; the phenomenon of monstrous growth for the sake of growth in many parts of the country represents a vast neglect of true needs. The physical collapse of the Penn-Central Railroad, used by a great many people who are both educated and articulate, illustrates the corporate state's rigid inability to respond to even the loudest outcry. The continued ravaging of natural and scenic resources, at a time when public awareness of the importance of protecting wilderness is at a height, shows how difficult it is for the government to have a point of view separate from that of private industry. Individual privacy is being steadily eroded as an inevitable consequence of the merger of public and private centers of power and of the entire nation's single-valued emphasis on efficient technology. When neither the work people do nor the goods and services that are produced are judged by human needs, every turn of the machine makes both work and pleasure more artificial and less satisfying. The corporate state is at war with its human inhabitants. And it is no accident that it has manufactured an even more terrible war against the inhabitants of Southeast Asia.

The Vietnam war represents a form of madness in which logic is carried to fantastic extremes. Suppose a motorist is about to park in a convenient spot on the street when another car pulls into the place ahead of him. The first man might feel justified in yelling indignantly at the second man. But suppose the first man pushes the logic of justification to extremes. He plants a bomb in the second man's car, so that the victim will blow himself up when he switches on the ignition. The first man then goes to the second man's house and, using chemicals, sets fire to the house, burning to death the second man's wife and children. The first man then poisons the family dog, which escaped the holocaust. Thereafter, he acquires a huge supply of weapons for further attack or defense. When we encounter this kind of logic in real life, we quickly recognize it as one of the most frightening forms of insanity. Poe built his famous story "The Cask of Amontillado" on just this kind of madness—insults leading to a hideous revenge. There is a Laurel and Hardy

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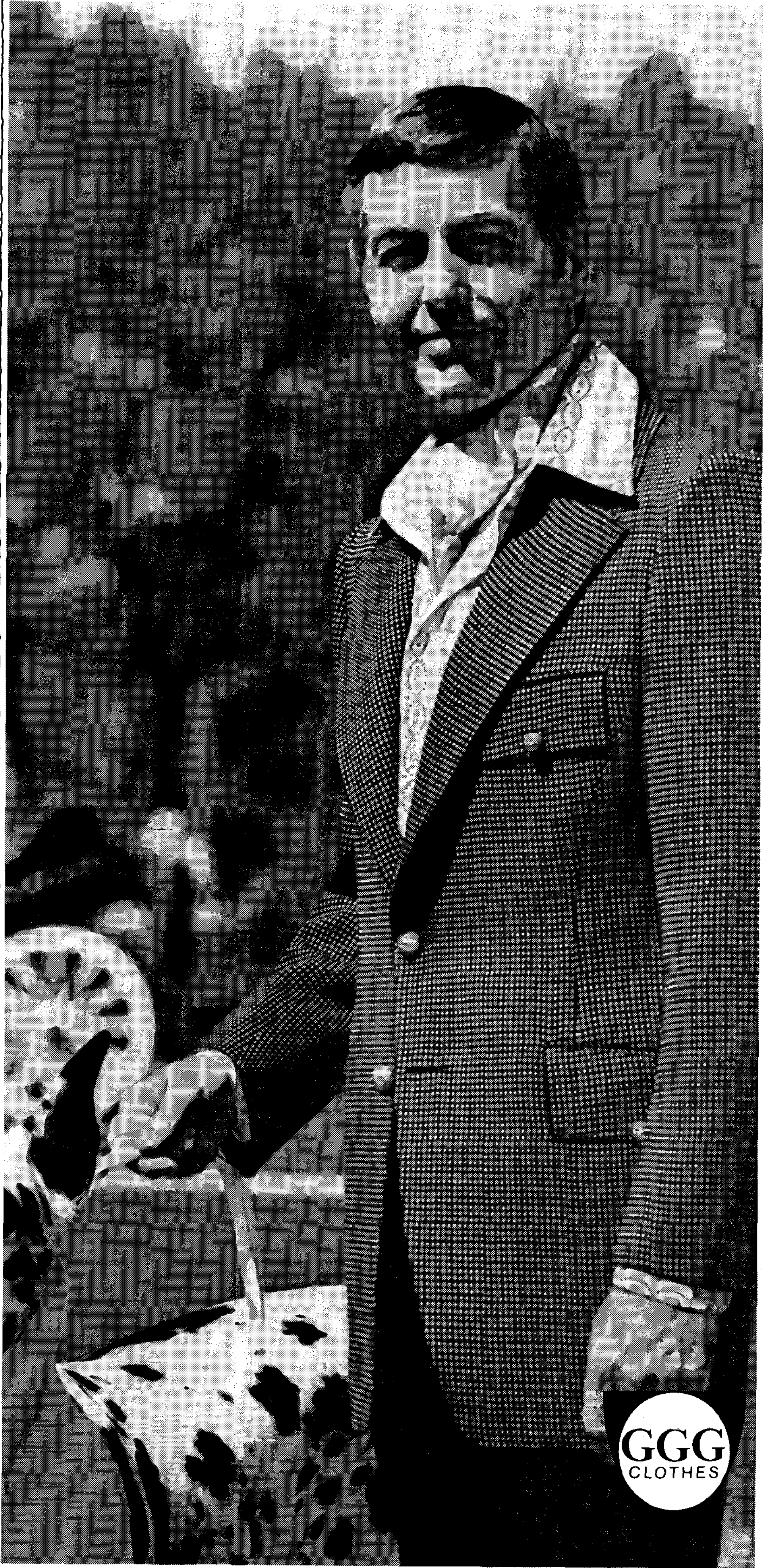

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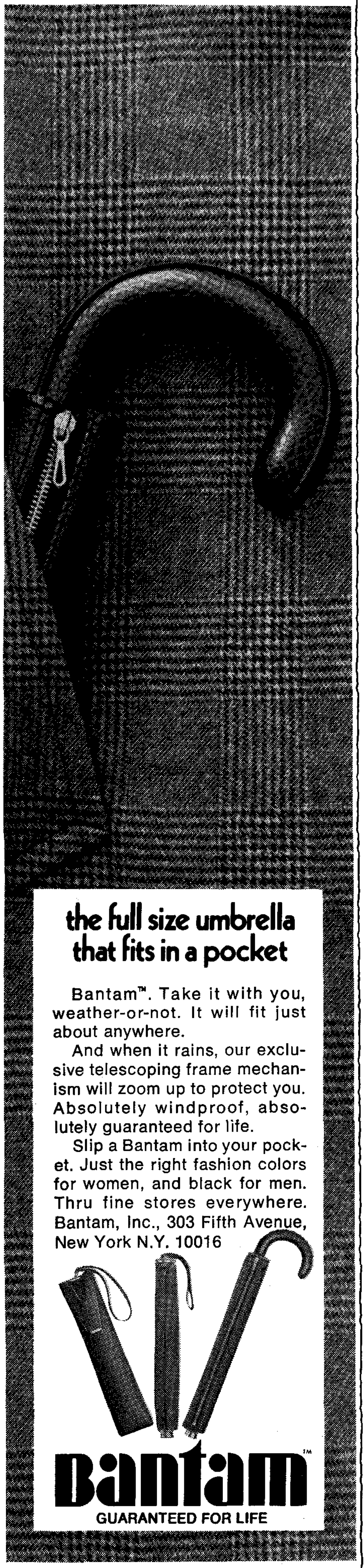

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film called "Big Business," in which, beginning with a trivial incident, the comedians systematically wreck a man's house while he wrecks their car; it is funny, but the laughter is uneasy. There are many examples in literature and in recent history, but none is so extreme, not even the example of the two motorists, as the Vietnam war.

Starting with an initial political-ideological concern, we have butchered and burned and mutilated men, women, and children, laid waste a country, and meanwhile built more and more weapons until we have impoverished our own people and communal life for this single purpose. This mad logic has been presented in a curiously detached manner; the war is merely one more artificial, manufactured product of the corporate state. The "need" for it has been created, like the "need" for that other characteristic product of the corporate state, a new, high-powered car. At the root of each creation is a fragment of truth: we do need a defense force, and we do need transportation. But the modern car, with its high power, its relationship to status, to sex, to aggression, its tremendous size, its extravagant consumption of fuel, its instant obsolescence, its fabulous expense, its indispensability to even the poorest family—all of that is the imaginary made real, just as the threat from a rural people ten thousand miles away is imaginary.

It is the misfortune of the corporate state that, unlike its other products, its venture into foreign policy has produced real blood, killed real babies, burned real homes. And it is doubly the state's misfortune that in order to market this product it requires the unwilling bodies of our own youth. The Vietnam war is the corporate state's one unsalable product. And so the great significance and irony of the Vietnam war is this. The corporate state could engage in almost any activity, no matter how impoverishing to life, as long as it did not pierce the consciousness that accepted the whole scheme of things. For some time, the war seemed just another such activity, and, indeed, it has not pierced the consciousness of many of the middle class, who have continued to accept it as "necessary," the same way they accept pollution, automobile deaths, or chopping down the redwoods. But the war should not have been offered to our young people. They were the wrong market. And when they began to be killed, their parents were the wrong market, too. The war did what almost nothing else could have: it forced a major breach in consciousness. And it made a gap in belief so large that through it people could begin to question all the other myths of the corporate state.

II. THE NEW CONSCIOUSNESS

THE American corporate state is now accomplishing what no revolutionaries could accomplish by themselves. The machine has begun to destroy itself. The essence of the corporate state's power has been its ability to maintain a gap between the people's beliefs and the realities of society—for what the people do not understand they cannot control. The state could indulge in any irrationality so long as the discrepancy was preserved. What has happened now is that the state has begun to do things that reveal the falsity of existing illusions and myths. So far, the effect of the state's actions on the people's consciousness has been limited largely to producing bitterness, cynicism, despair, and fury at some unseen foe. But for many of a new generation, those endowed with the most hope and vitality, the revelations have led not to mere disaffection but to something that is even more dangerous for the state—a new kind of consciousness.

"Consciousness," as the term is used here, is not a set of opinions, values, and bits of information but a total configuration in any given individual, making up his whole perception of reality. It is a common observation that once you have ascertained a man's views on one subject you are likely to be able to predict a whole range of views and reactions. Ask a stranger on a bus or an airplane about psychiatry or redwoods or police or taxes or morals or war, and you can guess with fair accuracy his views on all the rest of these topics and many others besides, even though they are seemingly unrelated. The unity of consciousness in any individual is also revealed by the way in which it resists change. The violence with which some older people have reacted to long hair shows that they feel a threat to the whole reality that they have constructed and lived by. An argument between people who are on different levels of consciousness gets nowhere; they have no ground on which to meet.

When you hear a person's views, you can often tell something about his background, because, in general, consciousness is formed by underlying economic and social conditions. There was a consciousness that went with peasant life in the Middle Ages, and a consciousness that went with small-town pre-industrial life in America. But consciousness

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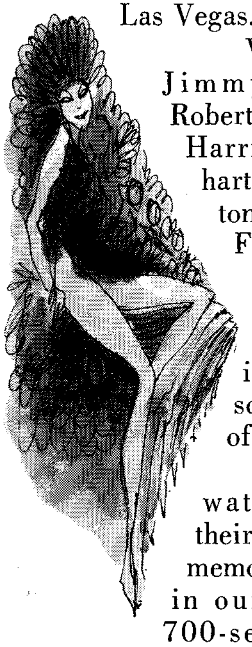

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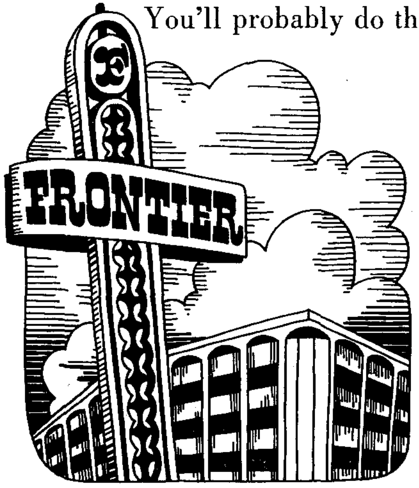

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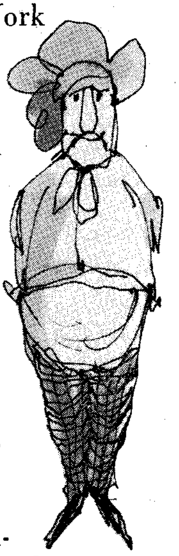

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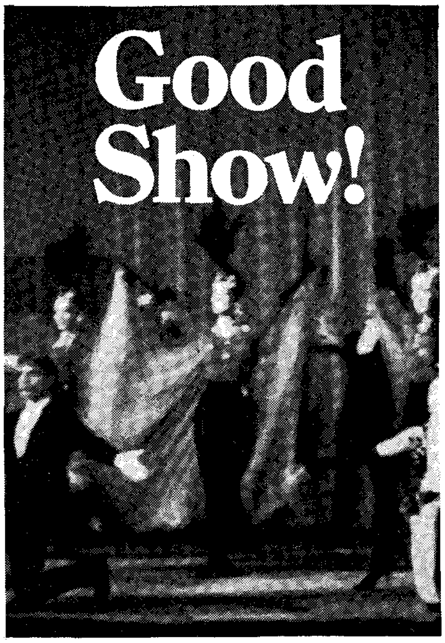

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can lag behind a social system, and even be manipulated by that system. Lag and manipulation are the factors that produce a consciousness characterized by unreality. If we say we believe in free enterprise but the nation has become an interlocking corporate system, we are living in unreality and we will be powerless to cope with that corporate system.

To show how this has worked out in America, and to show the true significance of the new generation, let us attempt to classify three broad types of consciousness that predominate in America today. The three categories are, of course, highly impressionistic and arbitrary, and we must not expect any real individual to exhibit all the characteristics of one type of consciousness. But the terms can be useful in talking about changes in the American mind and way of life. The first of the three types of consciousness was formed in the nineteenth century, the second was formed in the first half of this century, and the third is just emerging. Today, a large segment of the American people still have a consciousness that was appropriate to the nineteenth-century society of small towns, face-to-face relationships, and individual economic enterprise. Consciousness I is the traditional outlook of the American farmer, small businessman, or worker trying to get ahead. Another large segment of the people have a consciousness that was formed by technological and corporate society, far removed from the realities of human needs. Consciousness II represents the values of an organizational society. In the second half of the twentieth century, this combination of an anachronistic consciousness characterized by myth and an inhuman consciousness dominated by the machine-like rationality of the corporate state has proved utterly unable to manage, guide, or control the immense apparatus of technology and organization that America has built. In consequence, this apparatus of power has become a mindless juggernaut, destroying the environment, obliterating human values, and assuming domination over the lives and minds of its subjects. Faced with this threat to their very existence, the inhabitants of America have begun, as a matter of urgent biological necessity, to develop a new consciousness, appropriate to today's realities and therefore capable of mastering the apparatus of power and bringing it under human control. Consciousness III, which is spreading rapidly among wider and wider segments of youth, and by degrees to older people, is in the

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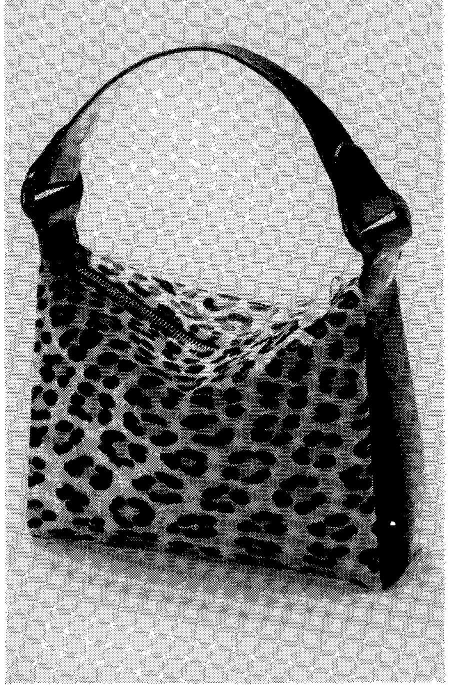

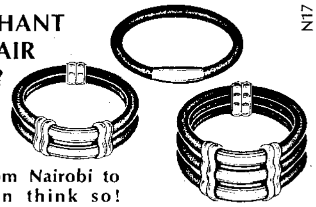

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What sort of man was the hero of this new land? R. W. B. Lewis, in "The American Adam," emphasizes above all the admired quality of innocence. The hero was not worldly, cunning, overly learned, or intellectual. His triumph would be due to the ordinary virtues—plainness, character, honesty, hard work. The pioneer, the settler, the Westerner, the boy who made good was a moral being, and ultimately it would be his goodness, not his knowingness, that would triumph. The belief that the character of the people is what ultimately matters retains its strength to the present day. Consciousness I still sees America as if it were a world of small towns and simple virtues. But innocence has great drawbacks, as America was to discover. When it encounters the worldly, it risks disaster. In American literature, from Melville's "Billy Budd" to James's "The Portrait of a Lady," the catastrophe of innocence is a major theme.

Soon after Americans began their experiment in a new community, the assumptions upon which the nation was based were threatened by the rise of two powerful forces that were worldwide in influence: the competitive-market economy and scientific technique. Before the coming of the modern in-

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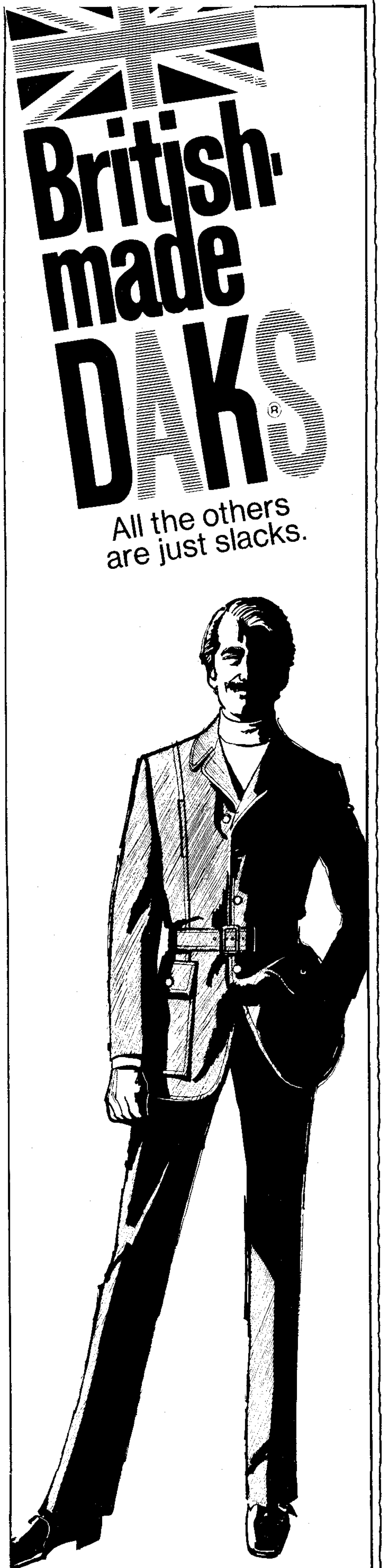

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dustrial world, most people were born, lived, worked, and died in the same place, among people they knew and saw every day. There was no separation between work and living. Ties to the community were strong and were seldom severed; each man lived within a circle that depended upon no action by him, that began before him, and that lasted beyond him. The scale of everything was small: tools, houses, land, villages. This world was destroyed in the making of our modern world, and the impact is reflected in our landscape, our culture, our faces. Perhaps the landscape shows it most vividly. When the forces engendered by the competitive-market economy and scientific technique seized the once beautiful Eastern states of America, they left forests denuded, rivers, harbors, and seacoasts polluted, the land ripped by highways, high-tension wires, and suburban swaths, the cities sterile. They left none of the country unblighted—not even the miraculous and seemingly limitless beauty of California, where today the devastation seems most wanton and cruel of all.

Why did the forces of industrialism have such devastating, unforeseen effects? In pre-industrial societies, change took place very gradually, subject at all times to a humanistic cultural and social system. In contrast, when changes are made to accomplish specific scientific or rational objectives, the unconscious, invisible, and non-material human values are likely to be neglected. Industrialism was not only violently rapid but single-minded, with no concern for what happened to other values. In short, industrialism placed man under the rule of laws that were not human. Of course, no one was compelled to work in a factory or live in a city. But gradually, as the decades passed, the alternatives narrowed. Not everyone could any longer be a pioneer settler, farmer, or individual craftsman.

Growth of power over individuals was matched by the growth of power on a far vaster stage. After the Civil War, the country entered a period of business mergers, consolidations, and monopolies. This resulted in a gradual destruction of the free market and the development of a new corporate power to plan the economy—to allocate resources, to divide areas of business activity, to fix prices, to limit entry of new businesses, and, although this was still far off, to control the buyers themselves. A small group in steel and railroads, another group in oil, another in finance became rulers of nation-states, controlling economic forces, in some ways, as tightly as any Socialist country

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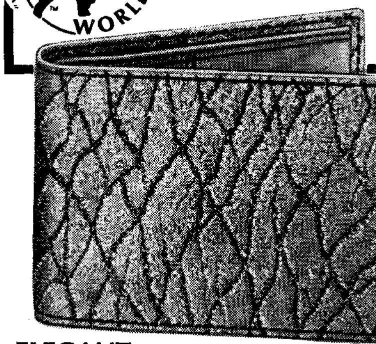

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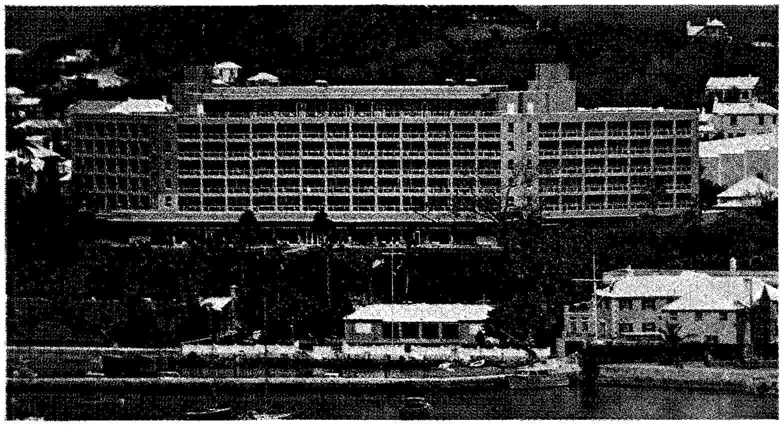

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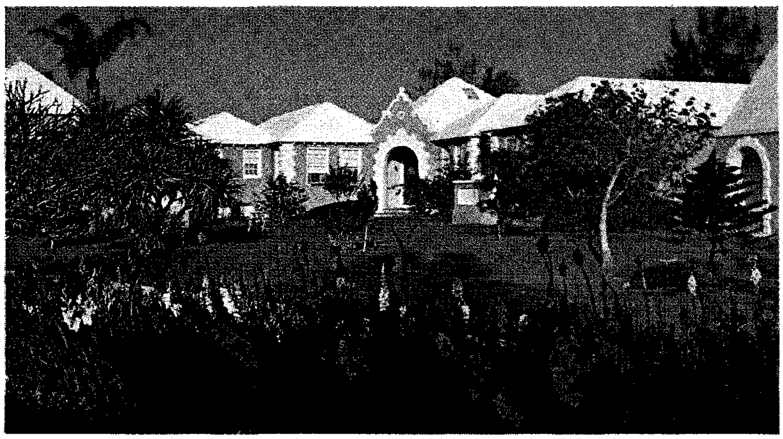

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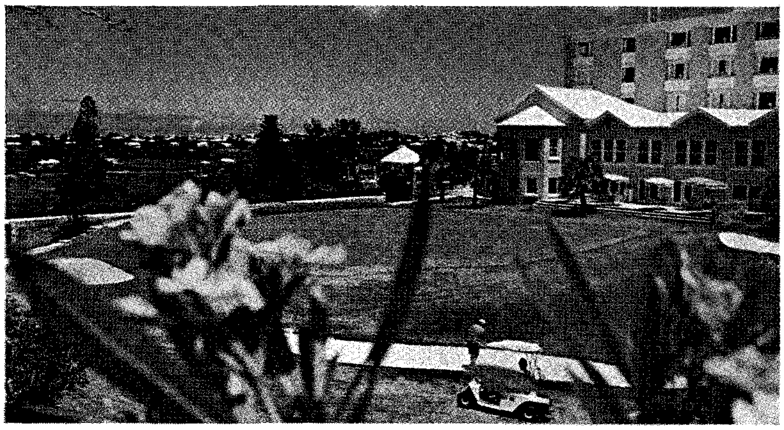

3 The Belmont Hotel

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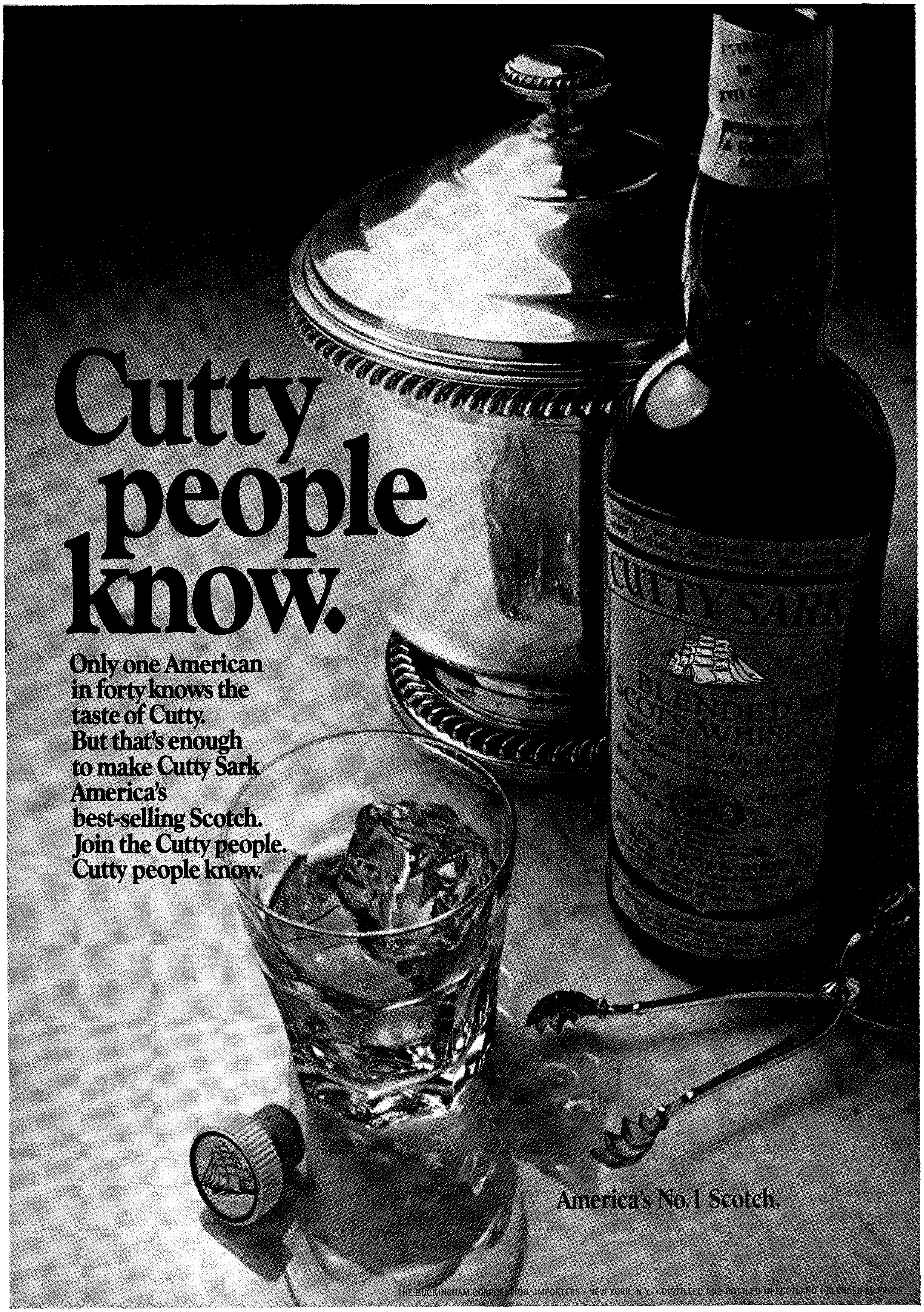

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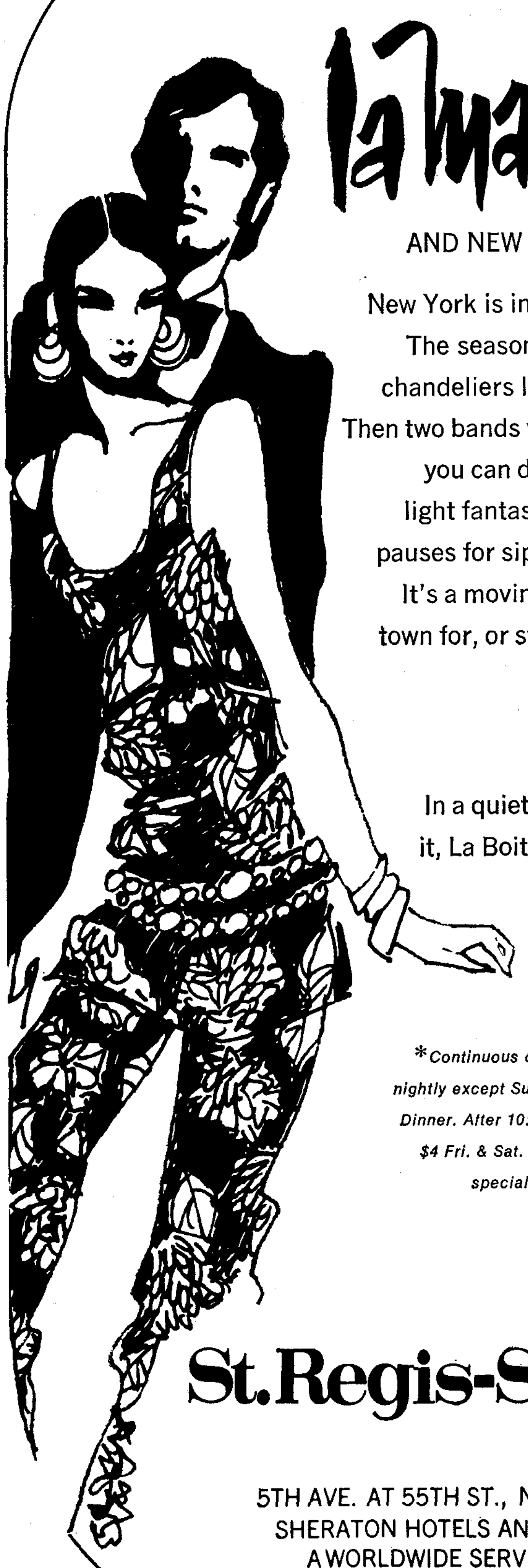
But these were not merely the triumphs of certain successful individuals over their fellow-men. From a longer perspective we can see that the seizure was also a triumph of the impersonal forces of organization, efficiency, technology, planning—the forces of modern rationalism and scientific management. If Americans were to preserve their dream of a republican form of government and individual economic sovereignty, they would need to understand the forces that were threatening them, and to take action to insure that these forces worked for and not against the American dream. But Consciousness I was unwilling or unable to comprehend the transformation of America. Innocence, self-interest, and shallowness combined in Consciousness I to produce a widespread flight from responsibility and from awareness. There is a quality of willful ignorance in American life—ignorance of existing injustices, such as the treatment of the black minority, ignorance of the causes of social problems, ignorance of the world. If the American garden was being invaded by inhuman forces that were capable of destroying it, many Americans preferred denying the reality to fighting back—and still do. Consciousness I could not grasp, or would not accept, the reality that the individual was no longer competing against the success of other individuals but against a system. It could not understand that "private property" in the



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hands of a corporation was a synonym for quasi-governmental power, far different from the property of an individual.

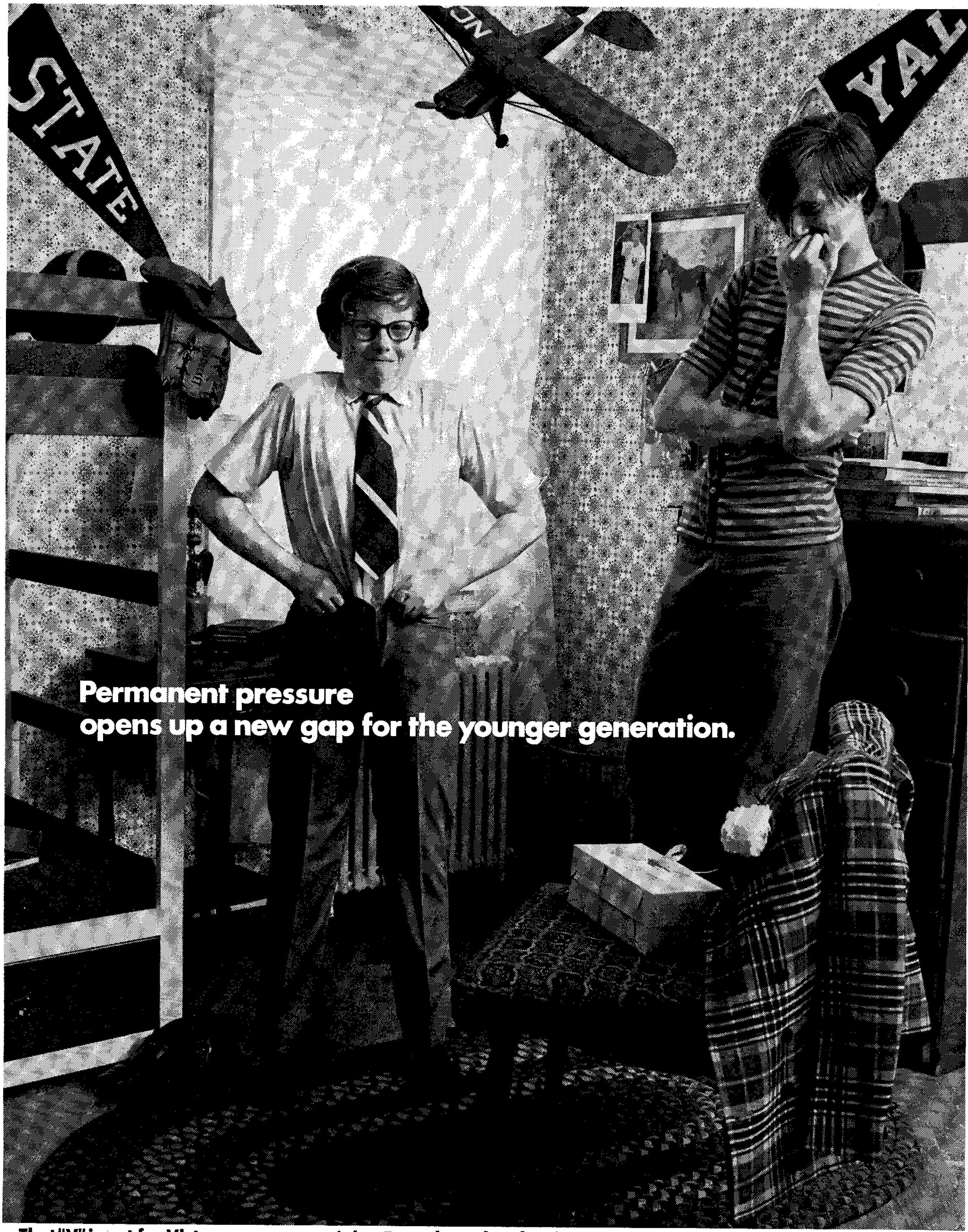
Consciousness I also failed to recognize that private production was not paying its costs. For example, a manufacturer would dump wastes into a stream but pay nothing to take care of the pollution, leaving the public to share in the costs but not in the profits. The manufacturer fought against having to pay for accidental injuries to workers, although these were statistically predictable, leaving the costs to be borne, sometimes for a whole lifetime, by the unfortunate individual and his family. Most characteristic of all, Consciousness I insisted on seeing the ills of industrialism not as what they were but as moral problems. If a given number of automobiles are crowded onto a highway, there will be a predictable number of accidents. The moral approach tries to deal with this as a question of individual driver responsibility. It stresses safe driving and criminal penalties. Yet reduction of the accident rate is almost entirely a problem in engineering. Similarly, urban crime is seen as a moral and law-enforcement problem, although most crime is a product of identifiable environmental factors. The moralistic approach to public welfare is similar. Over and over again, Consciousness I has sought scapegoats rather than face the forces of industrialism directly.

If the people would not dominate the forces that were changing their country, then those forces would dominate the people. Consciousness I, losing its own roots but holding tight to its myths, was ready for manipulation by the organized forces of society. These Americans could be sold a colonial war in the name of national honor. They could be sold hundreds of billions of dollars' worth of military technology in the name of American independence. They could be sold governmental irresponsibility in the name of the old American virtue of thrift. They could be sold ignorant and incapable leaders because they looked like the embodiment of American virtues. Worst of all, perhaps, they could be sold artificial pleasures and artificial dreams to replace the high human and spiritual adventure that had once been America.

As the nineteenth century passed into the twentieth, there was much agitation for reform. But the most common reaction of the reformers to the chaos they saw growing about them was that a few evil individuals were abusing a basically sound system. Reform began with highly specific efforts: laws regulating unhealthy practices in the meat industry, prohibition of monopolies and piratical methods of competition, laws against railroad favoritism, establishment of maximum hours for workers in certain employments, regulation of dishonest advertising. The basic theme was simple: economic power, where it has been too severely abused, must be subjected to "the public interest." This meant that government would keep an eye on the consequences of the economic system; when these got too bad, it would apply regulation (although self-regulation was always preferred). The system was a moralistic one, dealing with specific acts but not with their causes; in this sense it was typically American. Franklin D. Roosevelt stated this moralistic approach, and also the "public-interest" philosophy that was later to dominate, in his 1933 Inaugural Address. After describing the chaos of the Depression, he said:

> Rulers of the exchange of mankind's goods have failed, through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence. . . . They know only the rules of a generation of self-seekers. . . . We now realize as we have never realized before our interdependence on each other; that we cannot merely take but must give as well; that if we are to go forward, we must move as a trained and loyal army willing to sacrifice to the good of a common discipline, because without such discipline no progress is made, no leadership becomes effective. We are, I know, ready and willing to submit our lives and property to such discipline because it makes possible a leadership which aims at a larger good.

What the New Deal did was to create, in furtherance of these objectives and to carry out its reforms, a new public state, matching in size and power the private corporate state. For each piece of regulatory legislation, a large, specialized government agency was established, and at the same time the regular executive departments of the government were greatly expanded. This physical growth was accompanied by a growth in power. Neither the New Deal reforms nor the earlier progressive reforms restored any power to individuals or limited the power that could be applied against individuals. Originally, individuals lost power to private organizations. What the reforms did, as far as individuals were concerned, was to take some of that lost power and turn it over to "public" organizations—government, labor un-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ions, farmers' groups. Nothing came back to individuals. If anything, the public organizations gained greater power over individuals than the private organizations had held previously. And although the private power was regulated, it still was there. The New Deal furthered the creation of a hierarchical, élitist society whose principles contrasted sharply with those of democracy and equality. Both public and private centers of administration were seen as the province of the ablest, the most knowledgeable, and the best-educated "experts." In government and in business, the emphasis was on "planning" and "the rational allocation of resources." Legislative and judicial "interference" with administration was deplored, and the power of elected representatives and stockholders was further reduced.

Every step the New Deal took, of course, encountered the bitter opposition of Consciousness I people. They found their world changing beyond recognition, and instead of blaming the primary forces behind that change they blamed the efforts at solving the problems. In retrospect, the New Deal seems to have saved the capitalist system, but it intruded irrevocably upon the capitalists' make-believe problem-free world, in which the pursuit of business gain and self-interest was imagined to be automatically beneficial to all mankind, requiring of them no responsibility whatever.

What about the major supporters of the New Deal—most notably, organized labor, city dwellers, and parts of the South? The support of all these groups was gained through the catastrophe of the Great Depression. But how deeply committed were they to the New Deal program as a whole? Looking back, we can see that each was committed only to its own interests, for which it now needed the help of government. The workers needed the National Labor Relations Board; the cities needed relief, housing, Social Security; the South needed rural electrification and farm subsidies. But none of these groups had abandoned an older picture of America except in the one particular that concerned its own interests. Thus we have the spectacle, still to be seen today, of the Western rancher who accepts federal aid for his cattle operations and federal aid for his grazing requirements but bitterly opposes all social programs that do not concern him. The political allies of the New Deal—the blue-collar workers, the nationality groups, the urban poor—were all waiting in line for their chance at the American dream, with little

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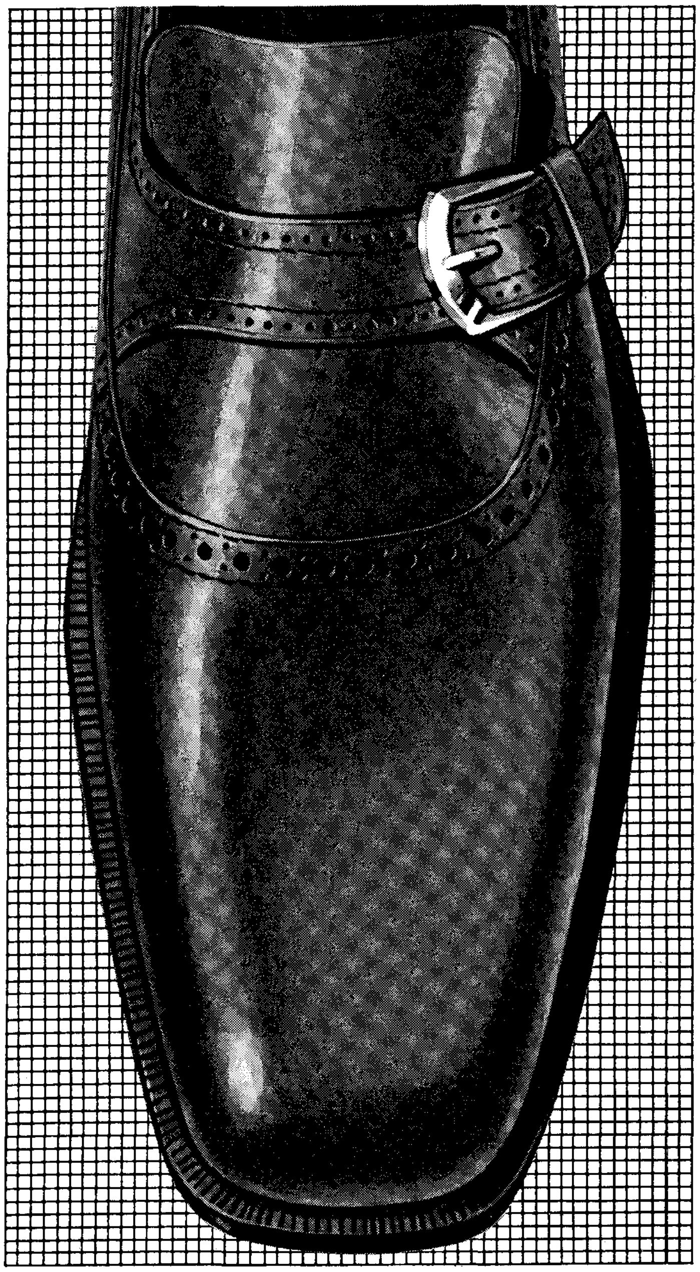
thought of responsibility for the common good. When they got what they wanted, and the Depression was a thing of the past, their enthusiasm for reform waned.

The liberal reformers who devised the New Deal never imagined how great were the obstacles they faced—the incredibly stubborn opposition of those they were trying to regulate, the lack of true understanding and participation among the workers, the dangers and weaknesses of the reform structure itself. And the theme that lingered beyond the insecurity and idealism of the nineteen-thirties was the theme of domination; the New Deal had convinced much of America that its people must be placed under the control of something larger and more rational than individual self-restraint, that individual man must, for the good of all, become part of a system. The New Deal era created not only that amalgamation of public and private power we call the American corporate state but also a new consciousness, growing out of reform, which believed primarily in domination and the necessity for living under domination.

CONSCIOUSNESS II came into existence as a consequence of the disastrous failure of Consciousness I. In a mass industrial society ungoverned by any law except self-interest, the individual had become the plaything of circumstances and forces beyond his control. The Great Depression brought the whole nation to a critical point. In Germany and Italy, similar insecurity led to Fascism. In America, it led to a breach in the existing consciousness, a turn away from individualism. What the realities of the times seemed to demand was the organization and coordination of activity, the arrangement of things in a rational hierarchy of authority and responsibility, the dedication of each individual to training, work, and goals beyond himself. Consciousness I sacrificed for individual good; now it seemed necessary to sacrifice for a common good.

Consciousness II believes that the present American crisis can be solved by greater commitment of individuals to the public interest, by more social responsibility in private business, and above all by more affirmative government action and regulation, more planning, more of a welfare state, better and more rational administration and management. And yet, behind a façade of optimism, Consciousness II has a profoundly pessimistic view of man. It sees man in Hobbesian terms: human beings are by nature aggressive, com-



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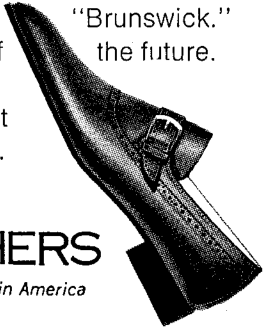

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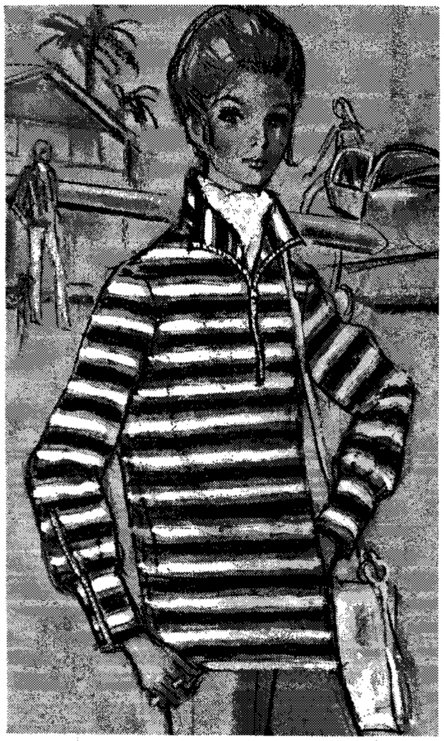

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petitive, power-seeking. Hence the vital need for law: without law we would all be at each other's throats. Deeply cynical about human motives and doubting whether man can be much improved, Consciousness II naturally places great emphasis on society and institutions; these are designed to do the best possible job of dealing with the doubtful and deficient raw material that is "human nature." The individual must tie his destiny to something larger, and must subordinate his will to it. "Ask what you can do for your country (or corporation)," says the voice of Consciousness II. Consciousness II does not accept any "absolute" liberty for the individual; rather, it regards all individual liberty as subject to the overriding "public interest" of the state.

The reformist tendencies of Consciousness II have been responsible for Social Security, the movement against racial discrimination, establishment of means for regulating business, government economic planning, changes in the criminal law, public projects like the T.V.A., collective bargaining and improvement of working conditions, a reduction of corruption in government, and so on down a long and admirable list. These reforms help to define Consciousness II because they may be seen as part of a rejection of the past. Indeed, most political battles in America are still fought between Consciousness I and Consciousness II. The reformers, of course, support conflict as a way of attaining the greatest possible rationality (the truth of the marketplace), and they support pluralism as a way of attaining a balance in society. But the emphasis is on the solving of problems, the "cure" of conflict. Johann Huizinga, in "The Waning of the Middle Ages," describes the medieval world as one in which extreme contrasts, inconsistencies, and violent conflicts were not "settled" but lived side by side, lending a color to life that order cannot provide. Consciousness II wants the resolution of conflict; its paradise would be one possessing an appropriate tribunal or authority whereby problems could always be "solved."

Consciousness II, although it is basically "liberal," has the potential of becoming repressive. It welcomes every point of view, but it wants everything expressed through proper channels and procedures, and the conflicts are to be dealt with by a meritocracy of ability and accomplishment. The meritocracy is to be structured so as to provide an equal opportunity for all at the starting point, but the idea of equality is rejected thereafter, for such

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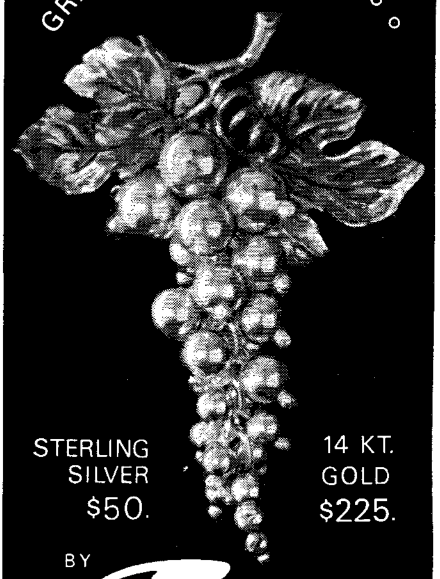

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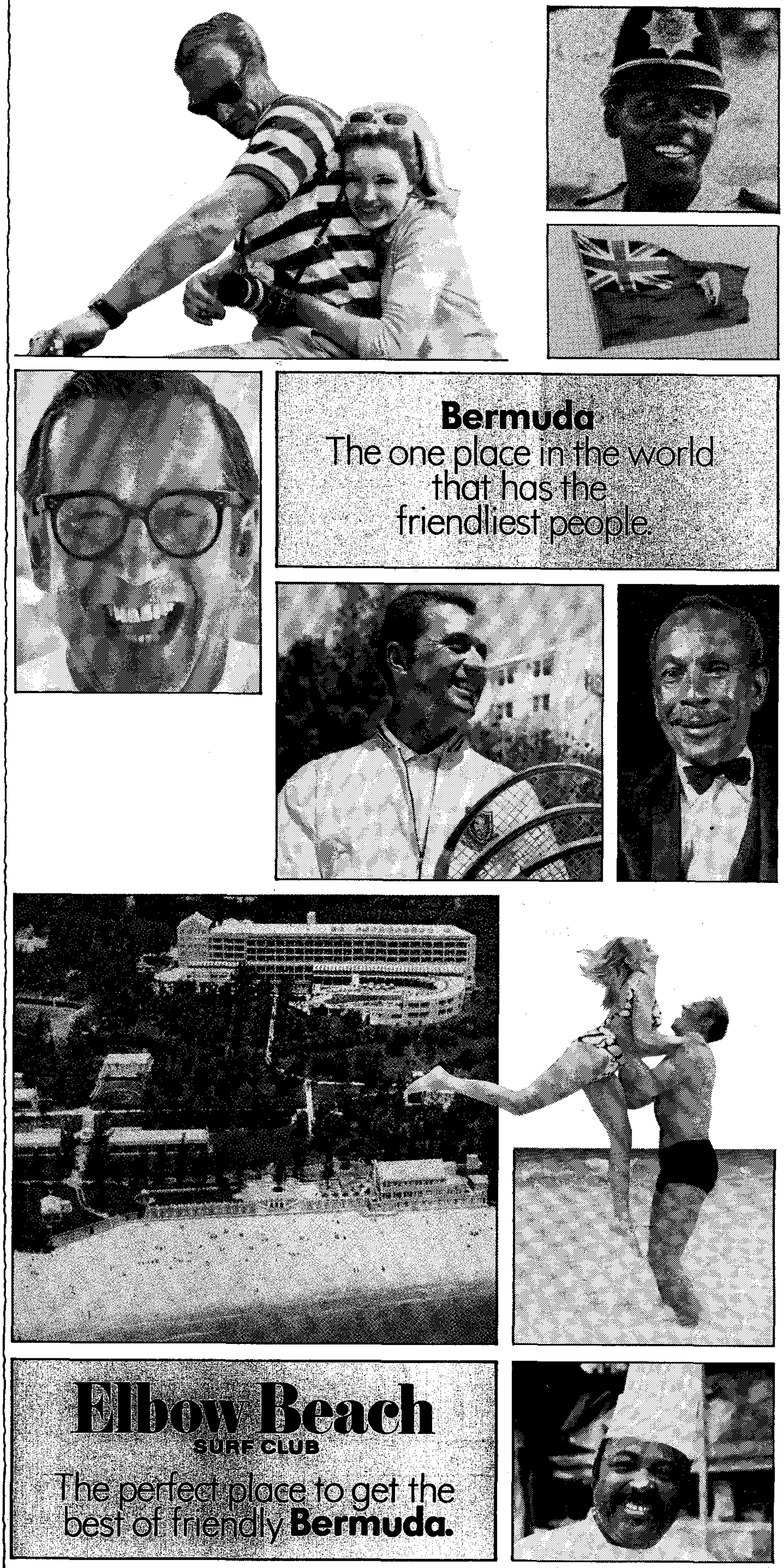
equality is at war with excellence. There is an abstract equality of opportunity but not an equality of individual human beings. Consciousness II is thus profoundly anti-populist and, in a large sense, anti-democratic. It is no accident that the most successful Consciousness II individuals surround themselves not with vulgar material display but with the signs of elegant style and taste; it is no accident that they often show an impatient, intolerant, and disdainful attitude toward individual members of the very groups they are "trying to help." For "reason" has led Consciousness II to believe in an élitist society, with never a doubt about the standard by which the élite is determined: utility to the technological society. The absolute worth of each individual is, to Consciousness II, a mere religious doctrine, having no application in reality.

Like Consciousness I, Consciousness II sees life in terms of a fiercely competitive struggle for success. The difference lies in the means of struggle and the character of success, for with Consciousness II these are defined by organizational or institutional values. This difference lends an air of gentility or public-spiritedness to the struggle carried on by Consciousness II. He can claim, and can convince himself, that his struggle is for something other than pure selfishness. Moreover, Consciousness II draws a strict line between the values of his working life and those of his home life. His home life may be characterized by many values that are contrary to those of his job, and he may deplore what the organized part of society is doing. But the struggle for success in the corporate meritocracy makes Consciousness II, despite all of his liberal-reformist convictions, deeply cautious about the positions he takes in public. He can fight for reform just so long as the fight is in the same direction that organized society is going. Beginning in the nineteen-fifties, he could fight racial discrimination; after 1967, he could oppose the Vietnam war; these days, he is for "revised priorities," but he is still following the direction of his organization and of society. And he makes sure that nothing he says or does will be perceived by his organization as a threat to its own power. Consciousness II is in favor of many reforms but he will not jeopardize his own status to fight for them; he will not put his own body on the line.

Thus, a crucial aspect of Consciousness II is a profound schizophrenia, a split between his working and his private self. It is this split that sometimes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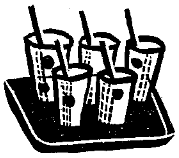
infuriates his children when they become of college age, for they see it as hypocrisy or selling out. But it is schizophrenia, not hypocrisy. The individual has two roles, two lives, two masks, two sets of values. It cannot be said, as is true of the hypocrite, that one self is real and the other false. These two values simply coexist; there is a "public" man and a "private" man. Neither the man at work nor the man at home is the whole man; it is impossible to know, talk to, or confront the whole man, for that wholeness is precisely what does not exist. The only thing that is real is two separate men.



Because of his lack of wholeness, because of his enforced playing of roles and subjection to outside standards, Consciousness II becomes vulnerable to outside manipulation. And he has become the victim of a cruel deception. He has been persuaded that the richness, the satisfactions, the joy of life are to be found in power, success, status, acceptance, popularity, achievements, rewards, and the rational, competent mind. He wants nothing to do with dread, awe, wonder, mystery, accidents, failure, helplessness, magic. He has been deprived of the search for self that only these experiences make possible. And he has produced a society that is the image of his own alienation and impoverishment.

THE corporate state depends upon two human elements: a willing worker and a willing consumer. Consciousness II supplies the motive power: the individual works for the public interest and for status and advantage within the system; he consumes according to the dictates of false tastes, and then must work even harder, and so the wheel turns. This makes the system heavily dependent upon the continuance of a consciousness ready to work and consume. But since in reality work and consumption in our society tend to be artificial, oppressive, and unsatisfying, the corporate state is far more vulnerable than it seems. Consciousness II people remain generally unaware of the artificiality that rewards their efforts, but this unawareness cannot last forever.

The state tries hard to keep the worker-consumer contented. But this is the contradiction under which it operates: the overpersuaded consumer may no longer be a willing worker. To have consumers for its ever-increasing flow of products, the corporate state must have individuals who live for hedonistic pleasures, constant change, and expanding freedom. To have workers for its system of production, the state must have individuals who are ever more self-denying, self-disciplined, and narrowly confined. In theory, they are supposed to accept the discipline of their work in order to enjoy the pleasures of consumption. But the theory is all wrong. For some people it is wrong in fact, because hard work does not leave time or energy for outside enjoyment. For some people it is wrong in principle, because if they are persuaded to believe in the principle of hedonism they find it hard to hold on to the principle of service. And for a very large group of people it is simply impossible on a personal level; they are psychologically unable to go back and forth between self-denial and pleasure. The factory worker looks up from his conveyor belt, the lawyer looks up from his books, and both see crisp, sparkling snow or secluded beaches; they are likely to lose, not gain, enthusiasm for their work. Thus there is a great subversive, revolutionary force loose in America, manufactured with all the famous efficiency of the corporate state.

When the consumer-worker contradiction touches blacks, it produces the angry militancy of those who believe they have been left out of something. When it touches blue-collar workers, it makes them angry, too, but since they believe in the corporate state, they find someone else, like the Communists, to blame for their dissatisfaction. And when it hits middle-class youth, it helps to produce a rejection of the whole ethic of the middle class.

The great selling point of America is "freedom." America is "a free country;" it is part of "the free world," in contrast to the Communist world. But what is really meant by this freedom? Imperceptibly, it has come to mean consumer freedom. Consumer freedom is freedom to travel, ski, eat frozen Chinese food, live like a member of the "now generation"—freedom to buy anything and drive anywhere. For work, on the other hand, there is no longer any concept of freedom at all. Most of the repression of self—the meritocracy, loyalty oaths, character files, and employment regulations—occurs in connection with work; the worker does not live in "a free country." But can consumer freedom be turned off at the office door?

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You loved it the way it was for five fantastic years. So we made it even more lovable!

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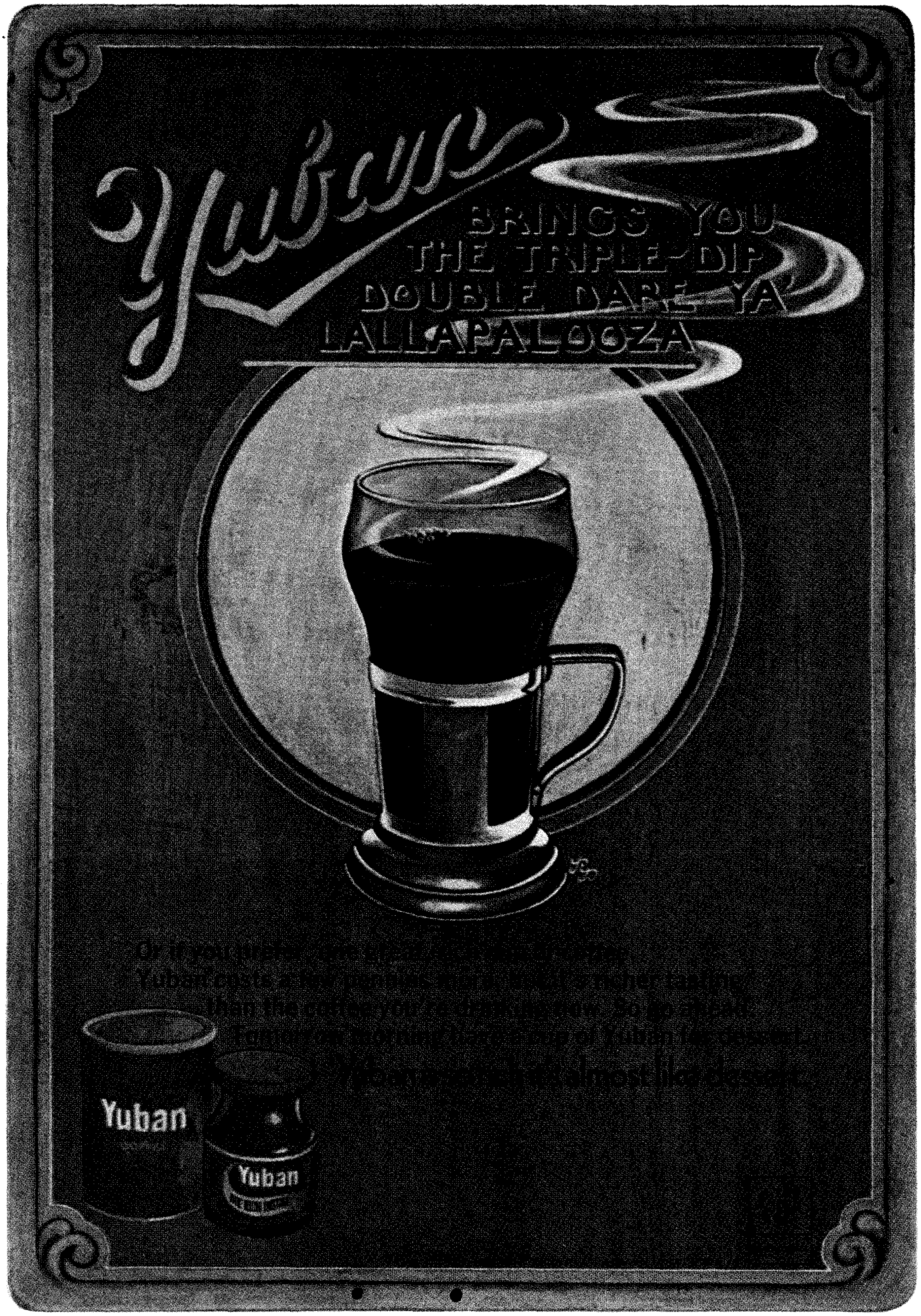


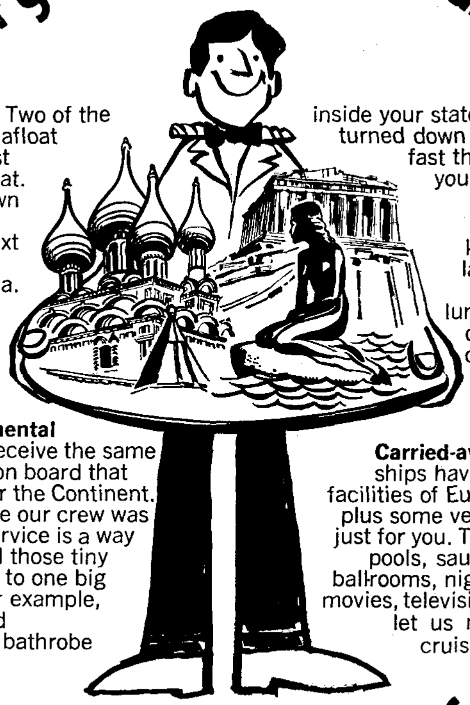
Yuban BRINGS YOU THE TRIPLE-DIP DOUBLE DARE YA' LALLAPALOOZA

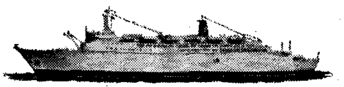
Or if you prefer, one great cup of coffee.
Yuban costs a few pennies more, but it's richer tasting
than the coffee you're drinking now. So go ahead.
Tomorrow morning have a cup of Yuban for dessert.
Yuban. So rich it's almost like dessert.

underlying need, such as sex, status, or excitement. Buy our automobile and you'll get all three, the ads say. But in trying to sell more and more commodities by the use of these needs advertising cannot help but raise the intensity of the needs themselves. A man not only wants a car—quite independently, he also wants more sex, status, and excitement. Advertising is designed to create, and does create, dissatisfaction. But dissatisfaction is no mere toy. If one creates a desire for sex, status, and excitement and then sells a man an automobile, the desire is likely to remain unsatisfied. The wants created are real enough, but the satisfactions are unreal.

Increasingly, this shows in the kinds of strikes that occur and the kinds of demands that are made. Today many workers are demanding something, not fully articulated, that goes far beyond a mere economic ambition and encompasses the wish for greater status. Newspaper interviews with dissatisfied policemen and municipal workers have shown this clearly; New York City's troubles with its municipal employees quite evidently stem in part from a dissatisfaction with status. And nothing could be clearer than that the strength of George Wallace's appeal in 1968 was due to his support of the industrial worker's yearning for higher status. In an article in the *Times* on October 24, 1968, Sylvan Fox wrote that New York City policemen had rejected an excellent wage settlement because they wanted something more: recognition from the community. A police official was quoted as saying, "They are turning their backs on material things and going after other things—ego things."

When advertising paints a picture of consumer hedonism and freedom, and work is considered only a means to that end, the machinery of the corporate state begins to effect its own destruction. Consider the hereditary poor. Advertising intended for an audience that can afford what it offers also works (with perhaps even greater effectiveness) on those who cannot afford it; it inflames the desires of the poor without offering them any satisfaction at all. Perhaps the poor are "better off than they ever were before," as some say, but they can hardly be expected to be satisfied with this after watching television. A continual display of better living is paraded before them. Is there any wonder that we have riots? Television might justly be called a riot box; it raises a fury of dissatisfaction and mocks those who watch it. If television is a riot box for the poor, who can say what it is for the ordinary middle-class





The Hamburg and Hanseatic offer you Europe on a platter...

Carried-away ships. Two of the most exciting ships afloat offer two of the most exciting cruises afloat. The Hanseatic, known for unequaled style and service, sails next spring, to the Mediterranean and Russia. The Hamburg, the Space Ship, sails next summer to the North Cape, Scandinavia, and Russia.

Carried-away Continental service. And you'll receive the same gracious treatment on board that you'll receive all over the Continent. Because that's where our crew was trained. For them service is a way of life. They know all those tiny niceties that add up to one big beautiful cruise. For example, you'll find a fluffy bathrobe inside your stateroom, a bed that's turned down every night, breakfast that wakes you when you want it and a drink before it's ordered.

Naturally, our crew knows how to translate a dinner menu, offer an on-deck lunch, and suggest an out-of-the-way sight or shop. In addition, they'll know your name and wishes in no time.

Carried-away facilities. Both ships have the elegance and facilities of Europe's finest hotels plus some very modern touches just for you. There are swimming pools, saunas, shops, shows, ballrooms, night clubs, concerts, movies, television and radio. Come let us make beautiful cruises together.

The Mediterranean Spring Cruise.
The North Cape Summer Cruise.

Hanseatic—April 20, 1971 From Port Everglades to North Africa, the Mediterranean and Russia.
40 days. From $1820. To St. Thomas, Madeira, Casablanca, Genoa, Malta, Istanbul, Yalta, Constanta, Piraeus, Heraklion, Naples, Malaga, Bermuda, Port Everglades. (Shorter versions—Port Everglades to Genoa and Naples to Port Everglades.)

Spring here is the old world turned new again, Bazaars come to life with bargains and bustle, beaches are swept clean by gentle tides and the time is waiting for you to take it.

Hamburg—July 1, 1971 From New York to the North Cape, Scandinavia, and Russia.
34 days. From $1785. To Reykjavik, North Cape, Trondheim, Vik, Gudvangen, Stavanger, Oslo, Stockholm, Leningrad, Helsinki, Copenhagen, Hamburg, Bermuda, New York.

Summer in this part of the world is made up of nights that are days, air that is clear, and waters that pour pure from mountaintops. Hot springs and glaciers, fishing villages and capital cities, history that's been made, history in the making—experience all of it.

Clip the coupon or see your travel agent

To: Holland America Line Agencies, Inc.
2 Penn Plaza, New York, New York 10001

Gentlemen: I'm carried-away! Please send me your full-color brochure complete with rates and cruise schedule for the following carried-away cruises.

Please check.
☐ Hanseatic to North Africa Mediterranean, & Russia
☐ Hamburg to North Cape, Scandinavia, & Russia

Name________________
Address________________
City________ State________ Zip________
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Travel Agent________________

Ships are of West German registry.

TS Hamburg 25,000 TONS TS Hanseatic 25,300 TONS
German Atlantic Line—Represented by Holland America Line AGENCIES, INC.

See the fastest animal in the world.

The Thoroughbred Race Horse.
Racing at Beautiful Belmont Park.
August 31 through October 17.
First race 1:30.
The Exacta and nine races.
Enjoy fine dining at three great restaurants.
For reservations at Belmont Terrace, call (516) 488-1740.

worker, who has many of the advertised products but lacks the sensuality and freedom they are supposed to bring? The one thing that we can be sure of is that the aim of advertising is to create dissatisfaction.

The consumer ethic has a special message, and a special meaning, for young people. The American economy has done these four things: (1) greatly prolonged the period of youth, partly because of the need for more technical training, partly because of the absence of enough jobs, (2) made a separate consumer market out of young people, in order to sell more products, (3) made young people widely aware of each other in order to stimulate sales by example, and (4) subjected youth to the stimuli of constant changes, possibilities, and opportunities. Here advertising is dealing with an unformed group in the society, and they are likely to be far more sensitive to the invitation to live *now* than their more settled elders. Thus, in the volatile "youth market," advertising is capable of creating a maximum of dissatisfaction and a minimum willingness to accept the drudgery of life.

If the willing worker is one half of the motive force of the corporate state, the other half is the willing consumer. Consumer dissatisfaction lags, of course, far behind worker dissatisfaction, but the potential is vast. Our society produces products that are unreliable, or unsafe, or that break down and cannot be readily serviced, or are unusable without another product that is unavailable (an automobile without parking). Some products are showing a noticeable deterioration in quality; others can be frighteningly dangerous in the wrong hands (an oven cleaner that can damage the eyes). Technology of all sorts has proved surprisingly vulnerable to breakdown. At the same time, inflation has made buying anything more and more difficult, so families feel they are literally growing poorer year by year.

Consumer goods are produced, to a large extent, by draining resources away from vitally needed social services. This is beginning to undermine the value of the consumer satisfactions themselves. What good is a quarter-million-dollar coöperative apartment if, because of decay in schooling and job training, a robber waits in the hallway or elevator? What good is a luxurious suburban home if one is a prisoner in it, surrounded by locked gates, private watchmen, and "Beware of the Dog" signs to ward off the discontented populace? What good is shopping in the city if one is likely to get caught in a breakdown of the subway or com-

Send $1.00 U.S. for $1.00 N-M, plus a 1970 Neiman-Marcus Christmas Catalog

Send us your first Christmas dollar and we (in mid-October, plenty of time) will send you our newest edition of dreams on display, and an "N-M" dollar that's applicable toward your first purchase. Write: Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 30, P. O. Box 2968, Dallas, Texas 75221.

Neiman-Marcus

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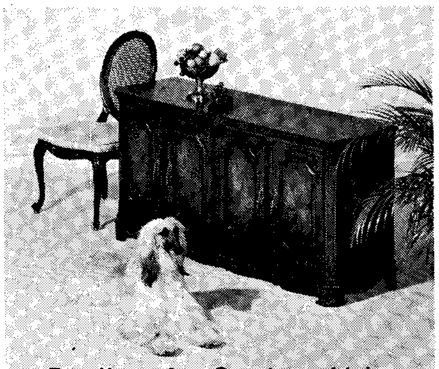


Furniture for Gracious Living
Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.
UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

George Feyer at the piano
His low-pressure piano subtleties are our secret ingredient for dinner, supper or drinks after 8:30 pm to 1:30 am except Sundays. No minimum. Cover $1.00.
For reservations please call "Gunnar" at BU 8-5800.
THE Stanhope
FIFTH AVENUE AT 81ST

muter rail services, or in a giant traffic jam?

Many of the complaints we have mentioned would be comparatively trivial if consumers were hardy and self-reliant, and able to keep their needs under some sort of control. But, just as we are producing workers who are increasingly unwilling to work, so we are producing consumers who are increasingly dissatisfied, no matter what they get. What the manufacturing part of the economy wants is a consumer who is passive, has little ability to endure discomfort, and has constantly rising needs. Such a consumer has little ability to substitute one satisfaction for another if the necessity arises. Like a spoiled child, he is ever more difficult to please, ever more filled with complaints. If his gourmet meal aboard an airplane is delayed, he has no capacity to enjoy some diversion until things are put to rights. He is a potential rebel, because advertising has taught him to be one.

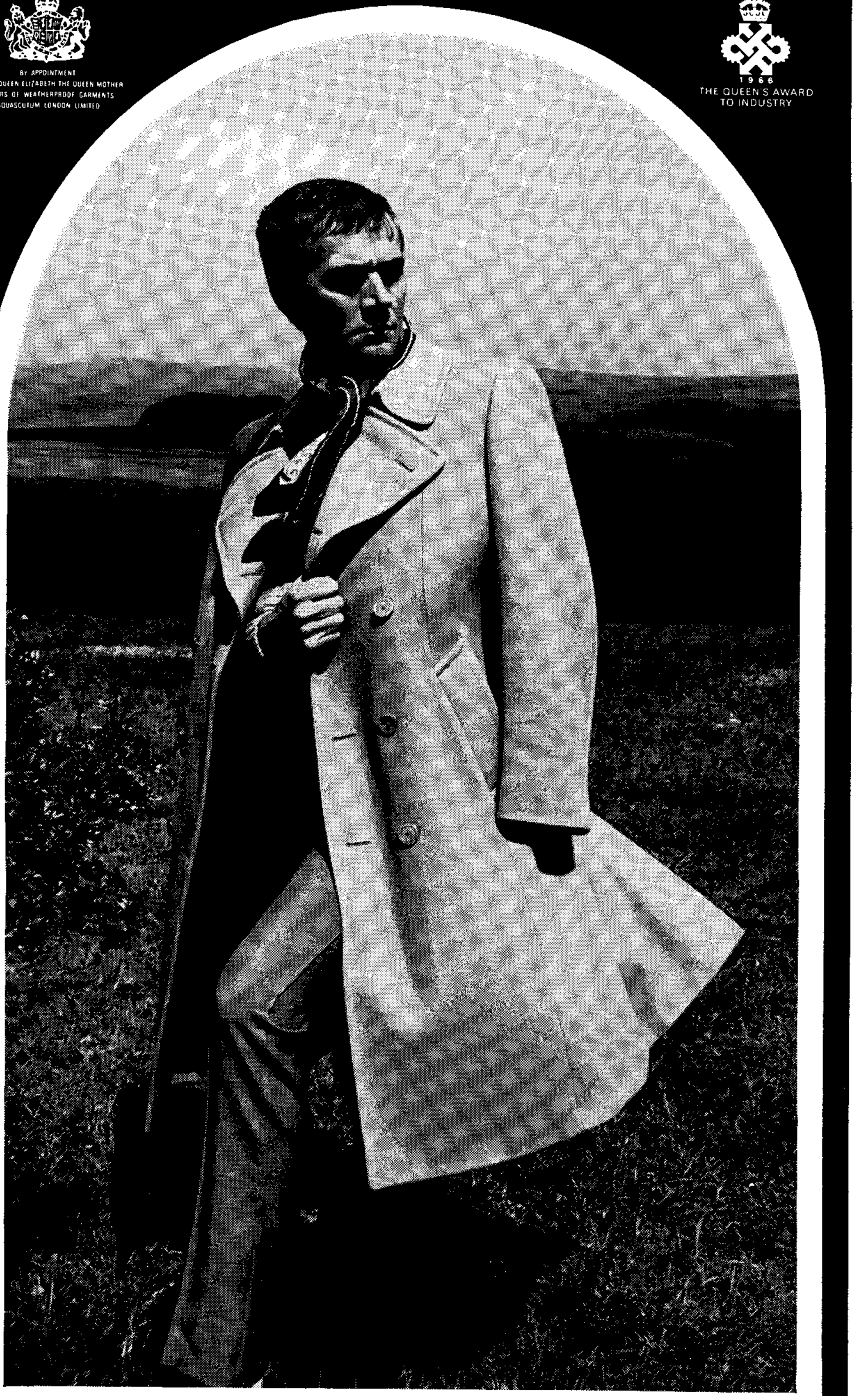
The end product of the overpampered consumer society may well be a person who reacts against pampering, a rootless and truly liberated individual, one who ultimately threatens the corporate state. Suppose a boy or girl is brought up in a tract home with furnishings, appliances, and a front lawn that have no more individuality or character than an expensive motel. Such a child will have very little attachment to his surroundings. The child of a home with genuine character develops loyalties, but the child of a house that gives no sense of place is equally at home anywhere. He might as well be on the road, because he feels no special connection to any thing or any place. From a slavish and passive dependence on consumer goods, which his parents may never throw off, the child of the prepackaged home may suddenly find he can ignore all consumer goods, and in that moment he is liberated.

The doubts of the worker and the consumer, basic as they are, are only specific examples of a breach in credulity and consciousness that is even deeper and more general. Perhaps this general doubt can be illustrated by the effect of television on the younger generation in terms of myth and reality. The youngster of earlier generations discovered reality by exploring outside his own front door; he encountered the world of the farm or the world of city streets, tested them, and found out about horses and cows and pumpkins and other youngsters and stores and traffic. The knowledge he gained did not play him false. Perhaps in old age, retelling his experiences, he turned them into myths, but they were myths

Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY



See yourself as a highwayman

The Highwayman by Aquascutum is a new venture in Aqua 5 proofed cotton twill, emphasising the new depth in length.

Boldly styled and in the forefront of fashion. At 100, Regent Street, London, and fine stores throughout the world. For the name of your nearest, write or 'phone

AQUASCUTUM, 2 East 37th Street, New York 10016, 685-9570.

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Americana
a steaming sauna
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Circa $60

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that were fashioned out of his own reality. With the child of television, the process is reversed. Our society insists that children first be taught the prescribed mythology, in school, in films, and, earliest and most universally, on television. The television world is what our society claims itself to be, what it demands that we believe. But when the television child finally encounters the real world, he does not find families like those on "Father Knows Best" and "My Three Sons." He finds not the clean suburbs of television but the sordid slums of reality. He finds not the perpetual smiles and the effervescent high spirits of a Coke ad but anxieties and monotony. And when he stops believing in this mythic world, the breach in his credulity is total. Society and television ask total belief; when their picture of the world is wiped away, the result is total unbelief. The child of earlier generations could get some unsettling shocks without coming to disbelieve everything, but the postures and pretenses taught now cannot survive a shock. In the words of Joni Mitchell's famous song, "It's life's illusions I recall. I really don't know life at all." The theme of youthful disillusion is timeless, but it would be a great mistake not to recognize that this is one of the songs of revolution.

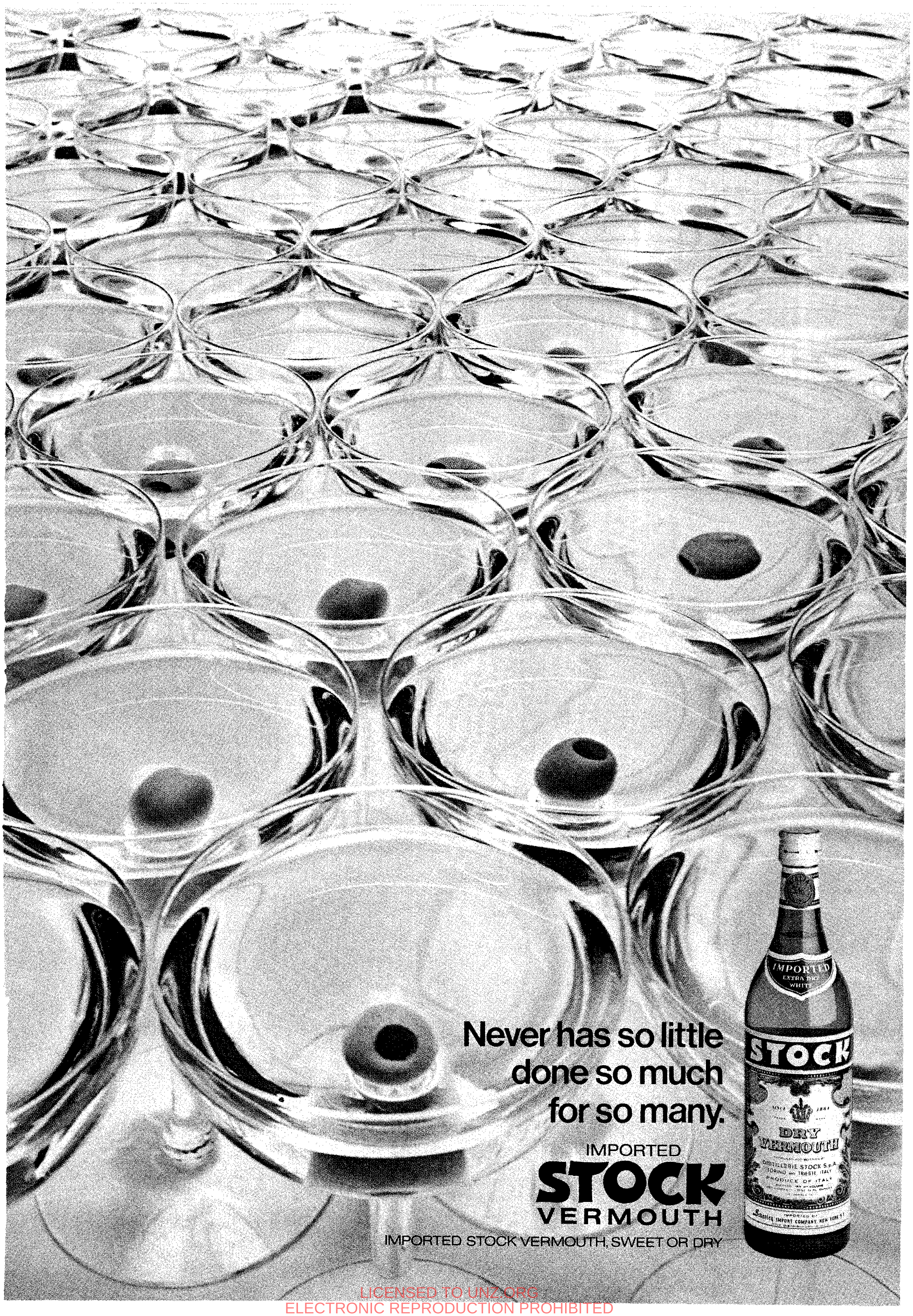
HOW did the American corporate state, seemingly designed to keep its inhabitants perpetually on a treadmill, suddenly begin producing something altogether new and unintended? Consciousness III, which began with a few individuals in the mid-nineteen-sixties and has been spreading rapidly ever since, is the product of two interacting forces: the promise of life that is made to young Americans by all of our affluence, technology, liberation, and ideals, and the threat to that promise posed by everything from neon ugliness to boring jobs to the Vietnam war and the shadow of nuclear holocaust. Neither the promise nor the threat is the cause by itself, but the two together have done it.

Older people are inclined to think of work, of injustice and war, and of the bitter frustrations of life as the human condition. Their capacity for outrage is consequently dulled. But for many of the young who have glimpsed the vision of something better, the prospect of a dreary job or a miserable death in war is utterly intolerable. Moreover, the human condition has been getting steadily worse in the corporate state—more and more life-denying just as life should be opening up. And hovering over everything is the threat of annihilation. To the young, the discrepancy between what could be and what is becomes overwhelming. It is the greatest single fact of their existence.

Many parents have unintentionally contributed to their children's condemnation of existing society. Not by their words but by their actions, attitudes, and manner of living, they have conveyed to their children the message "Don't live the way we have lived. Don't settle for the emptiness of our lives. Don't be lured by the things we valued. Don't neglect life and love as we have neglected them." With the unerring perceptiveness of the child, their sons and daughters have read these messages from the lifeless lives of their "successful" parents, have seen marriages break up because there was nothing to hold them together, have felt cynicism, alienation, and despair in some of the best-kept homes of America. And will have none of it. Kenneth Keniston, in "Young Radicals," declares that one of the most telling forces in producing the political ideals of the new generation is the contrast between their parents' ideals (which they accept) and their parents' failure to live up to these ideals. Keniston found that young radicals show a continuity of ideals from childhood on; they simply stay with them, while their parents have failed to.

As the new consciousness made youth more distinct, the younger generation began discovering itself as a generation. Always before, young people had felt themselves tied more to their families, to their schools, and to their immediate situations than to "a generation." But now an entire culture—including music, clothes, and a radical attitude toward certain drugs—began to spring up among the young. As it did, the message of the new consciousness went with it. And the more the older generation rejected the culture, the more a fraternity of the young grew up, so that they recognized each other as brothers and sisters from coast to coast.

CLOTHES are a significant symbol, and the dress of the new generation expresses a number of the major themes of Consciousness III in a very vivid and immediate way. The first impression given by the clothes many young people wear these days for any and all occasions is one of uniformity and conformity—as if every-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Never has so little
done so much
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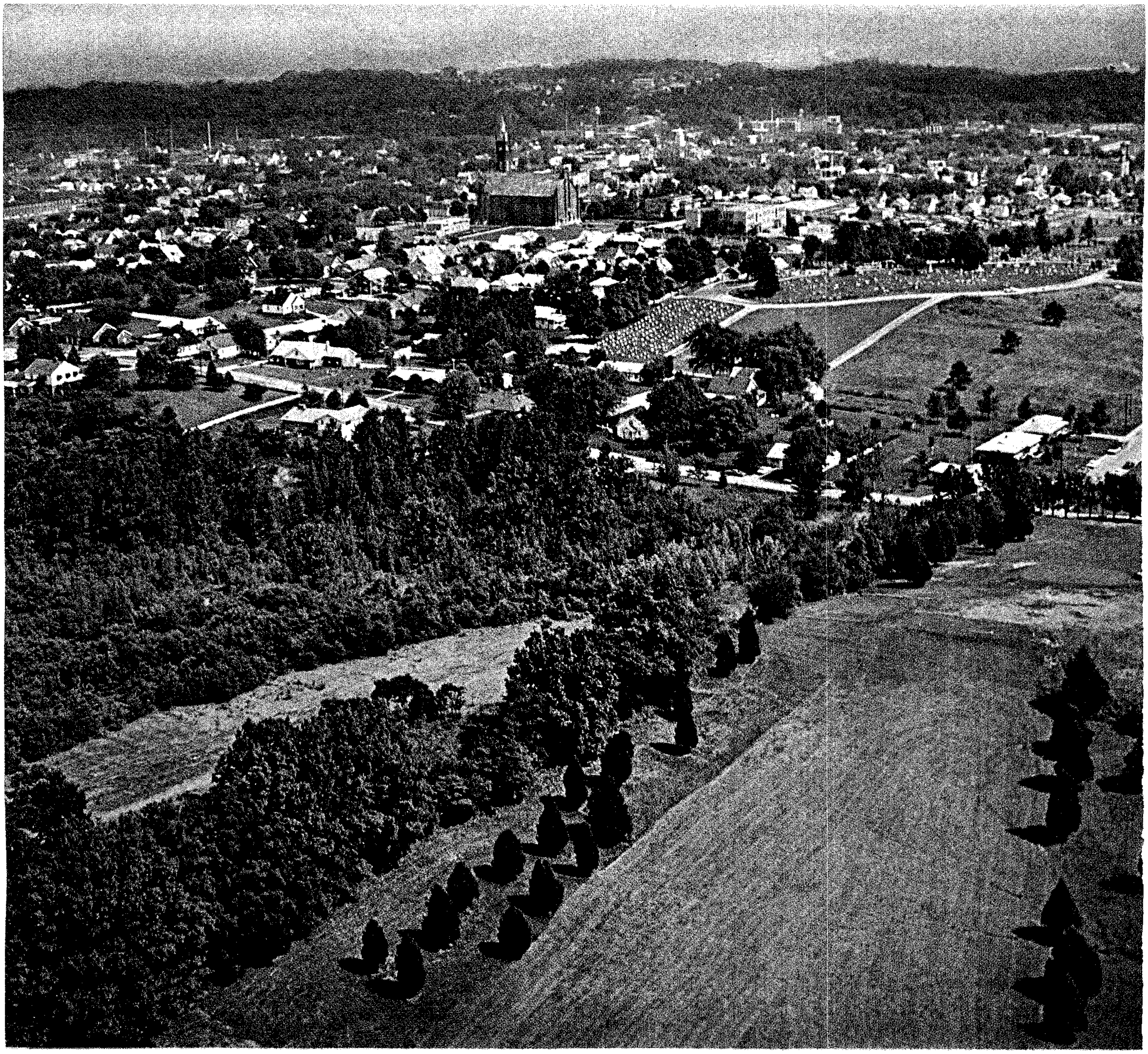

Jasper, Indiana.
The town that made garbage illegal.

Everyone is fed up with the garbage problem today. But the people of Jasper, Indiana, were fed up with it twenty years ago.

Back then the Jasper city council decided that garbage collection was taking too big a bite of the city budget.

So they suspended household-garbage pickups. Made it illegal to put garbage on Jasper's streets. And urged homeowners to install kitchen garbage disposers.

To get the best deal, 13 major brands were invited to compete for a contract. When all the facts were in, General Electric Disposalls® were in.

How did they work out? Ask the Jasper housewives who don't have messy, wet garbage in their kitchens anymore. Ask the teen-agers who've never had to take out the garbage. Or ask about flies and rodents in Jasper. A public-health survey found far fewer around town.

Disposalls are just one way General Electric is helping to move mountains of garbage.

GE people are working on a technique that will use bacteria to convert garbage into food for cattle. On a plant that will use garbage to make electricity. And on a vortex incinerator for the complete combustion of refuse.

General Electric is making progress getting to the bottom of a mounting problem of our environment.

Men helping Man

GENERAL ELECTRIC

one felt obliged to adopt the same style. But although there is agreement on certain principles, there is great individuality within those principles. Another first impression given by wrinkled jeans and jackets made of coarse material in dark colors is that of drabness. This is an accurate observation, and for a reason. Such clothes are a deliberate rejection of the neon colors and artificial, plastic-coated look of the affluent society. They are inexpensive to buy, inexpensive to maintain. They suggest that neither individuality nor distinction can be bought in a clothing store; clothes are primarily functional; people are not objects to be decorated. The clothes are earthy and sensual. They express an affinity with nature—the browns, greens, and blues are nature's colors, earth's colors, and the materials are tactile. The clothes are like architecture that does not clash with its natural surroundings but blends in. And the clothes have a functional affinity with nature, too; they don't show dirt—they are good for lying on the ground.

These clothes express freedom. Expensive clothes enforce social constraints. A grease spot on an expensive suit is a social error; so is a rip in a ladies' tailored coat, or a missing button. A man in an expensive suit must be careful of every move he makes—where he sits, what he leans against. A well-dressed woman is hardly able to walk or move. The new clothes give the wearer freedom to do anything he wants. He can work in them, read in them, roll down a hill in them, play touch football, dance, sit on the floor, go on a camping trip, sleep in them. Above all, they are comfortable.

The freedom of the new clothes expresses a second principle as well: a wholeness of self, as against the schizophrenia of Consciousness II. There is not one set of clothes for the office, another for social life, a third for play. The same clothes can be used for every imaginable activity, and so they say that it is the same person doing all these things—not a set of different masks or dolls but one many-sided, *whole* individual. At the same time, these clothes say that an individual may do many different things in the course of a day. He is not limited to a single role, or to a role-plus-recreation; each individual is truly protean, with unlimited possibilities, including the possibility of whatever new and spontaneous thing may come along.

One reason the clothes are not "uniform," as many older people think, is that they are extremely expressive of the human body inside them, and each

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a blaze of sapphires,
emeralds, diamonds.
Set in 18 karat gold.
From our precious
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The Museum of Modern Art
Christmas catalogue

An illustrated, 40-page catalogue presenting new cards and constructions, books, posters, reproductions, and a wide selection of distinctive gifts from The Museum of Modern Art is now available. Cards and constructions—15 cents to $1—reproduce classic works by artists in the Museum collection. Others have been specially commissioned from such artists as Jean-Michel Folon and Robert Indiana. Gifts ranging from $2.50 to $500 include a special edition of *Playplax;* the *1971 Appointment Calendar; Float,* Robert Breer's intriguing kinetic sculpture; *The Ball Puzzle,* Charles Perry's exquisite lucite object; *Typewriter Eraser,* a signed and numbered offset lithograph by Claes Oldenburg; *Planetary Folklore Participations No. 1,* Victor Vasarely's exciting game in which the player can move magnetized pieces to create any design; and the *Trova Kaleidoscope*—an unusual version of a classic Christmas toy.

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I enclose 25c for the 1970 Christmas catalogue

Name

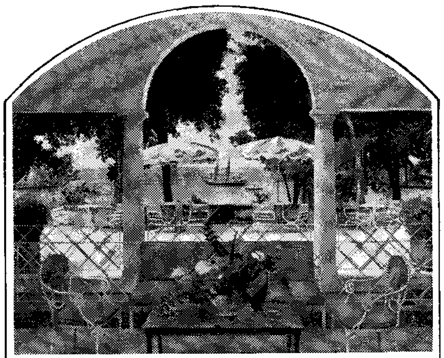
Address

Today's woman, exciting in a pure wool knit midi coatdress over pants. About $135.
Bonwit Teller, Garfinckel's, Bullock's all stores.

Kimberly®

body is different and unique. Men's business suits really *are* uniform. They look the same on a man as they do on the rack in the clothing store; the pants give no hint of a man's legs, and when they wrinkle to conform to the body's lines they are quickly taken to the dry cleaner's to be pressed back into straight lines. Jeans express the shape of legs—heavy or thin, straight or bowed. As jeans get more wrinkled, they adapt even more to the particular legs that are wearing them. To someone sitting across from a man in a business suit, it is as if he did not have a body at all—just a face and a voice. Jeans make one conscious of the body, not as something separate from the face but as part of the whole individual. Consciousness III believes that a person's body is a most essential part of his self, not something to be ignored while one carries on a conversation with his face and mind. Also, the new clothes make the wearer conscious of his own body, while a man's business suit is at odds with his body all day long. The new clothes are a declaration of sensuality—not sensuality-for-display, as in a fashion designer's style, but sensuality as part of the natural in man.

If the individual wishes, he can add touches to his clothes that make them a costume, expressing whatever he feels at the moment. A headband can produce an Indian, a black hat a cowboy badman. When a high-fashion woman wears a costume—a "matador" suit, say—it seems to have been imposed on her, masklike, by the designer. But the costumes of the young are not masks—they are expressions of a state of mind. The individual is free to be inventive, playful, humorous. Bell-bottoms, on girls or boys, are happy and comic, rollicking; they bring dance back into our lives. No one can take himself altogether seriously in bell-bottoms. Imagine a Consciousness II college professor in bell-bottoms and all of his pretensions become funny; he has to laugh at himself. A boy can wear a military dress jacket, all buttons and brass, and at the same time mock the military establishment and express his small boy's love of parade-ground pomp. A Mexican peasant's blanket-shawl, a David Copperfield hat, boots of all descriptions, gangster suits, phantom-of-the-opera cloaks—these costumes allow experimentation and changes of mood that are characteristic of and essential to youth and add to the gaiety and humor of the world. But they also nudge the wearer with deeper questions of identity that have rarely been posed in Consciousness I and II society, because their very freedom re-



Barbados is very special at Sandy Lane.

Barbados has 33 sugar beaches. We think our hotel has the best. All our rooms have private verandahs. Barbados has perfect weather throughout the year. Perfect for our swimming, water skiing, skin diving, tennis and golf. The Bajan moon shines down on our outdoor dancing and diversified entertainment. Lots of exciting things to do and places to visit. And even the price is special. Just $33 single and $48 double room daily, Apr. 16 to Dec. 15, MAP (breakfast and dinner).

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BARBADOS, WEST INDIES

See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., Dept. NY, 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10020. (212) JU 6-4500. Other offices: Boston, Washington, Chicago, Miami, Toronto.

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is our little Lucite Lightmill. Encased in a solid (3¼") cube of Lucite, it spins perpetually. A joy to watch. A fascinating desk accessory or paperweight.
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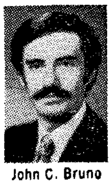

John C. Bruno

205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

minds him that he does have choice.

The new clothes demonstrate a significant new relationship between man and technology. They are machine-made, and there is no attempt to hide the fact—no shame attached to mass-produced goods, no social points lost for wearing something that sells for four ninety-nine from coast to coast and has its measurements printed on the outside for all to read. That is the freedom and economy of mass production—a thing to be valued, not despised or evaded, as it is by seekers after "quality." Touches of the handmade, of the personal—beads, a hand-tooled belt, decorations sewn onto jeans—are then added to the mass-produced base. Imagine a Consciousness II professional man buying the cheapest machine-made suit and then adding a tie that he has hand-painted! Consciousness II wants to have a tailor-made suit from England. He is ashamed of—or "above"—the mass production that is the foundation of his own society. Consciousness III starts from the machine but is not imprisoned by it; he wears his own individuality on top of it.

The new clothes express profoundly democratic values. There are no distinctions of wealth or status, no élitism; people confront each other shorn of these distinctions. In places where status or money is important, clothes tell the story. On Wall Street, one can distinguish the banker or lawyer from the mere clerk by the expensive suit. On the campus, the faculty member is set off from the graduate student by his tweed jacket and his tie; law professors are distinguished from the unworldly humanities teachers by businesslike suits. And in former times the prep-school undergraduate could be recognized and distinguished from the public-school boy. All of these differences spoke of competition, advantage, and disadvantage. The new clothes deny the importance of hierarchy, status, authority, position, and they reject competition. For all of these reasons, the new clothes are worn with pride, as befits a statement of principles and basic values.

THE most important medium of expression for Consciousness III is the new music. It had its origins in many older, familiar forms, including blues, country-Western, jazz, and folk singing. It owes much of its color to electronic technology and its protean ability to combine the older forms. But it has become an entirely new means of communication. When someone puts a dime in the jukebox of a restaurant frequented by young people, there is a

The first in a series of sterling silver tree ornaments by Gorham. Each year the die will be broken and a new snowflake design created. Start your collection now...buy several for stocking stuffers. Size 3-3/4", back stamped with year, space for engraving at 20¢ per letter.............................. **$10.**

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Rosé
is splendid with fish,
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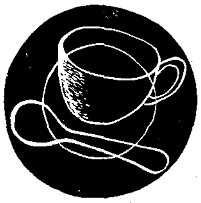
moment of community. As the music starts, people in the restaurant begin to move: some nod heads, some drum fingers, others tap feet, others move their whole bodies. They glance with smiles of agreement toward the person who made the selection. If it is a song from the established canon, like Bob Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man," everyone knows the words, and many sing along.

The dominant means of communication in our society—words—has been so abused, distorted, and preëmpted that at present it does not seem adequate for people of the new consciousness. Music, on the other hand, seems to say all the things they want to say or feel. It tells of the discovery by whites of the quality known as soul—a depth of feeling long denied to most Americans. As an expression of sex, it is a repository of fantastic energy, as anyone who has watched a rock band knows. It can tell of a fresh and tranquil closeness to nature—sea, mountains, wind, and clouds. It can express the staccato pace of cities. For Consciousness III, no other music comes anywhere near being appropriate to the wonders and anxieties, the beauty and the tension and the excitement, of American life. It offers the young a poetic intensification of their condition ("I Am a Child," by Neil Young) and of love and heartbreak between generations ("Teach Your Children," by Graham Nash). It can express the feelings of young people toward the good things of an older America ("Rockin' Chair" and "King Harvest," by J. R. Robertson) or the violence, fervor, and fury of revolution in the streets ("We Can Be Together," by Paul Kantner). It can express the terrors and transiency of youth in an alien society ("Four Days Gone," by Stephen Stills), the strangeness and mystery in unpredictable new patterns of life ("St. Stephen," by the Grateful Dead), the happiness of discovering companions in the journey ("Stand," by Sylvester Stewart; "Get Together," by Chet Powers), and yearnings that are profoundly spiritual and religious ("I Shall Be Released," by Bob Dylan). It brings out a poetry in people who, if confined to words, would be awkward and prosaic. For the new consciousness, then, this music is not a pastime but a necessity, almost on a par with food and water. Indeed, the new music has achieved a degree of integration of art in everyday life that is probably unique in modern societies; to find anything comparable, one would have to look to the Middle Ages or primitive man. Like a medieval cathedral or the carvings in a tribal village, the art of rock is constantly present as a part of everyday life, not something to be admired in a museum or listened to over coffee after dinner and the day's work are done. It is significant that nearly everyone who deeply feels the music also makes an attempt at playing an instrument and even at composing (and all of the best rock groups compose most of their own songs). For the lover of rock, as for men in earlier times, art is a daily companion to share, interpret, and transfigure every experience and emotion.

It is no accident that the "square" society has been unable to produce a single emotionally convincing song in support of the Vietnam war or any of the other patriotic projects of the corporate state. There is no genuine culture out of which such a song could be fashioned. And it would seem to be a measure of the strength of the new culture that in music it has created a language understood in nearly every country of the world.



WHEN a Consciousness II person meets a federal judge, or the head of a giant corporation, or the holder of a distinguished professorship, he takes notice. The position itself makes the man worth meeting and the occasion memorable. A member of the new generation, on the other hand, may be blankly unaware of the titles, positions, and reputations of persons he has met. Students a few years ago were keenly aware of whether they were being taught by an assistant professor or an associate professor. Students today have no idea at all of a teacher's rank. They do not see it because it is not there for them. It is a curious thing: the professor has put the best part of his life into acquiring a regalia of titles, degrees, publications, professional reputation, and the student does not even see it.

Older people begin by assuming that much of the structure of the corporate state is necessary and valid, but the young people start with entirely different premises. Many older people are puzzled by the radicalism of Consciousness III. Have the young been infiltrated by Communists? Are they influenced by left-wing agitators, or have they been reading Marx? It does indeed seem astonishing that naïve young people, without political experience, should come up with criticisms of society that seem to have escaped many of the most scholarly as well as many of

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the most astute and experienced of their elders. But there is no mystery, no conspiracy, and very little reading of Marx. What Consciousness III sees, with a clarity that no ideology could provide, is a society that is unjust to its poor and its minorities, is run for the benefit of a privileged few, lacks its proclaimed democracy and liberty, is ugly and artificial, destroys the environment and the self, and is, like the war it spawns, "unhealthy for children and other living things." The liberal measures the gains and failures of our society with a material rather than an emotional calculus; he takes such things as employment or medical care as the index of our well-being. Consciousness III understands conditions more the way a writer or painter would, and is thus sensitive not merely to a set of political and public issues but also to the deeper ills that Kafka or the German Expressionists or Dickens would have seen: old people shunted into institutional homes, streets made hideous with commercialism, the competitiveness and sterility of suburban living, the loneliness and anomie of cities, the ruin of nature by bulldozers and pollution, servile conformity, and the artificial quality of plastic lives in plastic homes.

All of Consciousness III's criticisms of society were brought to a head by the Vietnam war. For the war seemed to sum up the evils of our society: destruction of people, destruction of environment, depersonalized use of technology, war by the rich and powerful against the poor and helpless, justification based on abstract rationality, hypocrisy and lies, and a demand that the individual, regardless of his values, make himself into an impersonal part of a war machine bringing death to other people. Those who have refused to go to Vietnam have said, in effect, that compulsory service in a war they hate would be so nearly total a destruction of their personal values that even if they did return to the United States they could never return to the ranks of the genuinely living. A poster made by students at Berkeley says, "They also die who stand and watch."

The key to the Consciousness III commitment lies in the concept of full personal responsibility. In the case of Consciousness II, commitment to society means commitment to reform in the general direction already established by society (equality of opportunity, better education), the notion of "reform" implying no more than that the liberal is somewhat ahead of the rest of society. And the commitment has limits; the liberal enjoys his high status,

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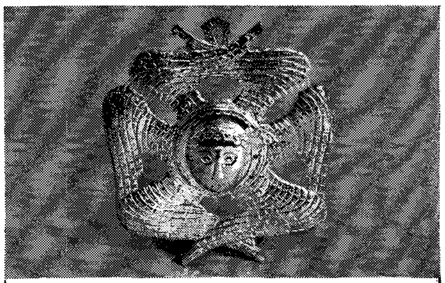

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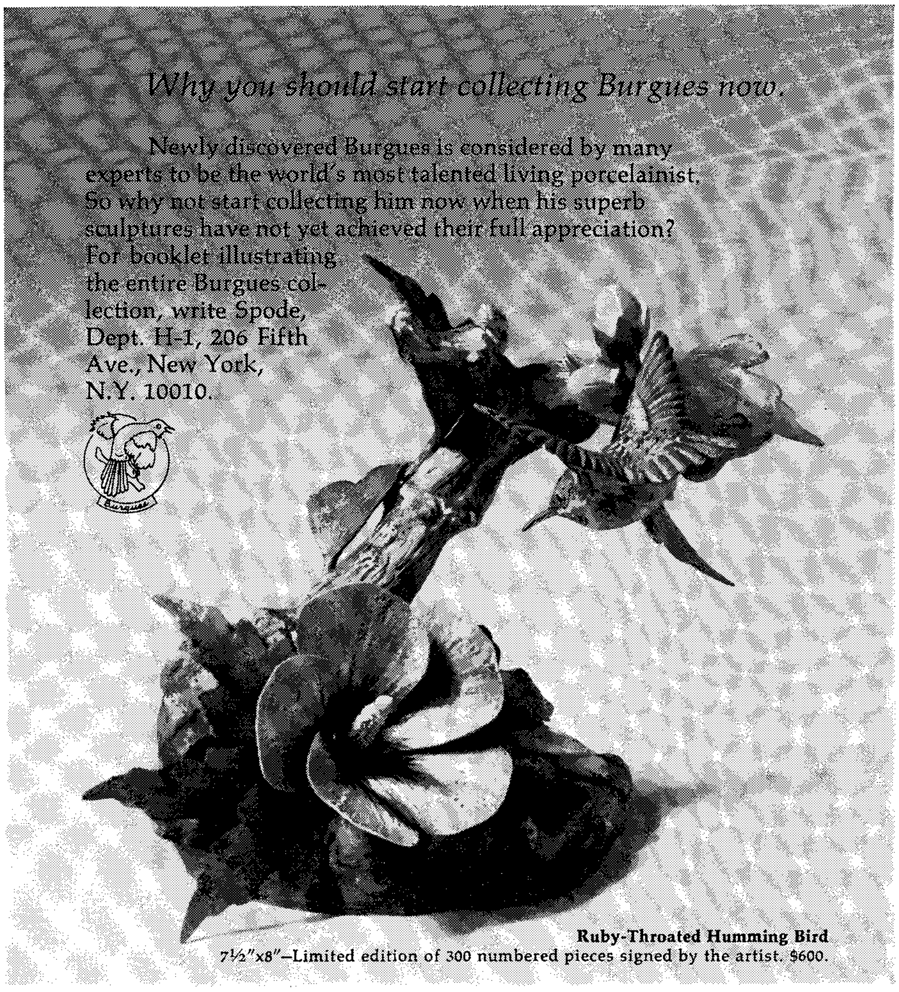
his elegant house, his security and comfort, and fights his battle from that position. Consciousness III does not think much of fighting for change from the comfort of personal security and elegance. He feels that if he is to be true to himself he must respond *with* himself. If he is deeply committed, he may take a job teaching in a ghetto school, which offers neither prestige nor comfort but offers the satisfaction of personal contact with ghetto children. He does not assume that he can fight society while luxuriating in its benefits. He must take risks—the risk of economic loss, of discomfort, of physical injury, of a jail sentence. The liberal can be detached, cool, intellectual, cynical; he fights with his head. Consciousness III is more apt to feel visceral outrage at the ugliness of a freeway or the misery of a slum.

It is this notion of full personal responsibility that makes the new generation, when it finds itself excluded from the decision-making process, demand a part in that process. For the liberal, it is sufficient to say, "I oppose air pollution, but in my job I have nothing to do with it, no responsibility in that direction. All I can do is try to influence those who do." That, to Consciousness III, is not being responsible. It is this same personal responsibility that makes the young student feel himself to be an adult, not a person getting ready for life. At the Heptagonal Track Meet held at Yale in May of this year, the athletes of eight of the participating schools insisted that before the meet could begin a statement of their views on public issues be read over the loudspeakers by a spokesman who was a member of one of the teams. The statement, expressing profound concern over the invasion of Cambodia, the persecution of Black Panthers, and other issues, also took the position, in explicit language, that athletics should not serve as an escape from public responsibility for the athletes themselves or for the fans; as an additional reminder, many of the athletes wore red or black ribbons on their sleeves or shorts during competition. No doubt many alumni and others in the stands were less than pleased with this intrusion of reality into Yale's playing fields. When members of the Annapolis and West Point teams expressed dissatisfaction with the statement, they were offered an opportunity to express their own views; instead, they left without competing. But coaches, officials, and fans were forced to realize that the athletes who did compete were not the smooth-faced, ever-juvenile jocks of American expectations. They were se-



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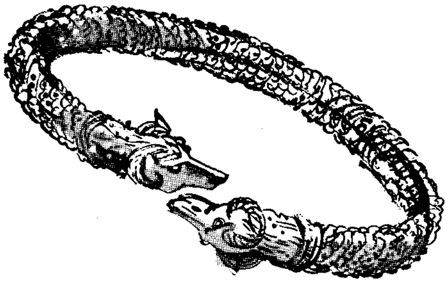

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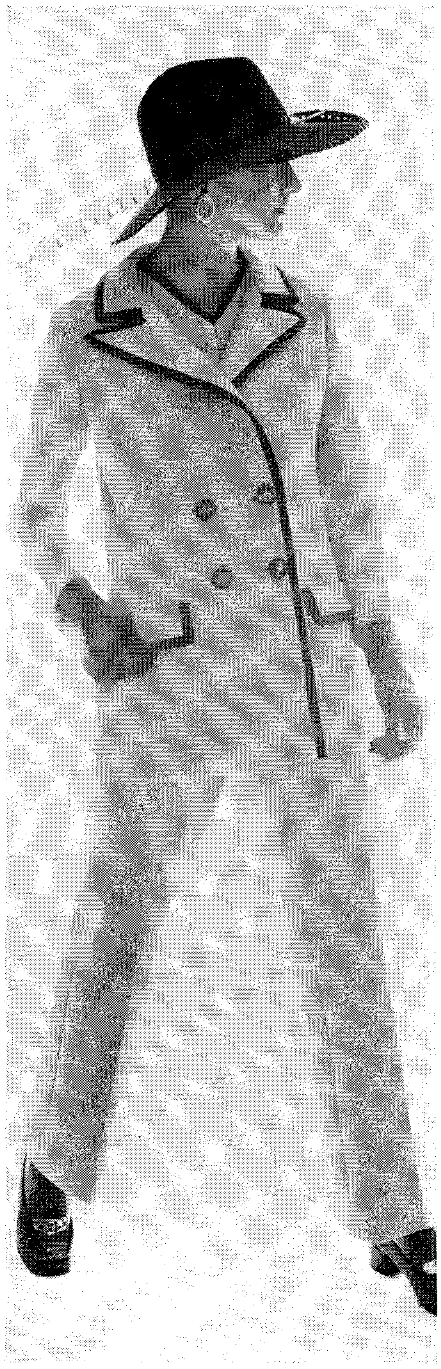

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rious adults. They thought it essential, if they were to be whole and not fragmented selves, to make a personal response, and thereby, as Sartre's Orestes did in "The Flies," assume responsibility that was not theirs, and thus achieve a full existence.

ORTHODOX liberals and radicals conclude that there are two main approaches to bringing about social change or revolution. The first, favored by the liberal establishment, involves using the existing legal, administrative, and democratic procedures. These are the "lawful channels" through which students and radicals have been advised to work. The second approach is based upon power. At one end of the spectrum, it merges with politics, as in the McCarthy-for-President movement, whose aim was to elect people who would change the course of society. At the other end of the spectrum is the radical concept of revolution, street fighting, and the mobilization of the left. Through this approach, radicals seek to change the state by getting together more power—political or physical—than now is in the hands of the "Establishment" or the "ruling class."

The experience of Consciousness III people with the "lawful channels" has made clear what should have long been obvious: that these channels are not designed to accommodate social change except within the terms of the existing system, and that for truly radical change they are a dead end. This left the alternative of power—the revolutionary tactics of the New Left. But how could power succeed against the state? Power, in the second half of the twentieth century, resides in organization, in technology, in the machine. Whether or not we postulate a "ruling class" in Marxist terms, power is a function of organization, not merely of economic position. How, then, can those who oppose organization and the machine expect to win a fight on the battlefield of power? It is a fight on the enemy's ground, a fight the corporate state is sure to win. Street fights against the tank, the automatic rifle, and the helicopter can only come to disaster and defeat.

Neither "lawful channels" nor the politics-and-power approach can succeed against the corporate state. Neither can prevent the steady advance of authoritarian rule. The power of the new consciousness is not the power of manipulating procedures or the power of politics or street fighting but the power of new values and a new way of life. Consciousness III is capable of changing and of destroying the corporate state, without violence, without seizure of political power, without overthrow of any existing group of people. The new generation has shown the way to the one method of change that will work in today's post-industrial society: revolution by consciousness. The crucial fact to realize about all the powerful machinery of the corporate state—its laws, structure, political systems—is that it possesses no mind. All that is needed to bring about change is to capture its controls—and they are held by nobody. It is not a case for revolution. It is a case for filling a void, for supplying a mind where none exists. No political revolution is possible in the United States right now, but no such revolution is needed.

Revolution by consciousness requires two basic conditions. First, a process of change of consciousness must be under way in the population—a process that promises to continue until it reaches a majority of the people. Second, the existing order must depend for its power on an earlier consciousness, and therefore be unable to survive a change of consciousness. Both of these conditions now exist in the United States.

The change of consciousness taking place among young people can be expected to grow even stronger, and reach a greater proportion of young people, as time goes on. And since youth represents the future, the older consciousness cannot finally win a battle with youth. Of course, the older consciousness could survive if the young, when they become older, change their outlook and adopt that older consciousness. But if consciousness is not merely a changeable set of values or opinions but a total understanding of reality, there can be no return. Once one has experienced what Wallace Stevens called "a new knowledge of reality," there is no way to turn back, for the experience is now part of the individual. For this same reason, the process of change of consciousness will increasingly occur among the old and middle-aged as well as among the young. Many young people have already succeeded in converting one or both of their parents, or older brothers and sisters, and a growing number of older people have experienced a change of consciousness on their own. The same forces that operate on young people operate on them; as the madness of the corporate state becomes more obvious, the breakdowns

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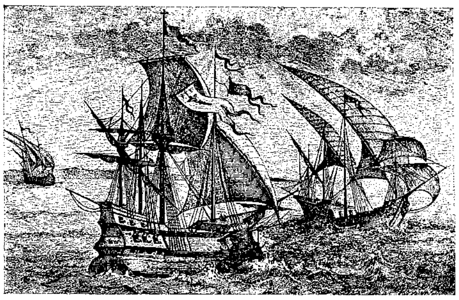

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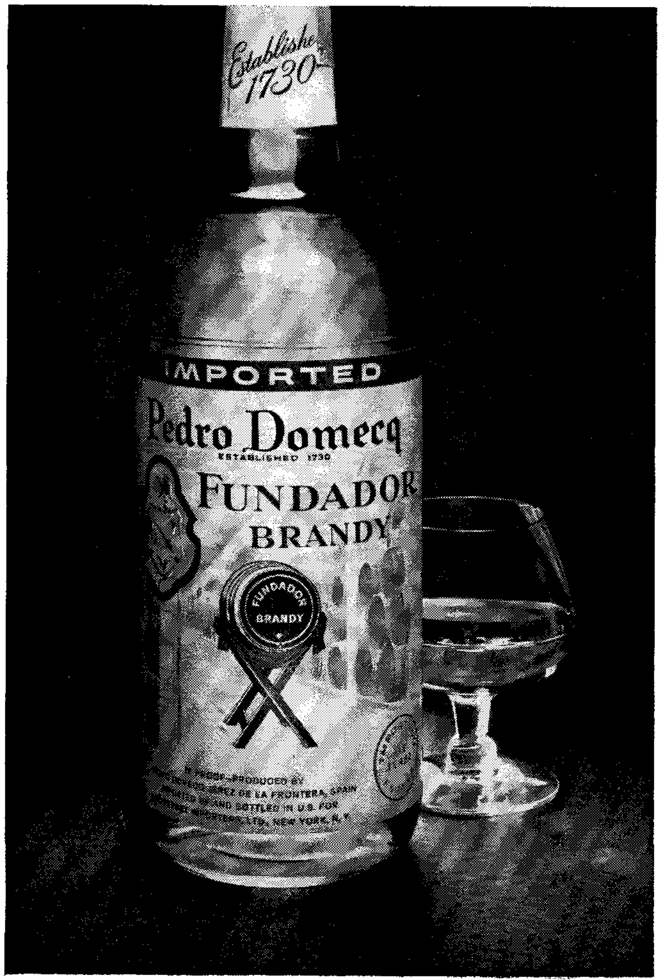
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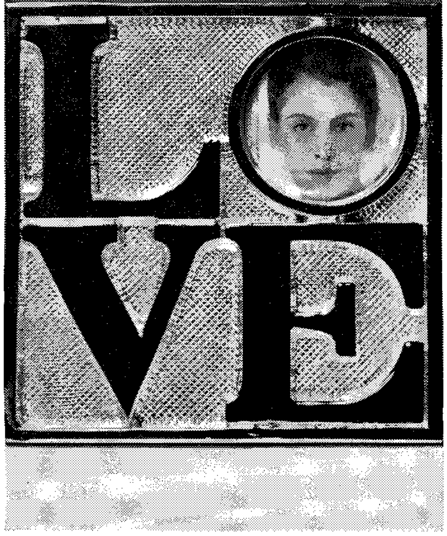

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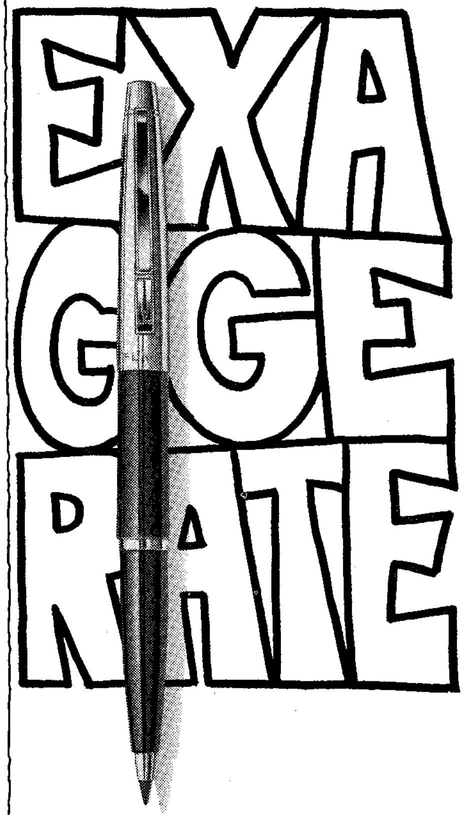
of its machinery multiply, and its promise of happiness becomes more illusory. Women's liberation, black militancy, and discontent among young blue-collar workers are all signs of the new consciousness. The new consciousness is far more than a "youth revolution"—it is a discovery of human possibilities that is open to, and necessary for, all. More and more daily events conspire to breach the unreal consciousness upon which the corporate state depends. Subway collisions and fires, air inversions and power breakdowns, and the horrors of Vietnam all contribute. There is even the case of Miss Montana of 1970, a picture of all that is wholesomely American, who resigned her title because she was not allowed to speak her mind on political issues. And repression is only another means of changing consciousness. In a typical example, when indiscriminate police violence occurred this summer during a period of conflict at Isla Vista, the residential district adjoining the University of California at Santa Barbara, many formerly uninvolved faculty members were quoted as saying they had been "radicalized." But the greatest force for change of consciousness remains simply "the kids" themselves. After the "prohibited" rock festival at Powder Ridge, in Connecticut, many of the local people, who had been waiting for the festival "like a Roman village facing an onslaught from the Visigoths," as one reporter put it, found the invaders irresistible. The first selectman of Middlefield, Arthur Meckley, was reported to have said "The whole town has fallen in love with these kids."

The second condition necessary for revolution by consciousness is that the corporate state's power must depend on an earlier, outdated consciousness. The corporate state, which requires willing workers and willing consumers, is not like tyrannies of the past that ruled by force; its unique strength, and ultimately its unique weakness, is its dependence on possessing the minds of those within it. Because of this, the institutions of the corporate state, while heavily protected from outside efforts to attack or change them, are highly vulnerable to change from within. This is not what is meant by the people who speak hopefully of "seeking change within the established structure." Such efforts are no more than a peculiarly ineffectual form of trying to change an institution from outside, from a position without power. The only people who can successfully change an organization or institution are those who already pos-



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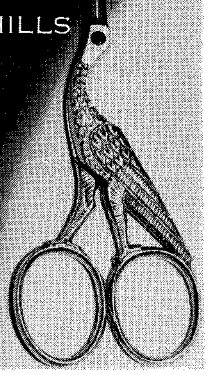

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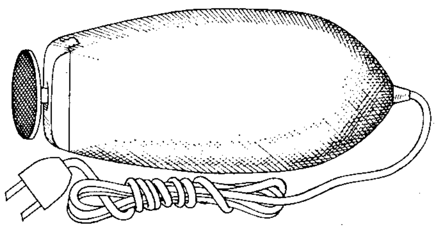

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sess power within it—people who are acting in their capacities as workers or consumers. A schoolteacher, no matter what he thinks or says, cannot change the public-school system while conforming to it by accepting its regulations. But if the teacher changes his behavior as a teacher, ignoring the threat to his personal ambitions that may be a consequence, then change must and will take place. A steadily increasing number of the nation's most idealistic and intelligent young college graduates are going into public-school teaching, and these young people will profoundly change the public-school system despite every effort of the established school bureaucracy to prevent change. They will overpower the school authorities from within, because, being a necessary part of the system, they cannot be prevented from doing so. If the young teachers are willing to accept the consequences of their resistance, they will not be merely voicing opinions—they will have put their opinions into their working lives.

There are many such "inside" transformations in progress today. The largest and most conservative law firms are being forced to devote a portion of their time to kinds of "public-interest" work they never before would have considered. The explanation is that young lawyers recruited out of law school do not merely ask for this change but actually refuse to work for firms that will not spend time on public-interest matters. The same thing has happened in some advertising agencies. University administrators are sharing power with students, because the students, as a necessary part of the institution, insist on it. Architecture and medicine have been hit by similar changes. Even the Army is reported to be changing, as dissent and challenges to authority are expressed with increasing frequency and force in the ranks. As a new group of younger workers enter industry, the same thing that has happened to universities will reach the production line, despite the combined efforts of management and union leadership; according to a recent article in *Fortune*, this is already happening.

A mere shift of public taste or public opinion changes little or nothing; it is too shallow. It does no good to "want safety" but go on buying unsafe cars, or to "oppose pollution" but continue pouring detergents into the water supply. But when opinion is translated into a change of one's own life, then things start to happen. People who refuse to buy can command the economy, just as people who refuse to work can command an organization from the in-

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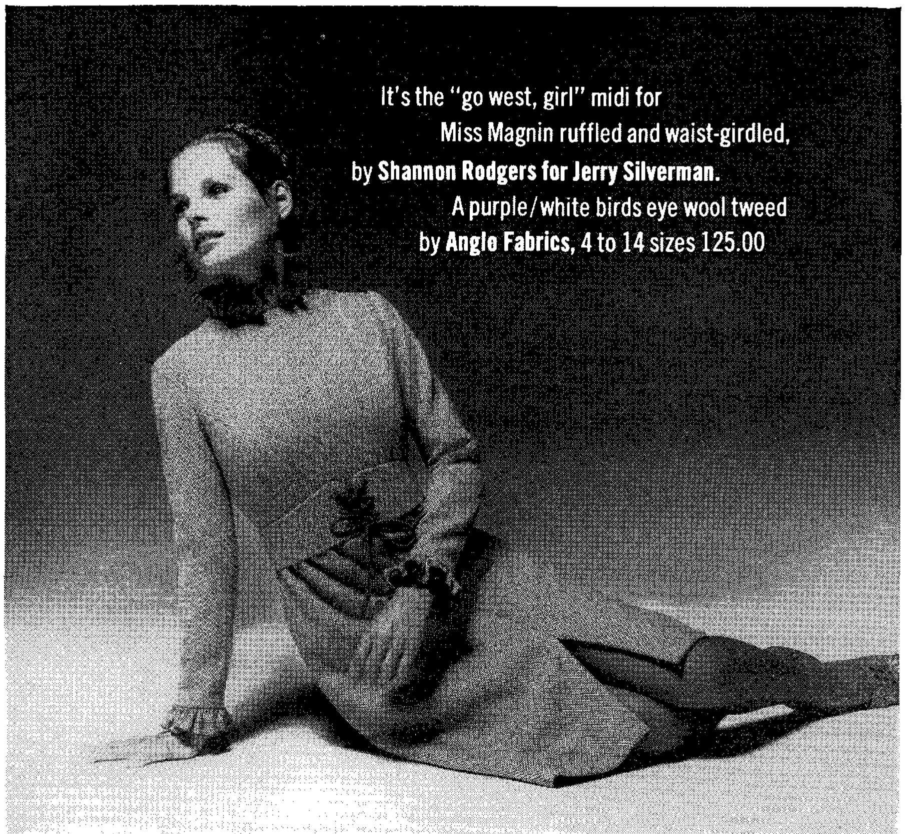

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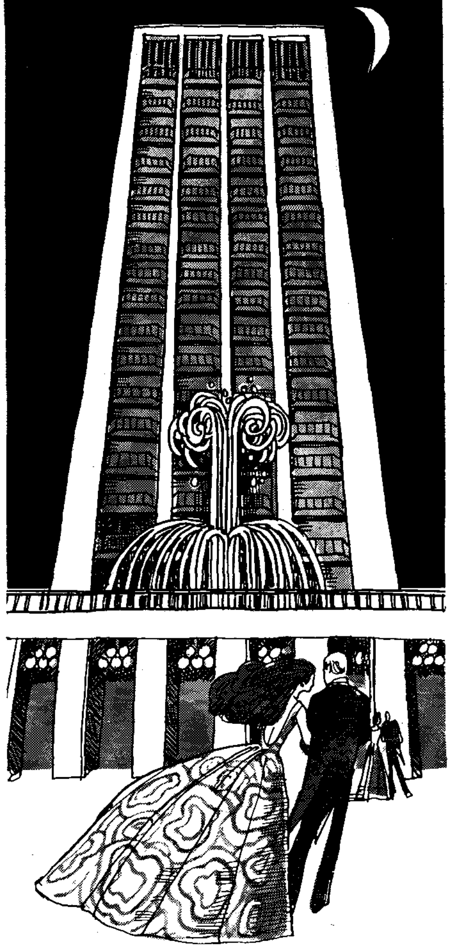

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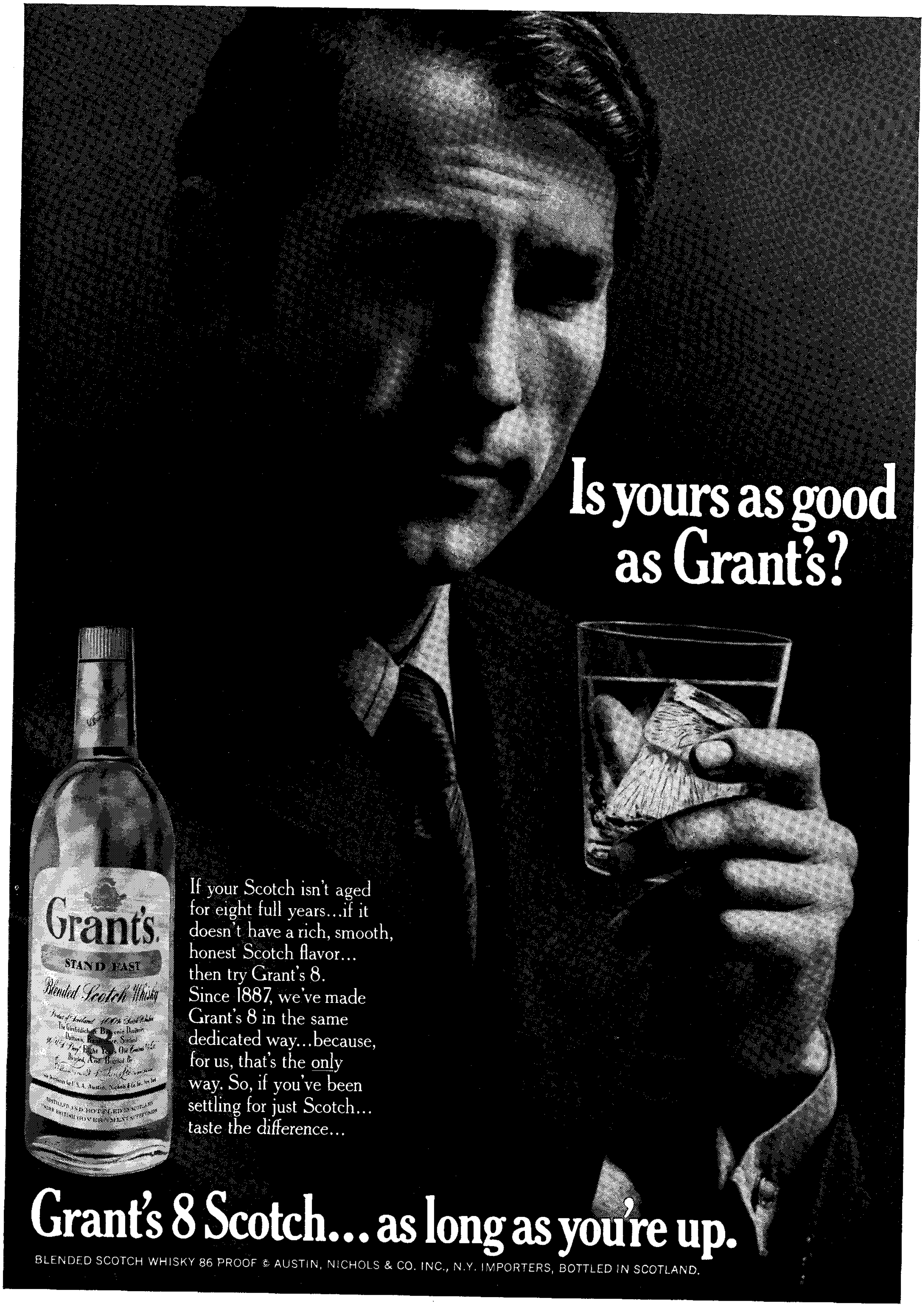
side. So the way each individual actually lives is political in the most decisive sense of that word. It is action in one's own life that counts. When enough people have decided to live differently, the political results will follow naturally and easily, and the old political forms will simply be swept away in the flood. Although we seem to be living in the worst of times, it is already possible to visualize the unfolding of a revolution. The new consciousness will spread, and whatever it gives life to—a university, a public school, a factory, a city, and finally the courts, the Congress, and the Presidency—will become responsive to human needs.

THIS theory of revolution by consciousness appears to run squarely contrary to the teachings of Marx. According to Marx, a capitalist society has a ruling class whose economic interests are consistent with maintenance of the status quo, so only class struggle can bring about social change. Certainly all the evidence available to Marx seemed to point that way. But in the late nineteen-sixties a situation developed that is not easy to explain by this theory. The members of the new generation who ardently desire social change are largely members of America's affluent ruling class. And the greatest opponents of social change, the lower-middle-class workers, are members of the exploited class. Through most, if not all, of the history with which Marx was familiar, economic situation and "interest" were perhaps largely identical. But in an affluent society, where everybody's economic interests are or can be satisfied, other interests may become dominant in the formation of consciousness—interests such as the artificial one of status or the non-economic one of personal fulfillment. Marx simply was limited by the evidence and the historical situation of his times. It is by no means inconsistent with Marxian theory to suggest that new interests would become dominant when, perhaps for the first time in history, economic interests ceased to be man's primary concern.

A member of the present American "ruling class" might find that purely economic interests dictated one consciousness within himself but that, increasingly, another consciousness was competing with it. The first might urge monetary ambition, but the second might seek an experience of community, perhaps in a way of life that paid little but made possible warmer human relationships. If the new consciousness began to prevail in this individual, that would mean that he would no longer have a dominant interest in opposing social change. Of course, "conversions" could have taken place in the nineteenth century, too (and a few did), but Marx might have discounted these as sentimental or intellectual aberrations. Today, there is a far more solid basis for a conversion to Consciousness III, even by a member of the ruling class. Even a millionaire would in actuality be better off if he exchanged the artificial world of material wealth for love, creativity, and liberation. The possibility of a change of consciousness is therefore not the subject for cynicism it may have been in 1848. To put it another way, we are all employees of the corporate state today, although in greatly varying degrees, and, what is more, we are all exploited employees, who sacrifice ourselves, our environment, and our community for the sake of irrational production. This is not to deny that today in America we have a privileged élite and an underprivileged and exploited many. Of course there are still people getting fat on the labor of others; of course there are still mansions and slums. But that is a different struggle from the one under consideration here. Though the continuing urgency of that older battle must be recognized, it must also be recognized that the economic class struggle has been transcended by the interest of everyone in recapturing his humanity; this is the meaning of the rejection of class and economic interest by the children of privilege, the new generation. In this sense, there is no class struggle, for today there is only one class. In Marx's terms, we are all the proletariat, and there is no longer any ruling class except the machine itself.

If this theory of change can survive the objections of Marxist doctrine, what about the danger of what the new generation calls coöptation—the blunting of radicalism by gradualist reform, the new culture's being taken over by the corporate state and used to pacify people, in the way that Herbert Marcuse described in "One-Dimensional Man"? It is quite true that the Establishment can take over the clothes, the music, and the drugs of Consciousness III; in this age of technology, the Establishment can even copy the hippies' leisure. And bell-bottoms fashioned by New York designers would not seem to have much revolutionary potential. But the essence of Consciousness III is not in the shape of its pants; rather, it is in its liberation, its change of goals, its search for self,



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its doctrines of honesty and responsibility. The Establishment cannot safely swallow those. And as for coöptation, the new generation shows us the answer: If buying off were really the danger it is supposed to be, surely no one would have been as effectively bought off as the pampered young people of today; they have far more of everything than the middle-class worker. It is precisely those in our society who have everything it has to offer who appear most able to renounce our society. The new generation cannot be pacified or bought off, because it rejects false consciousness and false satisfactions, and the corporate state is incapable of producing anything that will satisfy real needs. When the society does begin to satisfy real needs, that will not be pacification—it will be revolution.

What of the possibility, feared by so many liberal members of the older generation, that the students' revolt will produce not the changes they want but an authoritarian swing to the right, accompanied by the repression of everyone's freedom? It would be foolish to deny the reality of this danger, for evidence of it can be found in every day's newspaper. The question is whether repression can stop the trend toward a new consciousness. Repression certainly does work—up to a point—against a revolt by the disadvantaged aimed at those holding power. But repression against the very different type of change now becoming visible in our society would have to be by one age group against another. Can parents be expected to turn against their own children? We are beginning to get quite contrary evidence—that children sometimes radicalize their parents, and that when parents, however conservative, find that their children are in trouble with school or public authorities, or have been beaten by the police, blood turns out to be thicker than ideology. Beyond this, it should not be forgotten that we are a country in which more than half the population is under twenty-five. Most power is in the hands of people over twenty-five, but how long can those who now hold it retain it?

Certainly Americans must expect ugly and violent times ahead, with more incidents like the killings at Kent State, with further repressive legislation, and with recurrent helicopter or shotgun attacks upon our own population. An increase in all these forms of conflict and violence seems only too likely, involving more and more of the population, causing increasing disruption of life, restriction of freedom, injuries, and deaths. However, since it is

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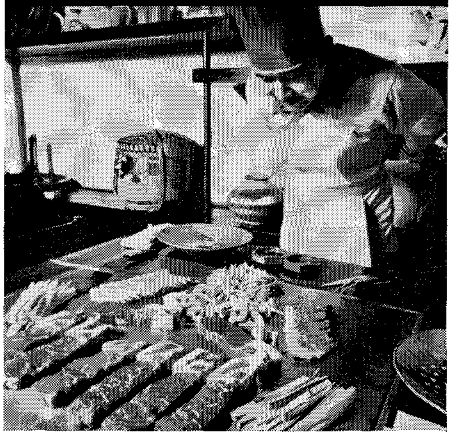

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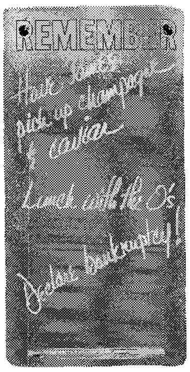

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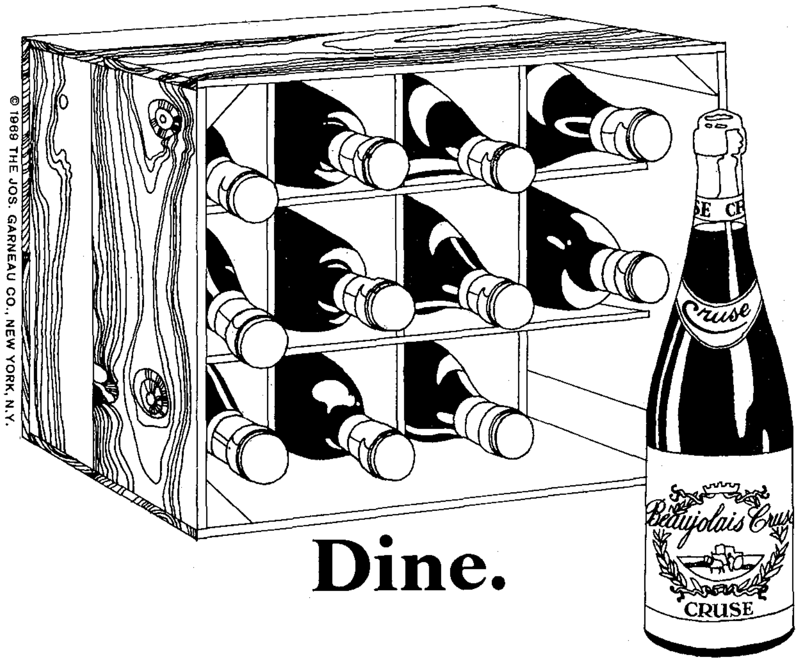
not public confrontations but more subtle changes in the attitudes of the people that constitute the most truly revolutionary force in our society, it is difficult to see how repression can succeed. The whole corporate state rests on the consciousness of its workers and consumers, and the corporate state, as we have seen, is working at maximum efficiency to produce the new, revolutionary consciousness that will destroy it.

The people of the revolutionary movement may grow tired, frightened, or discouraged, but time and the force of the machine are on their side. And for those who adopt the new values there is a great discovery waiting—the discovery that there really are no enemies. Nobody wants or needs poverty, inadequate housing and medical care, or war. There are no people who do not, in the depths of their being, want the same things that Consciousness III wants. There is no need, then, for any group of people in America to fight any other, for they are all fellow-sufferers—businessmen, policemen, construction workers. There is no need even to fight the machine, for technology can be made the servant of man when Consciousness III creates a new society.

MOST views of the contemporary revolution are inadequate. Liberals see it as another stage of reform, a rearranging of priorities, a restoration of law to areas where it has been lacking, a reëstablishment of the Bill of Rights. For blacks and the poor, it is a revolution to establish a more egalitarian society, in which no one culture is allowed to dominate others. For the radicals of S.D.S., it is a revolt against capitalism, imperialism, and the ruling classes. But none of these views have grasped the incredible vastness of the revolution. Just thinking of all that is now challenged—the form of our institutions, the nature of education, the course of man's dealing with his environment, the nature of work, the relationship of self to society and to technology, the quality and content of life—makes it evident that the present revolution goes beyond anything in modern history. Beside it, the French Revolution and Russian Revolution were mere shifts in the base of power.

In pre-industrial times, man's life was integrated with his community and with nature. Communal life was governed by tribal authority and by tradition. Existence was harsh, dull, limited, and virtually static from generation to generation. Each man felt that God dwelt in him, in growing things, and

Don't Eat.



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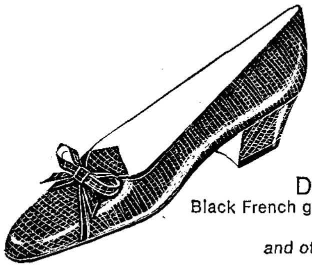
in the sky. The religion and ethics of the times expressed the realities that man knew. The industrial age represented man's enormously successful attempt to raise the level of his existence by dominating life through reason and science. Humanity drove itself to ever higher achievements by isolating each individual and forcing him into competitive struggle. Work and culture were uprooted from the communal setting and required to serve the industrial machine. Life was regulated by a political system designed to control man's war against his fellow-man. Economic power was heavily concentrated, although Marx and others began a movement toward equality and social ownership of the means of production. Religion, divorced from the realities of life, offered an ethical system devised to minimize the harm of the competitive and functional basis of existence without actually challenging that basis. Man harnessed himself to the machine.

Beyond the industrial era lies a new age of man: the end of man's subordination to the machine and the beginning of the subjection of the machine to man—the use of technology to create a still higher level of life, based upon values that transcend the machine. The politics of controlling man become unimportant; the politics of controlling machines and organizations become the new concern of government. Economic equality and social ownership of the means of production are assumed, but they are now only a means to an end. Man's religion and ethics will once again express a genuine community representing a balanced moral and aesthetic order.

We can begin to see the real significance of Consciousness III if we compare it with Consciousness I and Consciousness II. I and II resemble each other more than they differ. Both represent the underlying form of consciousness appropriate to the age of industrial development and the market economy, which began in the eighteenth century. Both subordinate man's nature to his role in the economic system—Consciousness I on the basis of economic individualism, Consciousness II on the basis of participation in organization. Both approve the domination of environment by technology. Both subordinate man to the state. Both see man as basically antagonistic to his fellow-man, and neither has any theory of a human community except in terms of consent to law, government, and force. Both deny the individual's responsibility for the actions of society. Both define man's existence in material



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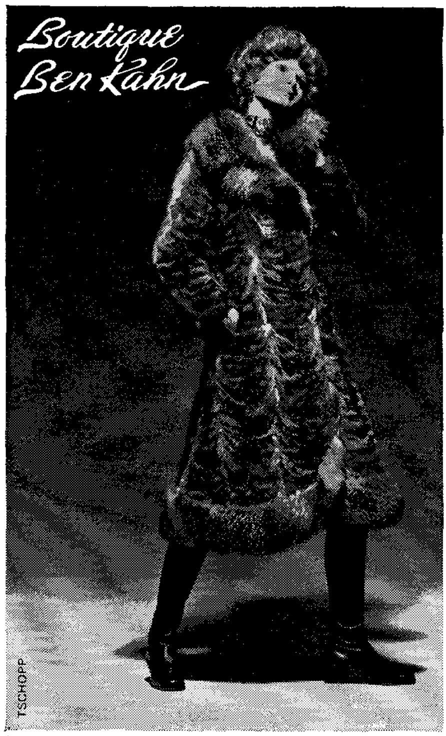

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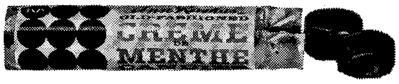

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terms, and define progress similarly. Both define thought in terms of the premises of science. II differs from I mainly in that II is adjusted to the realities of a larger scale of organization, including economic planning and a greater degree of political administration. Consciousness III is utterly different. In the first place, it seeks restoration of the non-material elements of man's existence, the elements like the natural environment and the spiritual that were passed by in the rush of material development. Second, it seeks to transcend science and technology, to restore them to their proper place as tools of man rather than as the determinants of man's existence. It is by no means anti-technological—it does not want to break machines. But it does not want machines to run men. It makes the wholly rational assertion that machines should do the bidding of man—of man who knows and respects his own nature and the natural order of which he is a part. Third, the new consciousness seeks new ways to live, in the light of what technology has made both possible and desirable. Since machines can produce enough food and shelter for all, why should not man end the antagonism derived from scarcity and base his society on love for his fellow-man? Since machines can take care of our material wants, why should not man develop the aesthetic and spiritual sides of his nature? Prophets and philosophers have proposed such a way of life in earlier times, but today's technology has made it possible. Consciousness III could have come into existence only under the circumstances of today's technology. And only Consciousness III can make possible the continued survival of man as a species in this age of technology.

What Consciousness III represents, in the long-range terms of human evolution, is the beginning of the development of new capacities in man—capacities essential to living in the present age. The historical, adaptive, organic nature of the change is felt by many people. In place of the childish immaturity of so many American adults, Consciousness III is developing a new independence and personal responsibility. It is seeking to replace the infantile and destructive self-seeking that we laud as "competition" by a new capacity for working and living together. It is creating a system of ethics—ecological and human—to control the amoral know-how of science. There have been many warnings that man must change himself or be annihilated by his own technology, but most of these warnings conclude by calling for a return to the moral simplicities of an earlier day. Consciousness III says that man cannot turn back—he must grow. In Consciousness III we can see not a superficial moralistic improvement but a growth of understanding, sensibility, and the capacity for love that, for the first time, offers hope that man will be able to control and turn to good uses the machines he has built.

By the standards of history, the transformation of America has already been swift. And the change to Consciousness III is not, as far as anybody knows, reversible. Once a person reaches Consciousness III, there is no returning to an earlier consciousness. The change of generations is not reversible, either. Every evidence suggests that boys and girls in high school, in junior high, and even in grade school are potentially more radical, more deeply committed to a new way of life, than their elders in college. By the standards of history, change is coming with astonishing speed to the rest of the population as well. The newspapers are full of it. More and more people are dissatisfied, are actively protesting something, are drawn into controversies with the state over, say, freeways or urban renewal or transportation or missile systems. More and more groups are resorting to militancy, experiencing repression, and becoming radical in their turn. But the breakdown of the corporate state and the growth of radicalism would still lead nowhere, would still justify only despair, if there were not a new vision. It is the power of the vision that can turn hope into reality.

The extraordinary thing about this new consciousness is that it has emerged from the machine-made environment of the corporate state, like flowers pushing up through a concrete pavement. For those who were almost convinced that it was necessary to accept ugliness and evil, that it was necessary to be a miser of dreams, it is an invitation to cry or to laugh. For those who thought the world was irretrievably encased in metal and plastic and sterile stone, it seems a veritable greening of America.

—CHARLES A. REICH

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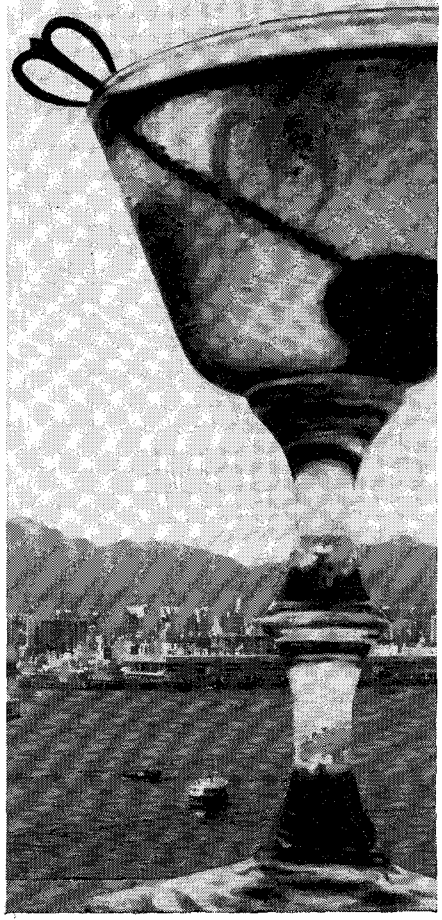


THE THEATRE

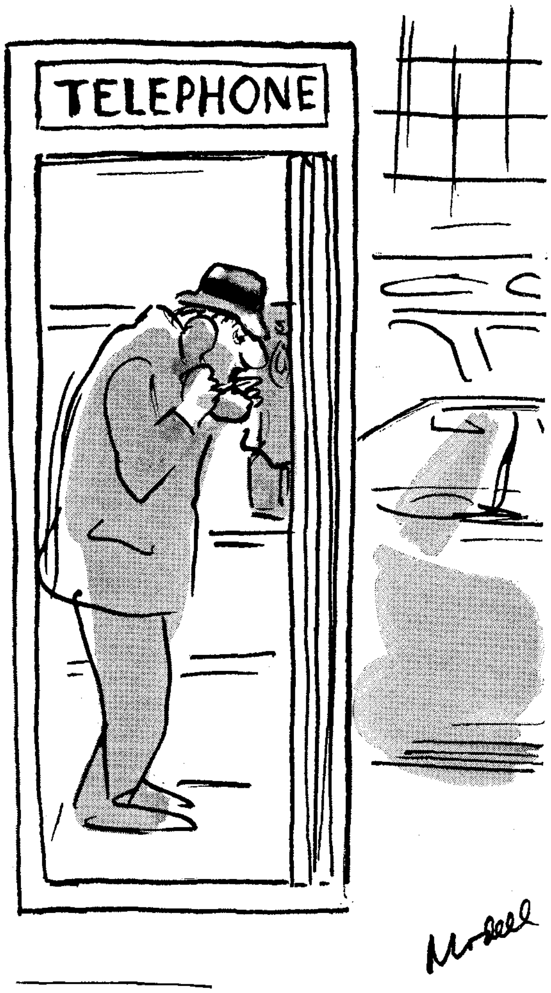
THE MILITARY MIND

DURING the summer, the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre enjoyed a considerable success with its "Othello" in Stratford, Connecticut, and it has now brought the play to the ANTA Theatre for an engagement that unfortunately ends on Saturday. It is an interesting production, thanks partly to the eccentric way that Moses Gunn plays the title role, and in guarded homage I risk borrowing a nicety of discrimination from the premier bully of English letters and asseverate that, like a certain far-off cranny of the Hebrides, it is not only worth seeing but worth going to see. When it comes to performances of Shakespeare, one bears in mind the Shavian dictum that the least ugly daughter is the family beauty; I must take care not to praise this workmanlike production too much simply as a reflex to all the terrible "Othello"s I have sat through in my time. The most preposterous of these was Walter Huston's. (It was obvious that that admirable actor could not believe, *even as an actor*, that he was being called on to pretend to be smothering a virtuous girl in her nightie in a bed onstage.) The most memorable was Paul Robeson's, and not alone because, like Mr. Gunn, he was a black playing a black—the Elizabethans equated Negroes and Moors: Othello is "thick-lips"—but also because of Robeson's incomparable presence. An athlete of superb carriage, tall and broad-shouldered, and handsome beyond the hope of any ordinary mortal, Robeson had a bass voice of exceptional power and resonance. When he uttered such lines as "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them" and "Put out the light, and then put out the light," the words not only entered one's ears but pierced one's being; they were literally thrilling. If there is nothing in the present production that thrills, there is nothing that altogether fails. We are marched securely and often pleasurably through those lofty, richly tapestried corridors of passionate speech, and with the help of the adroit staging by Michael Kahn and the energy and talent of Mr. Gunn and of Roberta Maxwell, his fiercely defensive Desdemona (for once, a Desdemona not resigned to her fate; she fights back splendidly), the pace never falters, from Iago's first insouciant villainy to his last.

Among many other things, "Othello" is a portrait of a successful soldier, and it is instructive to observe how little the nature of the military mind has changed over the centuries. Othello enjoys being the object of adulation of civilian aristocrats and office-holders; at the same time, he protests that he is uneasy in their presence. ("Rude am I in my speech, and little blest with the soft phrase of peace.") He boasts of enjoying hardship and, making few decisions himself, is eager to serve as the instrument of the decisions of others—in the case of Desdemona, it is she who urges him to propose. As an old Army man, he is not much discomfited at having his wedding night delayed while he goes off to fight the Turks, and when the Turkish fleet injudiciously permits itself to be drowned and Othello's chance at a second wedding night is interrupted by the drunken brawling of his soldiers, he is indignant but not surprised. Iago undertakes to make him jealous of Cassio, and Othello at once accommodates himself to suspicion; he is a man made nervous by ideas, by all that is undetectable inside people's minds, and what he insists upon is the visible and specific, however flimsy. "Give me the ocular proof. . . . Make me to see 't. . . . I'll have some proof." A handkerchief is the perfect emblem of his weakness. Even after Desdemona's death, he is too obtuse to judge the nature of his crime; he goes by the book: "I did proceed upon just grounds . . . An honorable murderer, if you will; for naught did I in hate, but all in honor." And the celebrated lines "Then must you speak of one who loved not wisely but too well" display the sensibility of a general invincibly unself-conscious, for in fact he has loved not well but ill, with, at almost every turn, the gross, sensual heartiness of a churl.

Now, the reason I call Mr. Gunn's playing of the role eccentric is that he has endowed Othello with an intermittent delicacy of apprehension that is not to be found in the text. From time to time, the great, grave man of action is replaced by a neurotic stranger, who croons his lines with a Calypso-like lilt and who waves his exquisite fingers aloft as if in eerie recollection of some snake-charming episode out of his Egyptian past. When Othello falls in a fit, we should be astonished; if we aren't, it is because Mr. Gunn appears to have come so close to having fits before. Still, there is enough good in Mr. Gunn's performance for me to find it easy to forgive him his aberrations. I also admire Miss Maxwell's Desdemona, Lee Richardson's Iago, Jan Miner's Emilia, and Peter Thompson's Cassio. The exceptionally handsome costumes are by Jane Greenwood, and the gloomy, all-purpose setting is by Karl Eigsti.

—BRENDAN GILL



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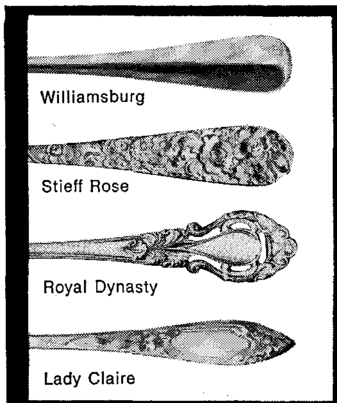

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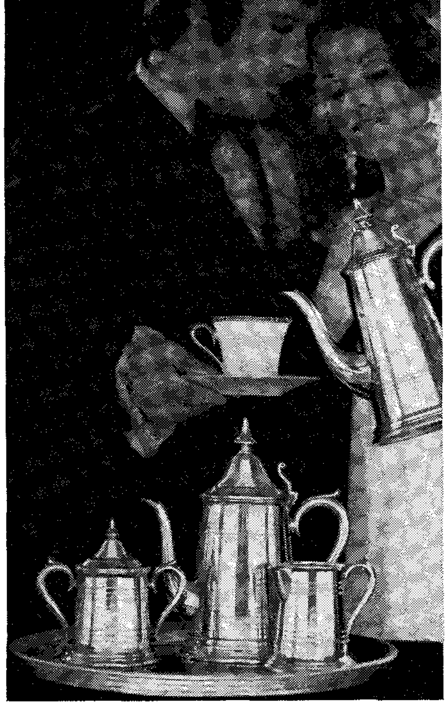

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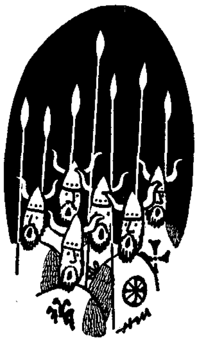
MUSICAL EVENTS

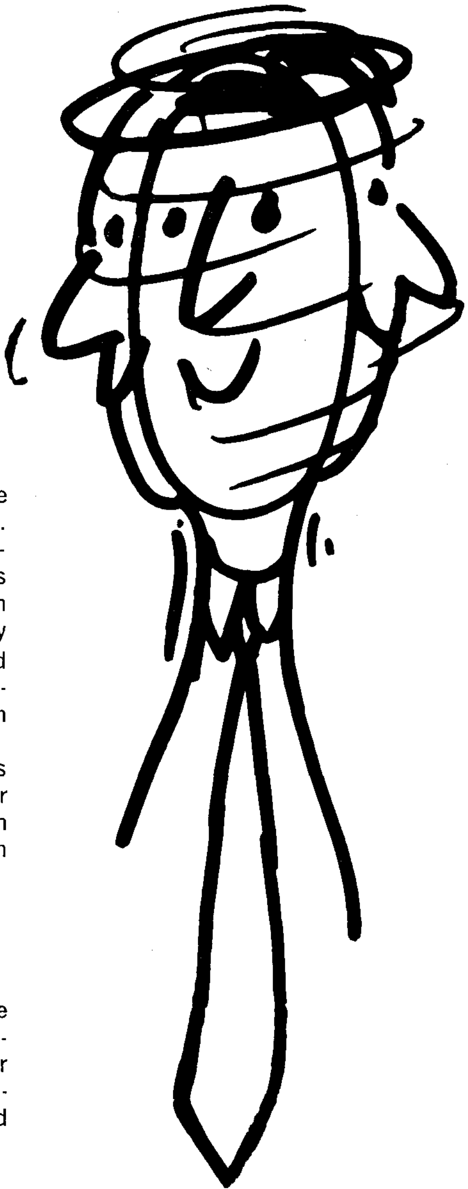
Ins and Outs

THE Metropolitan Opera House opened its season last Monday night amid fairly credible rumors that Mr. Bing's long-awaited retirement will be delayed another year, because, as yet, the board of directors has found no replacement for him. The opening was an unusually sedate and refined one, with none of the overdressing that accompanied last season's first night, and people seemed to be there to enjoy the opera, even if they had paid sixty dollars an orchestra seat to do so. The opera was Verdi's early "Ernani," and though its Victor Hugo plot is one of the silliest in the repertoire, the opera is nevertheless a wonderful showcase for magnificent singing, and magnificent singing was what it got. The dominant voice was that of Sherrill Milnes, as Don Carlo. Mr. Milnes is steadily setting new standards as a Verdi baritone—standards that are new at least since long before the Leonard Warren era. The strength and vibrancy of his voice are extraordinary, and the artistic use of it is beyond criticism. His monumental coronation scene brought down the house. But he was not the only superb singer present. Martina Arroyo, as Elvira, did her extremely difficult role with beautiful vocal quality, producing a well-placed trill toward the end of her initial first-act aria, and if her voice was just a bit weak in the lower notes of this aria ("Ernani, involami," it is called) this was not surprising. The aria has a fiendish range, and in the past only a few sopranos, some of them with freakish vocal production (Celestina Boninsegna comes to mind), have managed the whole thing with ease. There was a new bass for the role of Don Ruy Gomez Silva—a young Bolognese named Ruggero Raimondi—and he, too, sang with fine quality and style, making an impression that will entitle him to many a future role at the Met. He is not a deep bass, but he is one with plenty of velvet and a commanding stage presence. Carlo Bergonzi sang the role of Ernani in his usual cultivated style. Thomas Schippers conducted, sometimes with mannerisms of one sort or another, but he kept things going at an agreeably crisp pace.



WEDNESDAY night brought that old favorite "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with a cast that was generally good, if by no means up to the standard of that of "Ernani." Nicolai Gedda, whose voice lacks velvet, though he is an excellent musician and has excellent French enunciation as well as a handsome appearance, was the Hoffmann. Reri Grist made one of the cutest mechanical dolls to be seen in a long time, and sang her lines accurately. I wish that her role had not been plagued by Cyril Ritchard's incorrigible habit, as director, of milking laughs. *One* spontaneous self-winding-up of Olympia's machinery is funny; the second falls flat. Rosalind Elias was certainly acceptable as Giulietta, and so was Pilar Lorengar as Antonia. Frederica von Stade made a very good Nicklausse, though her femininity betrayed her masculine costume more than once. The quadruple roles of Coppélius, Dappertutto, Lindorf, and Dr. Miracle were done by Gabriel Bacquier, a splendid actor, and if his baritone voice is not the most beautiful in the world, it is at least a powerful one. Paul Franke and Clifford Harvuot (who were, incidentally, the only singers from past productions of "Hoffmann") performed expertly as Spalanzani and Schlemil. Paul Plishka was outstanding as Antonia's father, and Andrea Velis was effective in all four of his minor roles. A new conductor, Serge Baudo, didn't seem to arouse much tension. He proved to be what is usually described as a useful *routinier*.

ON Thursday night, that guaranteed product, the Joan Sutherland-Marilyn Horne "Norma," made its appearance. The singing in this production is so universally brilliant that I shall not attempt to find adjectives to describe it. Miss Sutherland was a bit cautious about her "Casta diva," and her Italian diction was as poor as ever, but she managed that most difficult of coloratura feats, the descending chromatic scale, admirably. Miss Horne has everything that a singer can have. There was a tenor new to me in the role of Pollione—Franco Tagliavini, a young man with a superb voice, a little unpolished, but one that, along with his height, slimness, and good looks, will, I suspect, make him the next generation's Corelli. Ezio Flagello's Oroveso was also new to me. I have yet to see this artist turn in anything less than



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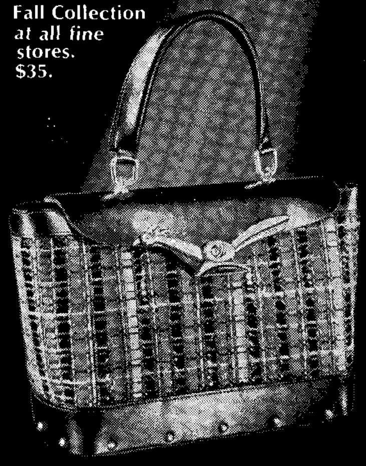

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an excellent portrayal, and his heavier, deeper voice made him more satisfactory than Cesare Siepi had been in the last previous performance of the work I had witnessed. Richard Bonynge, the conductor, seemed for the moment to have recovered from his usual flabbiness of control, and produced at least a fairly spirited first act.

THE following night's "La Traviata" was, however, a total disaster as far as Mr. Bonynge was concerned. His work in the orchestra pit was not only flabby but downright amateurish. Singers and orchestra were seldom together, fine artists like Robert Merrill were put off their stride, and nobody in the house knew when the next beat was to arrive. To add to this mess, we had a tenor, Giacomo Aragall, who has an unpleasant habit of singing nearly everything from a quarter to a half tone flat, even when the orchestra is accompanying him. And the quality of Mr. Aragall's voice is not appealing, either. It is totally lacking in any sensuous or expressive sound. Under these circumstances, it is remarkable that the Polish soprano Teresa Zylis-Gara managed to make any impression at all in the role of Violetta. Mr. Aragall was continually pulling her voice down from the true pitch, and Mr. Bonynge was continually throwing her off rhythmically. She is a pretty woman, and she has a lovely lyric soprano voice, but she was miscast as Violetta, because she has not the requisite accuracy of coloratura for the first act. The only saving feature of this perfectly miserable performance was the stalwart singing of Mr. Merrill as the elder Germont.

AS a matter of fact, I had heard a much better "La Traviata"—or part of one—across the plaza by the New York City Opera the previous night, when I played hooky from part of "Norma" in order to see what was going on at the State Theatre. The conducting at this performance, by Charles Wilson, was authoritative and considerate of the singers. The Violetta was Maralin Niska, who has all the requisite coloratura and is good-looking, too. The tenor who sang Alfredo was John Stewart, a tall, slender young man with an appealing manner and a splendid voice. The elder Germont was sung by Richard Fredricks, a ringing baritone who was, I thought, slightly fierce in his "Piangi, piangi" phrases in the second act, but who otherwise was as good as one could wish. The lesser characters were all well taken. The scenery of this

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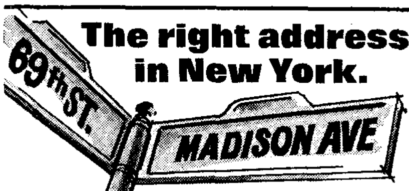

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production, though less expensive, is far more imaginative than the Metropolitan's, which Cecil Beaton seems to have designed in his sleep. And the direction, by Frank Corsaro, is everywhere lively and awake to the psychological subtleties of the moment. I have said that this was a "better" "La Traviata." That is an understatement. It was a fine "La Traviata," whereas the one at the Metropolitan on Friday night was inexcusable in any institution that regards itself as a major opera house. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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"Wanna Go Home, Baby?": *Sweeney Agonistes* as Drama of the Absurd. BY WILLIAM V. SPANOS................ *Abstract.* Shifting our critical perspective on *Sweeney* to encounter it temporally rather than spatially (New Critically), we discover an existential content embodied in an "Anti-Aristotelian" form remarkably similar to the drama of the absurd. Its thematic pattern is that which finds its paradigm in the myth of the Furies and its most articulate phenomenological description in Heidegger: the paradoxical flight from death and, ultimately, Nothingness (the *Erinyes*) that ends in the saving recognition that death is a benign agent (the *Eumenides*). The flight, characterized in existential philosophy as the self-deceptive "domestication" of death, is epitomized in the wastelanders' effort to transform Sweeney's tale of murder into a well-made detective story. But this impulse is thwarted by Sweeney's refusal to draw a distancing conclusion. This becomes Eliot's formal strategy. Like the Anti-Aristotelian absurdists, he "decomposes" the "time-shape" of his microcosm to prevent the audience from objectifying the dreadful contingency of the world of his play. Eliot's Anti-Aristotelianism, however, is ultimately different from that of the "humanistic" absurdists. Whereas the latter project an absolutely discontinuous "time-shape" grounded in a vision of a radically discontinuous universe, Eliot, who sees the macrocosm as a Nothingness that may be the obverse of Somethingness, projects a discontinuous (circular) "time-shape" that contains the possibility of linear direction. (WVS) —*Publications of the Modern Language Association.*

Yeah, we wanna go home.

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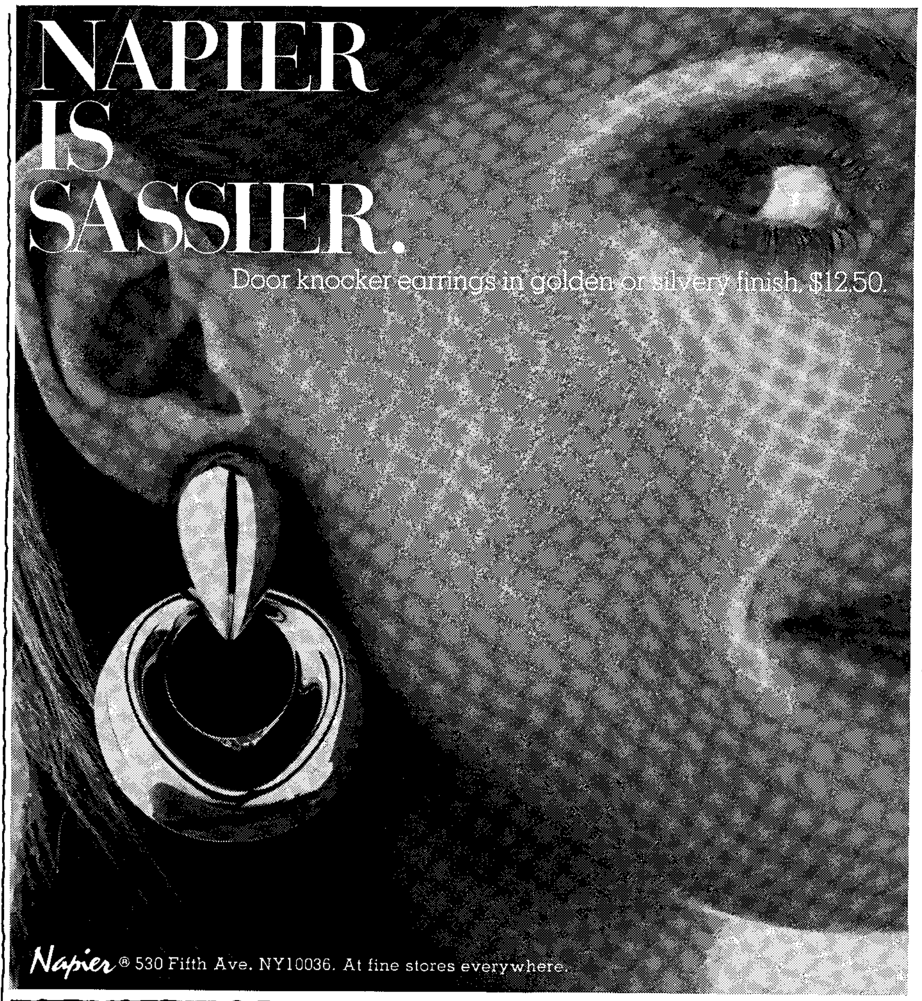
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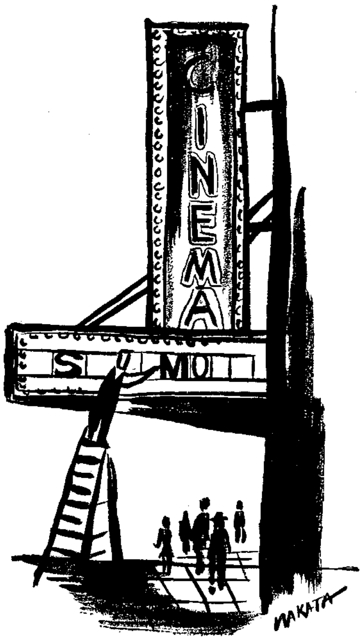
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Buster Keaton

“YOU don't go out of your way *not* to talk in a film,” Buster Keaton says to me, “but you only talk if it's necessary.” Two-minute pause. He is now sixty-eight, two years from his death in 1966. He is sitting in his rather poor ranch house in the San Fernando Valley—quite a drive from the stars' hangout in Beverly Hills. (Keaton—whose work is running now, in 1970, in a rare season at the Elgin Theatre—always talked about making films in the present tense, and you don't easily use any other yourself about him.) He is trying to explain to me, on the basis of what he started learning in vaudeville from his parents' act when he was rising three, the machinery of silent jokes. The pause goes on, and the beautiful profile looks out of the back window onto the plot of land where he has built his hens a henhouse that has the space of an aviary and the architecture of a New England schoolhouse. The great master of film comedy, who is one of the true masters of cinema, suddenly gets up and climbs onto a dresser and does a very neat fall, turning over onto his hands and pretending that he has a sore right thumb. He keeps it raised, and then stands stock-still and looks at it, acting. “Suppose I'm a carpenter's apprentice,” he says after a while. Chest out, manly look, like a Victorian boy with his hands in his pockets having his photograph taken. “Suppose the carpenter hits my thumb with his hammer. Suppose I think, God damn, and leap out the window. Well, I'm not going to *say* my thumb hurts, am I?” He sits down in his chair again and thinks. He is wearing a jersey with piratical insignia on the front, and the sort of jaunty trousers that people wore on smart yachts in the thirties. “The thing is not to be ridiculous. The one mistake the Marx Brothers ever make is that they're sometimes ridiculous. Sometimes *we're* in the middle of building a gag that turns out to be ridiculous. So, well, we have to think of something else. Sit it out. The cameras are our own, aren't they? We never hire our cameras. And we've got a start, and we've got a finish, because we don't begin on a film if we haven't, so all we've got to get now is the middle.”



He lays out a game of solitaire. The room has a pool table in it, and a lot of old photographs. On the table between us there is a card that a studio magnate left stuck in his dressing-table mirror one day soon after the talkies had come in, giving him the sack in three lines. “In the thirties, if there's a silence,” says Buster, “they say there's a dead spot.” Stills from his films come to mind: images of that noble gaze, austere and distinctive even when the head is up to the ears in water after a shipwreck, or when Buster is in mid-flight of some sort. Partly because of his vaudeville experience and partly because of his temperament, he obviously reserves great respect for those who retain a stoic attitude toward calamity and imminent death in the middle of being flung from one side of life to the other. He admires the character of a performing animal—a gorilla, as I remember, called Peter the Great—who expressed a Senecan-sounding serenity as he was being thrown around the stage of Buster's childhood.

Keaton's first film entrance was in “The Butcher Boy” (part of the Elgin Festival, which includes all ten of his full-length features and a lot of rare two-reelers). His character is clear at once. We are in a world of slapstick chaos, but he emits a sense of wary order. The scene is a village store. Everyone else moves around a lot, to put it mildly. When Keaton enters, the unmistakable calm asserts itself. He is wearing shabby overalls, and big shoes with a hole in one sole (which later turns out to be usefully open to some spilled molasses), and already the famous flat hat. He then goes quietly through a scene of almost aeronautic catastrophe and subsidence, the whole parabola photographed in one take. Only a child brought up in music-hall mayhem from toddling age could have done it. The shop—hung with posters promising “Fresh Sausages Made Every Month;” run by a Roscoe Arbuckle who puts on a fur coat to go into the freezer locker (Keaton never calls him Fatty; it is always Roscoe); and inhabited by a club of aloof card-players with Abe Lincoln faces clustered around a stove—turns into a whirlwind. Molasses sticks, and bodies fly, and flour powders the air. We are in a world of agile apprentices and flung custard pies and badly made brooms that Buster scathingly plucks by the individual bristle, like suspect poultry. And through it all there is the Keaton presence: the beautiful eyes, the nose running straight down from the forehead, the raised, speculative eyebrows, the profile that seems simplified into a line as classical as the line of a Picasso figure drawing. After a bit, Roscoe Arbuckle throws a sack of flour at him. Throughout his life, to many people, Buster has repeated his admiration of the force and address of that throw.

In spite of the peculiarly heroic austerity of his comic temperament, Keaton maintains firmly that he is a low comedian. This is a simple piece of old vaudeville nomenclature. “The moment you get into character clothes, you're a low comedian,” he says. There are also, among others, tramp comedians and black-face comedians—a category that was stylized for purely technical reasons but that drew some of Keaton's shorts into looking Uncle Tom-ish. “What you have to do is create a character. Then the character just does his best, and there's your comedy. No begging.” This is the difference between him and Chaplin, though he doesn't invite comparisons and talks a lot more eagerly about technical things. The system of vaudeville comedy that he works by is methodical, physically taxing, and professionally interpreted. “Once you've got your realistic character, you've classed yourself. Any time you put a man into a woman's outfit, you're out of the realism class and you're in ‘Charley's Aunt.’ ” There are one or two films of Keaton's, early in his career, in which someone wears drag; leaving aside modern unease about transvestism, the device goes against what Keaton can do.

Keaton's logical and vitally realist nature gradually got rid of the far-fetched, or what he amiably calls just “the ridiculous.” His whole comic character is too sobering for that, though infinitely and consolingly funny. Nothing much changes, it says. Things don't get easier. He will be courting a girl, for instance, and have to make way for a puppy, which the etiquette of the girl's demonstrativeness demands that she hug; the proposal that he meant to make to her goes dry in his mouth. He leaves with an air. Seasons pass, the puppy grows to frightful size, and he is still outwitted by her intervening love of pets. Finally, against every sort of odds, and only by great deftness, he manages to marry her, but the chance of kissing her is still obligatorily yielded to others—to the minister, to the in-laws, to the rival suitor, and to the now monstrous slobberer, which ends the picture by sitting between the wedding couple on a garden seat and licking the bride's face. All the same, whatever the mortification, Keaton is never a pathetic figure. His heroes stare out any plight. Perhaps because he has an instinctive dislike of crawling to an audience by exploiting any affliction in a character, including any capacity for being victimized, his figures never seem beaten men, and after a few experiments in his early work he never plays a simpleton. He has perfected, uniquely, a sort of comedy that is about heroes of native highbrow intelligence, just as he is almost the only man who has ever managed to establish qualities of delicate dignity in characters with money. Comedians don't generally play the highborn. The fortunate, debonair, tongue-tied central character of "The Navigator" is one of the rarer creations of comedy: rich, decorous, possessed of a chauffeur and of a fine car that makes a U turn across the street to his fiancée's house, infinitely capable of dealing with the exchange and mart of high-flown social marriage, jerking no heartstrings. Keaton's world is a world of swells and toffs as well as butcher boys, and mixed up in it are memories of his hardy past in vaudeville that give some of his films a mood of the surreal. In "The Playhouse," which he made after breaking his ankle on another picture, he plays not only nine musicians and seven orchestra members but also a music-hall aquatic star, an entire minstrel show, a dowager and her bedevilled husband, a pair of soft-shoe dancers, a stagehand, an Irish char, her awful child. We see the Keaton brat dropping a lollipop onto the Keaton *grande dame* in the box below; the dowager then abstractedly uses the lollipop as a lorgnette. He also plays a monkey who shins up the pros arch—something that must have been rough on the broken ankle. The film has a peculiar aura, not quite like anything else he made. It is dreamlike and touching,

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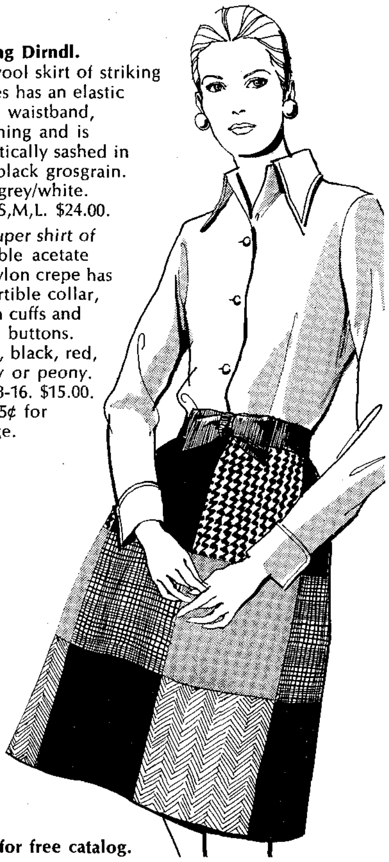

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with roots in a singular infancy that he takes for granted. Vaudeville is what he comes from, as powerfully as Shakespeare's Hal comes from boon nights spent with Falstaff. In "Go West," there is a music-hall set piece about a slightly ramshackle top hat that is kept brilliantly in the air with repeated gun shots. "It has to be an old hat," says Buster. "You couldn't use a new hat. Otherwise, you don't get your laugh. Audiences don't like to see things getting spoiled."

Keaton has a passion for props. Especially for stylish things like top hats, for sailing-boats and paddle steamers, and for all brainy machinery. He finds ships irresistible. A short called "The Boat" forecasts "The Navigator;" there is also "Steamboat Bill, Jr." Facing many calamities, Buster as a sailor works with a sad, composed gaze and a resourcefulness that never wilts. In "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," he leans on a life preserver that first jars his elbow by falling off the boat and then immediately sinks; Keaton's alert face, looking at it, is beautiful and without reproach. In "The Boat," where he is shipbuilding, though deflected a good many times by one or another of a set of unsmiling small sons, his wife dents the stern of his creation with an unbreakable bottle of Coke while she is launching it; Keaton helps by leaning over the side to smash the thing with a hammer, and then stands erect while the boat sinks under him in water that comes quickly up to his neck, leaving us to watch the august head turning round in contained and unresentful bafflement. In "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," his last independently produced film, he turns up, looking chipper, to join a long-lost father who runs a steamboat. The son will be recognizable by a white carnation, Buster has bravely said in a telegram, delivered four days late. He keeps authoritatively turning the carnation in his lapel toward people as if it were a police badge. No one is interested. His father eventually proves to be a big, benign bruiser, and not the man his son would have expected; nor is Buster the sort of man his father instantly warms to. He is much put off by the beautiful uniform of an admiral that Buster wears to help on the steamboat. It is not, maybe, fit for running a paddle steamer, but it is profoundly hopeful. It represents an apparently mistaken dapperness and an admission of instinctive class that turn out to be as correct in the end as the same out-of-place aristocratism is in "The Navigator," that poetic masterpiece of world cinema. There is nothing anywhere

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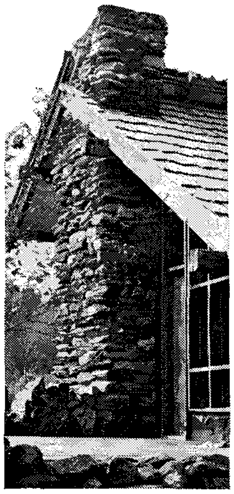

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quite to equal the comic, desperate beauty of the long-shots in "The Navigator" when Buster, the rich sap, is looking for his girl on the otherwise deserted liner that has gone adrift. The rows of cabin doors swing open and closed in turn, port and starboard in rhythm, on deck after deck; the debonair, tiny figure with the strict face and the passionate character runs round and round to find his dizzy girl, who is looking for him in her own quite sweet but less heartfelt way. The flower-faced fiancée played by Kathryn McGuire in "The Navigator" is a typical Keaton heroine. She is rather nice to him when he has got into his diving suit to free the rudder and has forgotten, with the helmet closed, that there is a lighted cigarette in his mouth. (This is a mistake that apparently happened while Keaton was shooting. "They've closed the suit on me," he says, coughing, the memory bringing on his present bronchitis, "and everyone just thinks I'm working up a gag.")

Keaton's characters are outsiders in the sense of spectators, not of nihilists or anarchists. He isn't at his best when he hates people (unlike W. C. Fields, for instance—whom he talks about with regard, doing a brotherly imitation of the voice of men who are martyrs to drinkers' catarrh). A short called "My Wife's Relations" has some of the Fields ingredients, but Keaton muffs the loathing. The picture has its moments, though. The wife is a virago with Irish relations who are devout but greedy; the only way to get a steak, Buster discovers, is to turn the calendar to a Friday. The blows that he manages to give her in bed when she thinks he is only thrashing in his sleep are pretty funny. So are the hordes of rapacious brides in "Seven Chances," rushing after him on roller skates and wearing improvised bridal veils to make a grab for him because he will inherit a mint if he marries by seven o'clock. But Keaton is really at his best when he is being rather courtly. He has great charm in a feature called "The Three Ages"—about love in the Stone Age, the Roman Age, and the Modern Age—when he stands around among primordial rocks in a fur singlet and huge fur bedroom slippers chivalrously helping enormous girls up boulders. In that Age, prospective in-laws assess the suitors by strenuous blows with clubs, and people ride around on mastodons that are clearly elephants decked out with rococo tusks by Keaton's happy prop men. In the Roman Age episodes, Wallace Beery

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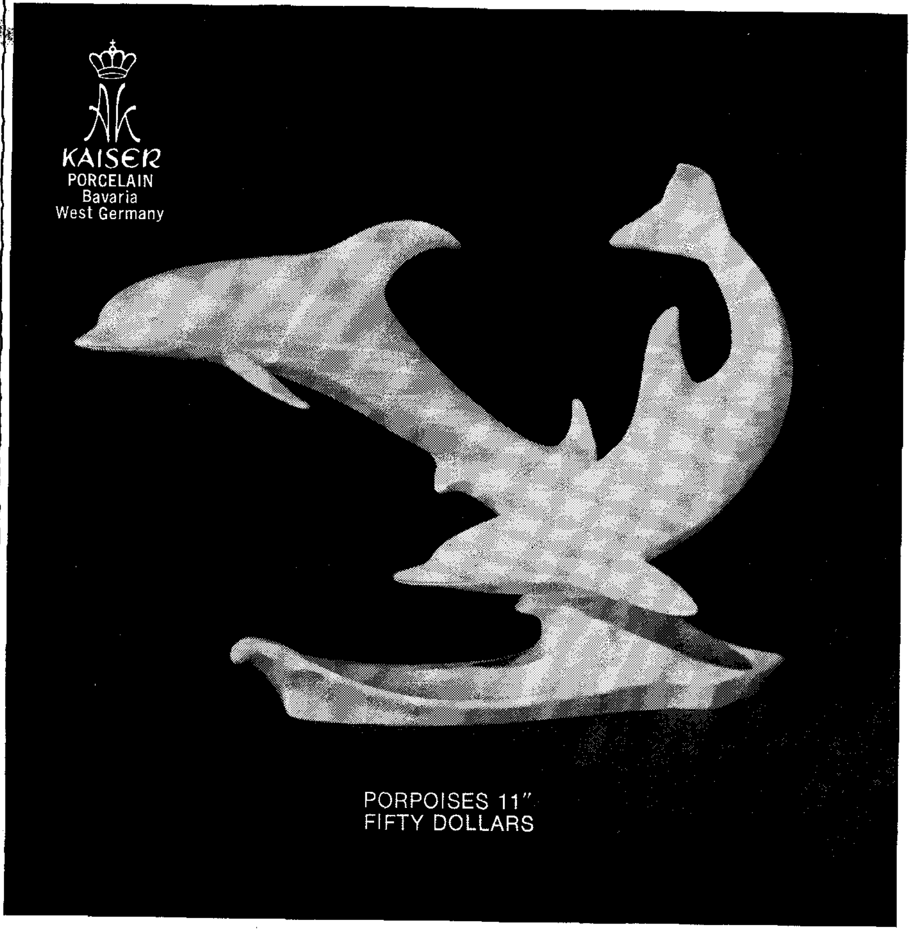

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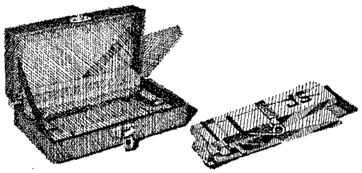

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as the Adventurer has a fine chariot, and Keaton has a sort of orange crate drawn by a hopeless collection of four indescribable animals. The Romans throw him into a lions' den, but he remembers only the pleasantest thing to remember about lions, which is that they behave well if you do something or other nice to their paws. He takes a paw, washes it, manicures it, and dries it. The interested beast responds affably. We switch back to the Stone Age. Keaton, looking more than usually small in the surroundings, is dealing courageously with the colossal opposite sex and hoping privately for more lyric times. He gets them for a moment in the Roman sequences: there is a wonderful shot of a girl's worshipping face as she thinks of Buster when she is in the middle of being pulled by the hair in some impossible Roman torment. But nothing vile in antiquity, Keaton implies by the sudden, pinching end of this revue-film, can equal the meagre-spiritedness of Los Angeles; the Stone Age and the Roman Age episodes both finish with shots of Buster and his bride surrounded by hordes of kids in baby fur tunics and baby togas, but the Modern Age episode finishes with the happy couple walking out of a Beverly Hills house followed by a very small, spoiled dog. Such minutes of tart melancholy are often there in Keaton. They go by fleetingly and without bitterness, like the sad flash in "The Scarecrow" when a girl takes it that his kneeling to do up a shoelace means that he is proposing. His beloveds sometimes have overwhelming mothers; one battle-axe, in "The Three Ages," causes a pang when she makes him produce his bank balance, which is in a passbook labelled "Last National Bank" and obviously not up to scratch. One thinks, inevitably, of the hard time that Keaton was to have with his ambitious actress wife, Natalie Talmadge, which left him flat broke when the talkies came in. The Keaton hero, with the scale he is built on, and with his fastidious sense of humor, is obviously the born physical enemy of all awesome women. The girls he loves are shy and funny, with faces that they raise to him like wineglasses. But his idyllic scenes are very unsentimental. There is a nice moment when his loved one in "The Navigator" says to him, in reply to a proposal of marriage, "Certainly not!" Chaplin was once said to have given comedy its soul; if so, it was Keaton who gave it its spine and spirit.

"They have too many people working on pictures now, you know," says the aging, unsoured man whom the

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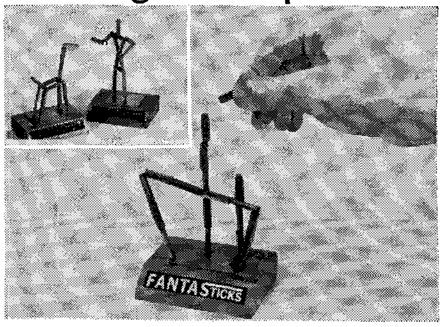

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talkies threw on the dustheap although he could probably have gone on making great films in any new circumstance, and on a minute budget, and editing in a cupboard. "We had a head electrician, a head carpenter, and a head blacksmith." The blacksmith seems to have been crucial. There was a lot of welding to do. Keaton himself did his stunt work, magically and beautifully. Who else? He could loop through the air like a lasso. When he is playing the cox in "College" and the rudder falls off the boat, it is entirely in character that he should dip himself into the water and use his own body as the rudder. The end of "Seven Chances" is an amazing piece of stunt invention, inspired by cascades of falling boulders, that would have killed Keaton if he hadn't been an acrobat. Most of his stunt stuff isn't the sort of thing that can be retaken, and Keaton doesn't care much for inserts. "I like long takes, in long-shot," he says. "Closeups hurt comedy. Cinemascope hurts comedy. I like to work full figure. All comedians want their feet in."

He has just been asked to the première of "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," which he has a part in after spending decades doing nothing much but commercials. "Mad World" is in the mode of wide screens with a vengeance. Buster has seen the picture. It can't be much to his taste, but he doesn't say so. He likes working; even making commercials doesn't strike him as such a cruel outcome to a life. He wants to go to the première. He looks vigilant and spry.

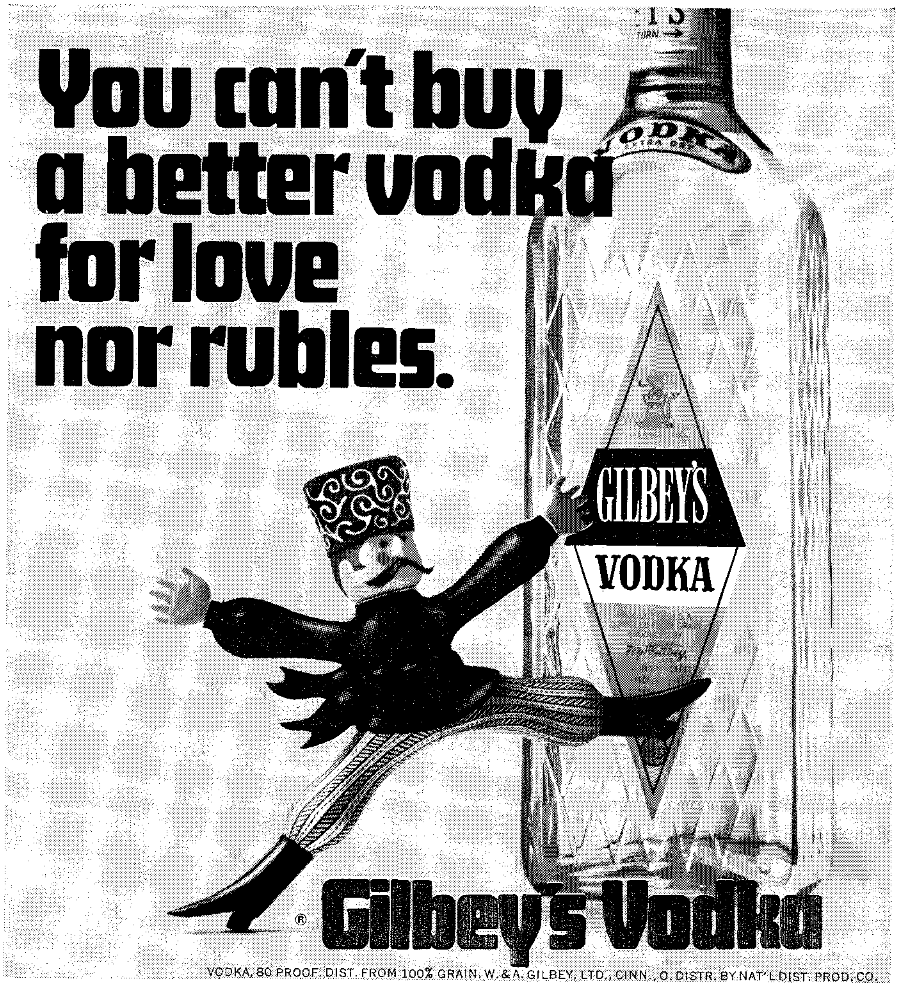
The wife of his last years thinks he shouldn't go to the première, because he might get a coughing fit and have to leave.

"We have aisle seats," he says.

"You're not well," she says.

"I can take my cough mixture," he says. "I can take a small container. I can get ready to move in a hurry."

LUIS BUÑUEL'S "Tristana," shown at the New York Film Festival and now at the Lincoln Art, is one of the most Spanish of all his pictures, and the work of a master at the easy height of his powers. It is about possessiveness. Catherine Deneuve, whose chill beauty serves the story—even the dubbing of her voice into Spanish somehow adds to the sense of the unearthly crypt that the character seems to inhabit—is the ward of a fierce, roguish dandy called Don Lope (Fernando Rey). "I want you to love me as if I were your father," he says, not telling her the whole truth. After her mother's death, he shuns her



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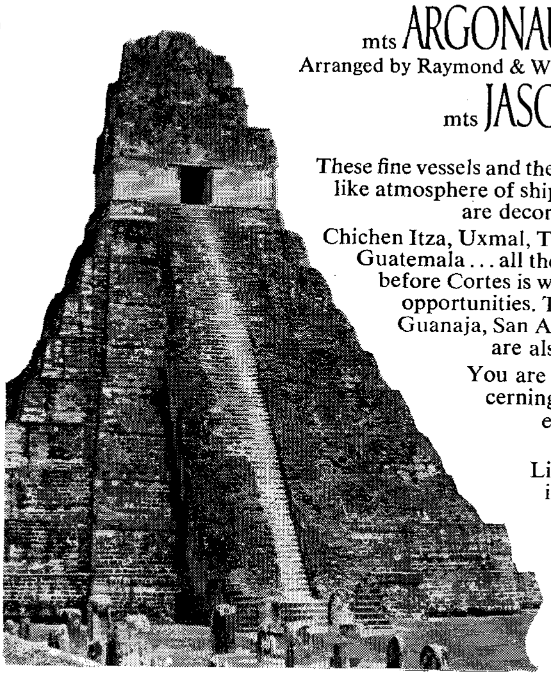

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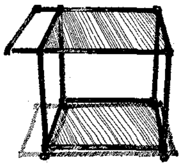

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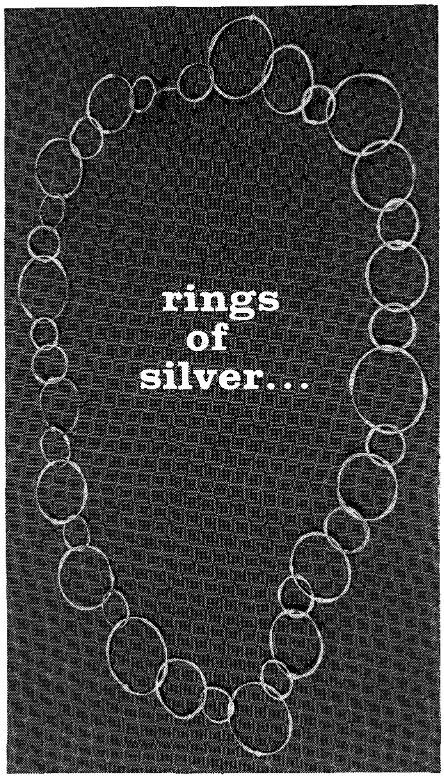

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and a maid called Saturna into his own house. "I can't afford two households," he says tersely when the maid tries to save a saucepan that she likes from the selling-up process. He keeps Tristana indoors as much as possible, for his own dank reasons. The girl, true to her name, mourns exquisitely, while the bearded grandee pontificates about libertarianism over coffee to the men of the town. Tristana's sadness and silence exasperate him. "Mourning is a savage custom, like painting your face, or tattooing your body," says this man who is proving himself no mean expert in the savagery of incarceration. The girl begins to slip out sometimes and wander around the town, desperate to forget the night when he seduced her. She has a recurring dream through the film in which she sees Don Lope's amputated head as the clapper of a bell.

Only Buñuel could have made this picture. It is the Buñuel of the great surreal films, the Buñuel who also has the richest sense of physical actuality and dress and furniture and gesture, the anti-clericalist whose atheism is aching enough to make him one of the very few film directors who can be blasphemous. There is a horrifying kiss in a church; a loveless church wedding that seems, in context, heretical; a café diatribe about sin by the oddly unlenient sinner, who holds grimly that the wife of a friend and "the flower that blooms in innocence" are his only two exceptions to his belief that earthly sexual proscriptions were tagged on to the divine ones for political reasons, though he then goes on to fantasize in his head about his flower at home, blooming in his prison. As the brilliant film proceeds, Buñuel's casuist gradually loses the weight in the balance. The captor becomes the prisoner. Tristana has to have a leg amputated, and Don Lope's fascination with her grows emotionally more helpless as she grows more physically repelled by herself. She loses her taste even for her allies—an artist played by Franco Nero, and the deaf-mute son of Saturna—and retreats into the damp, cold cellar of her soul, which seems a very empty place. By the end of the film, it is Don Lope who is ill and she who double-deals, pretending to call a doctor for him with her finger pressed firmly down on the telephone rest. It seems as if he will die. Going back into his room, Tristana opens the window to the icy night air.

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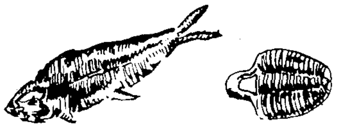

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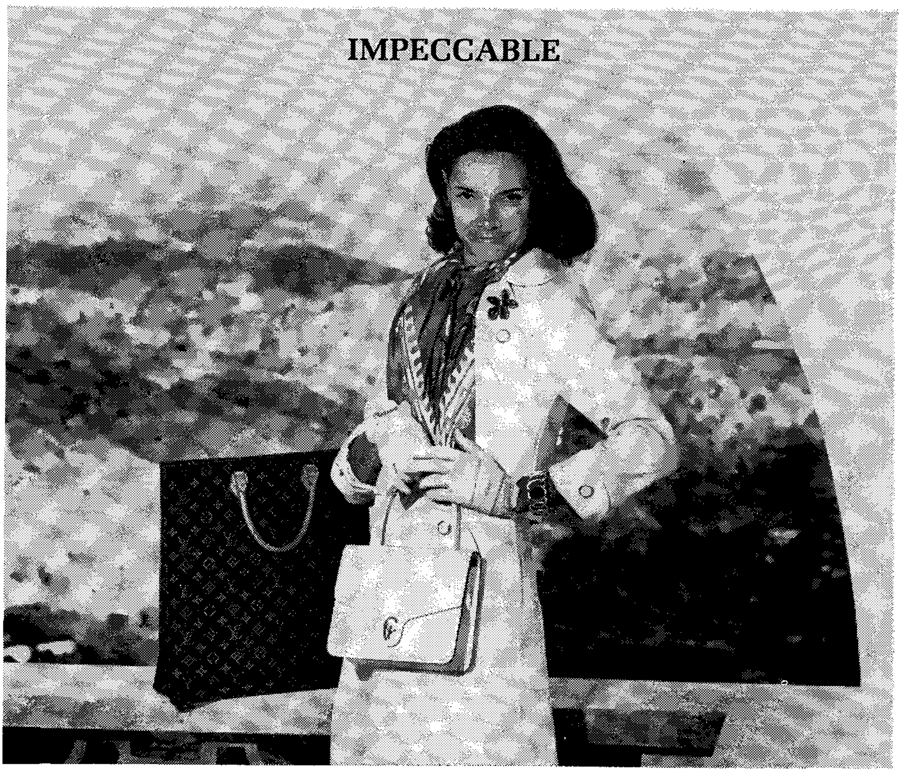
ages. Nothing has really changed much since Orwell, it says. Not the class system, not the situation and the feeling of being working class, not the patronizing tone of help from above, not the look of a factory town, not the fish-and-chips, not the us-and-them division, not the rule of don't-join-'em, not the skinny, tough-spirited, furious fighters whom this England breeds. The story, from a book by Barry Hines, is about an intransigent lad in Yorkshire who lives his life in the teeth of everyone. His mum, kinder than the habits of Yorkshire roughness allow her to look, is a layabout who leaves him a florin on the mantelpiece for some ginger pop and potato crisps when she flits off for an evening. The boy is marvellously played by David Bradley. His name is Billy. He is a small, shivery lad, half the size of the others in his form at school, and made of steel. He has the pinched white face that hasn't disappeared with the Welfare State at all—the bony English face that Cruikshank drew. He is all of fifteen, and is about to go out to work. He hates every minute of school. The masters are overbred wits starved for a salon audience instead of the hostile louts, and the football coach is a low-down bully with fantasies that he is a great athlete; the cane stings, and the future is nil. "Office work or manual work?" asks the youth-employment officer. "What's manual work?" asks Billy angrily. The employment officer, a pious arm of England, can't deal at all with the bile or the loneliness of Billy's attitude that school and work are equally hateful but that he might as well be paid for doing what he hates. Ingrate, authority implies all the way through the film; thank you for what, mutters Billy, when everything that's any good I'm doing on my own. His grown-up brother gets sloshed out of his skull, and Billy detests him for it ("Pig, sow, you drunken bastard, hog"—pulling off his brother's socks and lumping him into the single bed that they share). He catches hell at school for having no football kit. "My mum says it's a waste of money now I'm leaving," he says after his usual obdurate wait. The football coach's patter goes as fast as music hall. Some of it is horribly funny: the pace, the stolid vanity. "Any boy wishing to be excused physical education or showers must *at the time* produce a *sealed letter*." Billy was trying to get out of taking the freezing showers on the plea that his mum said he had a cold and shouldn't, but the hell with it. A life elsewhere. What life? He has grown privately fascinated by kestrels. The



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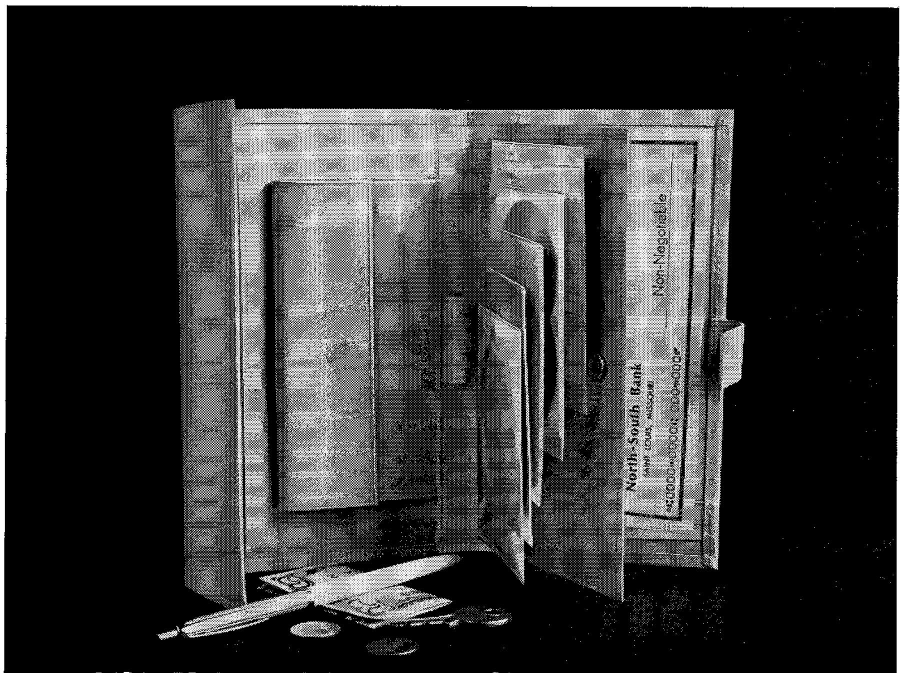

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public library refuses him a textbook on falconry (bureaucratic gobbledygook, dealt out with believable kindness by the woman librarian; all the small parts in the film are precisely right), so he steals one from a bookshop. He trains a kestrel, feeding it carefully on beef and mice and on other birds. "He never knocks around with anybody else. He's crackers about it," says a schoolmate.

The film is very moving, because of what it notices about people's behavior as well as because of the boy's passion for the kestrel. The only mistake, perhaps, is the melodramatic plottiness of the last incident (Billy's brother wantonly kills the bird and throws it in the dustbin); there's no need for it. In the best scene, Billy is in class with a master who is trying to persuade him to talk from the blackboard about anything that interests him. The boy's mouth is like a trap. He has always got through best, up to now, by pretending not to know a thing. It takes a while for his narrative about training the kestrel to come out. The acting here is rather extraordinary, and so is the writing. Later on, in this town of lace curtains and caged budgerigars and a young generation going down the hated coal pit because they haven't Billy's bitter manhood about saying no, someone asks him if the kestrel is tame. "Is it, heck," he spits. "*Tame!* It's not a pet. It's not bothered about anybody. They can keep their talking budgies."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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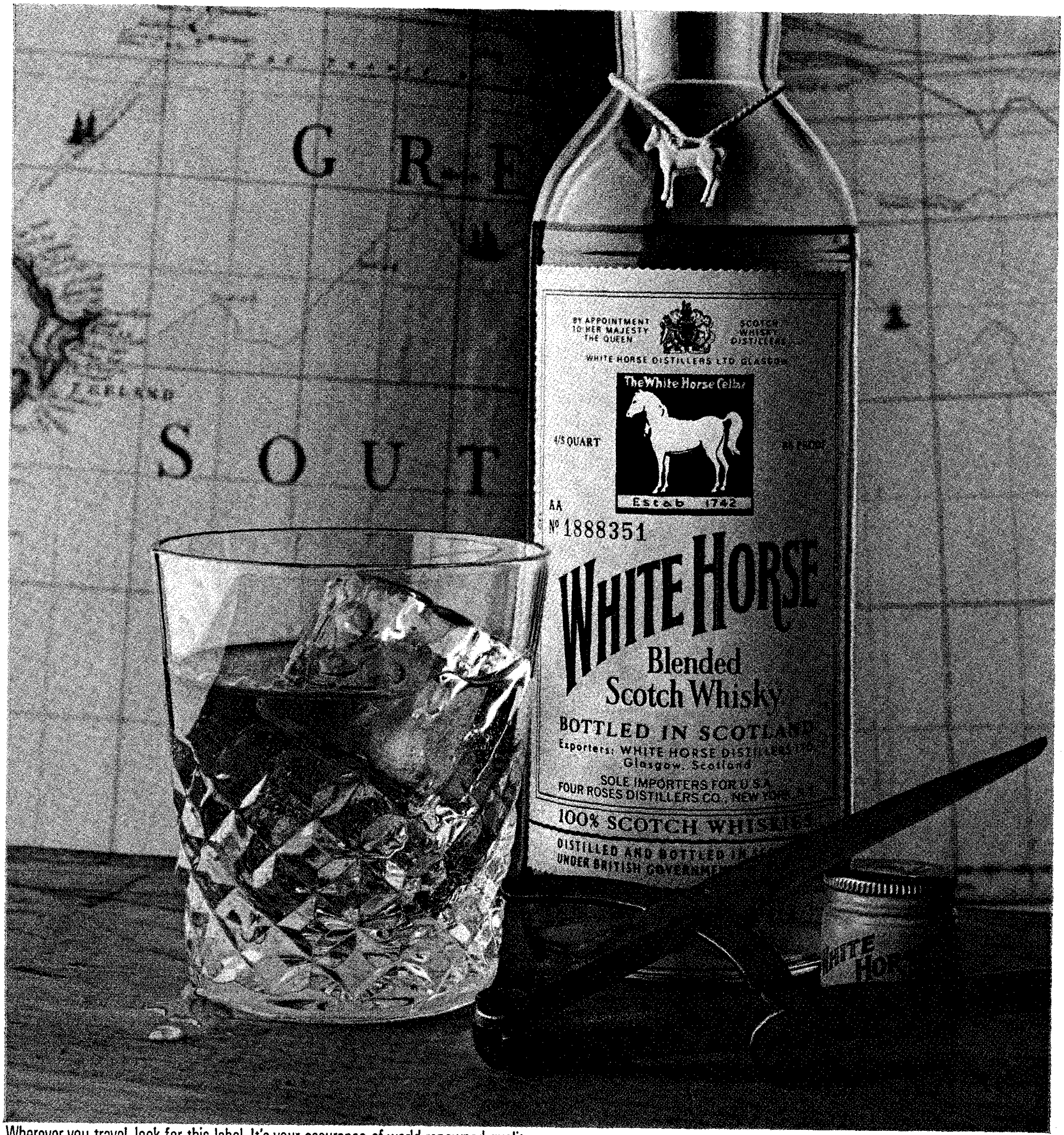
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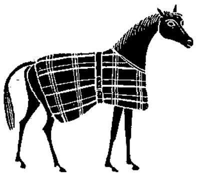
THE RACE TRACK

One More Futurity

THE Futurity, once our blue-ribbon event for two-year-olds, had its eighty-first running last Saturday afternoon at Belmont Park. True to its traditions, the race was a thriller. Almost from the break, Salem and Frozen Delight went head and head for nearly six furlongs. Then Frozen Delight began to shorten stride, and Salem drew away, going under the wire three lengths ahead of Limit to Reason, who had come up fast in the last fifty yards to take second place. Although it was a good show, it wasn't up to the Futurities one remembers: Man o' War's; Mother Goose leading twenty-eight runners down the old straight course; Jamestown beating Equipoise and Mate; Kerry Patch rolling home at 100–1 or some such odds. Other winners include Citation, Tom Fool, Native Dancer, Nashua—the list is a long one. And the horses involved were all, or nearly all, stakes winners—big, sleek individuals with coats that shone like burnished metal, all well bred, well trained, and well ridden.



Ah, me. Three of the thirteen who ran last weekend had never won a race, not one of the ten others had won more than two, and the only stakes winner of the lot was Raise Your Glass—and his was a dead heat with Tamtent in the Tremont at Aqueduct in June. So he was the favorite. He finished ninth. As they walked in the paddock, two colts caught my eye—Fair Test, a smooth bay, and Salem, also bay, and neat and strong, who reminded me of his sire, Cyane, winner of the Futurity nine years ago. Salem was the only one to go to the post without a lead pony, which speaks well for his training. Expertly handled by Rotz, who is having his biggest year in the saddle, Salem was quickest out of the gate, and stepped the first quarter in 0:22⅕, the half mile in 0:45⅗, six furlongs in 1:10⅕, and the six and a half furlongs in 1:16⅘. Salem was bred and is owned by the Christiana Stable of Mrs. Harry Lunger, a member of the du Pont clan; his dam was Witching Hour, by Thinking Cap. Prior to the Futurity, he had started four times and won twice—the last time a smart six furlongs in 1:10⅘, which wound him up for Saturday. His share of the purse was $99,333, and his owners also picked up a nominator's award of $4,000 and a gold medallion. Not hard to take, even for a du Pont.

LAST spring, when Deceit was winning her first six starts as easy as breaking sticks, I thought she was the best two-year-old filly. She has had several bad breaks in racing luck, but she's back in her best form again, to judge by the way she led eleven of her age and sex home in the Astarita at Belmont last week. She should go well in the Matron Stakes there this weekend.

I FANCY that Elliott Burch believes in the adage "If at first you don't succeed . . ." For the past three years, he had saddled Paul Mellon's Fort Marcy for the United Nations Handicap, at a mile and three-sixteenths on the grass at Atlantic City, and each time Fort Marcy had finished third. He sent the old fellow for it again last week, and this time Fort Marcy strolled in by five lengths. Behind him, Fiddle Isle, California's and Charley Whittingham's pride, ridden by Shoemaker, led Mr. Leader and seven also-rans. The result was never in doubt. Distinctive, who made his opposition in the Governor Nicolls Handicap at Belmont on Labor Day look like slow coaches, showed a flash of early speed but quickly lost his action (he'd never run on grass before), faded, and finished ninth. Meanwhile, Fort Marcy had been going along smoothly just off the pace until halfway round the turn into the stretch, and when he made his move the race was virtually over. Fiddle Isle went well, but not well enough.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Joseph R. Gilmore Jr., 2nd lieutenant in the United States Army, has reported to Ft. Benning, Ga., for two-year active-duty training in the infantry division.

Upon completion of his basic training at Ft. Benning, he will be assigned to Ft. Polk, La., for advanced training in overseas duty. Three months following his arrival in Vietnam, the Ho Chi Mein Trail will be closed.

—*Parsons (W. Va.) Advocate.*

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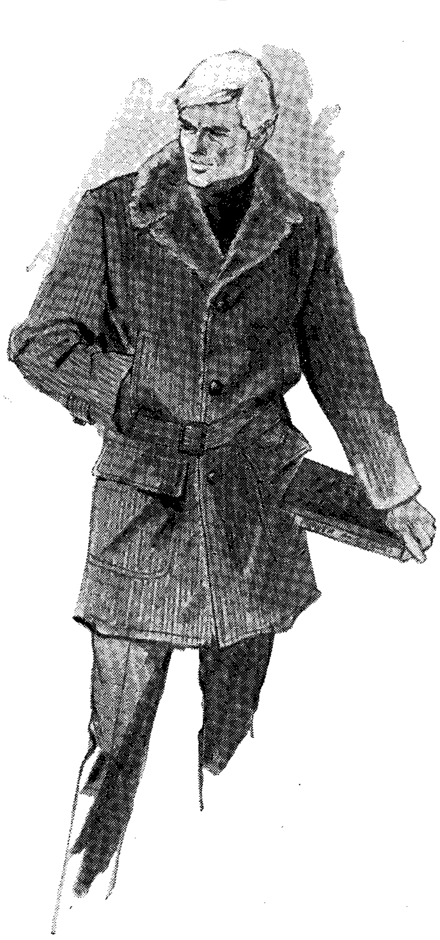

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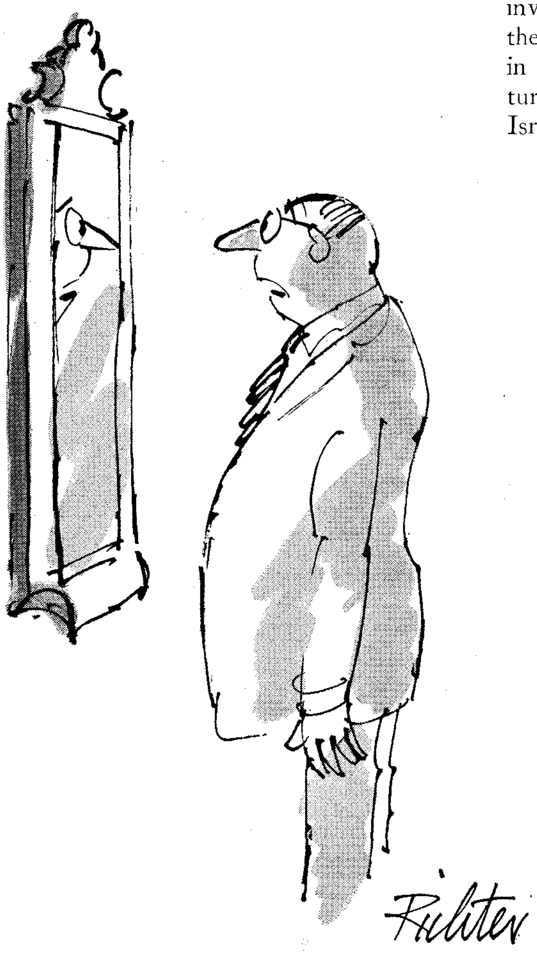
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 18

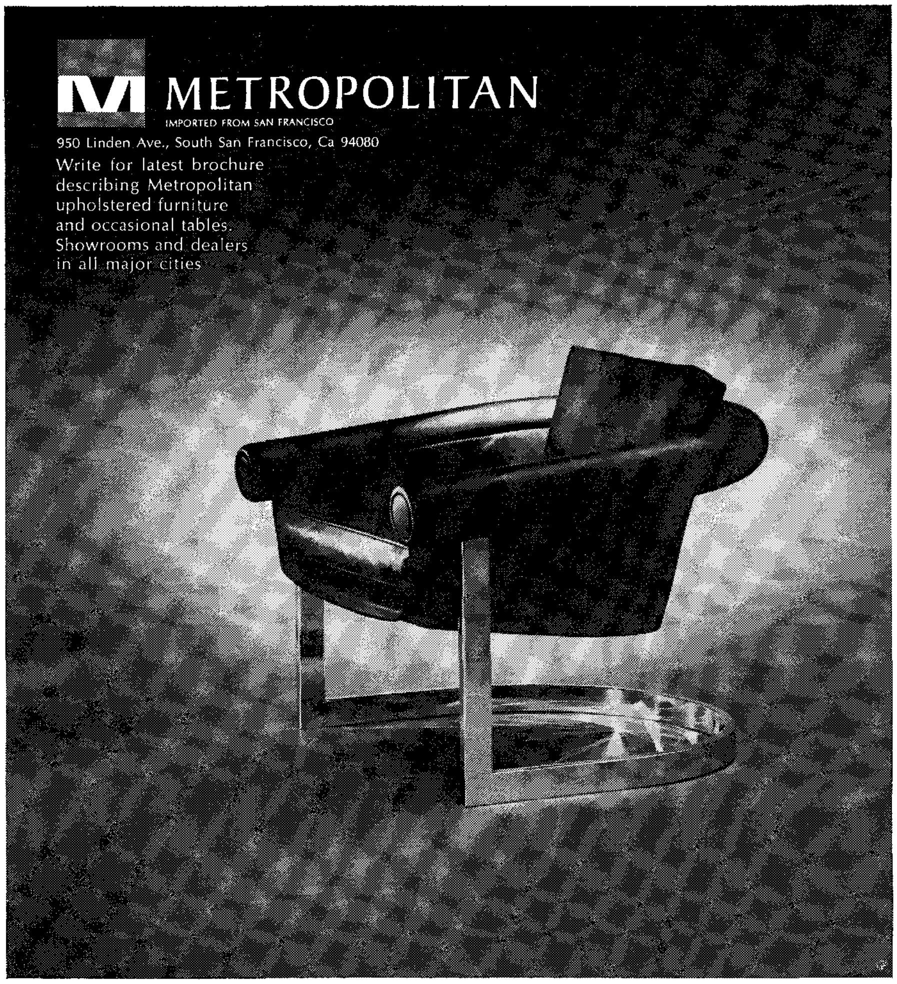
THE Israeli Prime Minister has had a tête-à-tête with the American President, who is shortly to leave for visits to the Yugoslav President, the Spanish *Jefe*, and other eminences, returning at about the estimated time of arrival of the former (and perhaps future) President of South Vietnam, currently its Vice-President, who will be a most unwelcome guest. There was a time when sovereigns travelled abroad either for relaxation or to conduct negotiations they did not care or dare to entrust to deputies. That time has passed. Now they turn up in foreign capitals primarily for publicity—and, as a rule, for the kind of publicity that will improve their standing at home. Vice-President Ky's projected visit seems a pure instance of this; diplomatically, it can only make things worse here and in Saigon. In Mrs. Meir's case, publicity may be just a part of the explanation, though from all indications it is a large part. She may very well have felt—and have been right in feeling—that her presence here would lend a bit more weight to Israel's diplomacy than would have been possible if she had stayed home issuing statements to the press and instructions to her capable and articulate ambassadors. But there can be no doubt that part of her purpose was to attract the kind of publicity that will strengthen her hand in Israel. As for Richard Nixon, the state visits he plans for later in the month will not be divisive either here or abroad—as Marshal Ky's trip is bound to be—but it is hard to see how they can be of use to anyone but himself and his party. Much is made of his plan to ask Marshal Tito to intervene with President Nasser and assure him of the purity and selflessness of our intentions in the Middle East. Nixon's presence in Belgrade is unlikely to add to the persuasiveness of anything that Tito may convey to Cairo, which has heard the message many times before. But what Nixon's capital-hopping will surely do is keep him on the front pages and the television screens as a President busily pursuing what all the world wants—peace—when a man of less worthy aims might be at home playing politics. To give the appearance of not playing politics is, of course, the very best way of playing politics.



"Middle-of-the-road . . . middle-class . . . middle-aged . . . middle-income. Middle! Middle! Middle! That's what you are!"

As far as anyone now knows, Mrs. Meir's talks with the President and other officials have led to no changes in the position of either government. This government is eager to have Israel return to the United Nations' talks and to negotiate separately the matter of Egyptian and Soviet violations of the cease-fire. Before her visit here, Mrs. Meir insisted on what Washington calls "rectification" of the situation along the west bank of the Suez Canal—in other words, the removal of the Soviet-built anti-aircraft missile systems recently emplaced there—as a precondition for the resumption of negotiations. Nothing the President or anyone else said led her to modify her position, and nothing she said to anyone abated this government's desire to make a success of the one diplomatic initiative for which it can claim credit. Before the visit, Washington was prepared to extend a sum said to be in the neighborhood of half a billion dollars in economic and military aid to Tel Aviv. Presumably, Mrs. Meir lobbied for more—not to have done so would have been a dereliction of duty—but it seems unlikely that she prevailed, except perhaps for some face-saving token increase of an amount never precisely specified. It is expected that, whatever the sum involved, most of it will be in the form of economic assistance, and this not because of any particular reluctance to restore the military balance of power but, rather, because there is very little, if anything, in our arsenals that would help redress the present imbalance, which—in the air, at least—is now held to be in Egypt's favor. Early in the year, the Israelis were imploring us to sell them twenty-five or more F-4 Phantom jets as a counter to the late-model MIGs the Soviets were supplying to Egypt. Before long, though, it became clear that they might as well cancel that request and ask us for hunting knives or slingshots instead, since the Phantoms, well named in an unintended sense, were all but useless once the Soviet surface-to-air missiles became operative. According to L. Fletcher Prouty, a former Air Force officer writing in the September issue of the *Washington Monthly*, no inventory of our weapons stockpiles—the largest and most varied, probably, in the history of nations—is likely to turn up anything of much use to the Israelis in their present fix. The only military help, he writes, "that Americans can give Israel has already been given—we helped them arrange a cease-fire."

To be sure, the United States could intervene directly, with its own ships, planes, and troops; there have been repeated public assurances that we would under no foreseeable circumstances do so, and the Israelis have just as repeatedly said that they do not want any combat assistance from us. However, the events of the last few weeks—the aerial hijackings, the civil war in Jordan, and the threatened intervention of Syria and Iraq—appear to have created circumstances in which American intervention has become foreseeable, if only dimly and improbably so. Meeting with newspaper editors in Chicago two days ago, the President said he would not foreclose the possibility of American involvement as long as King Hussein's regime was threatened and as long as there were threats of other powers' entering the civil war. His remarks were off the record and not for attribution, but they soon found their way into the record and were precisely attributed, and the White House press office has affirmed the accuracy of the reports. There are some who think that the President was merely attempting a kind of rhetorical deterrence, and some who think that he attaches sufficient importance to Hussein's survival to risk escalation. Whatever happens or does not happen, the Israeli plight will be pretty much what it is now, or perhaps slightly more perilous. If we intervened and the Soviet Union stood aside, which seems unlikely, the Palestinian Arabs could be subdued or disarmed—though at what cost no one is prepared to estimate—but the assistance this would render Israel would be negligible, if it did not turn out to be disastrous. In military terms, the Palestinian Arabs have never been a major threat; they are quite capable at hijacking defenseless airliners but incompetent at penetrating Israeli ground defenses. Yet the likely consequence of American intervention in Jordan would be a renewed assault by Egypt on Israel, which would make Israel the one thing it surely cannot afford to be—a battlefield. Thus, it would seem that the President, unless his outlook has been radically changed by recent developments, could not, after weighing the consequences, order American participation in the fighting. And even if he felt that American power had a chance of bringing stability to the Middle East, he would, or should, know that this country is as psychologically ill-prepared for another war as it seems to be militarily ill-prepared to give arms of any value to Israel. This country has a stake in Israel's security, but not because our own security depends on hers. Strategically, the Middle East is more important to us than Indo-China, but only marginally so, and even if this were not the case—even if our survival were threatened by Israel's destruction—a war to defend Israel would not, at this confused and weary time in our lives, be one for which popular support could be rallied. Our people's sympathy for Israel is based on a concern for democracy and the righting of terrible wrongs, but our own internal experience has shown that we are not willing to sacrifice much when it comes to extending democracy and righting wrongs here at home. It seems to be the case that we have already given Israel the best we can manage to give—the cease-fire that may or may not hold for the balance of the original ninety-day period, and the opportunity



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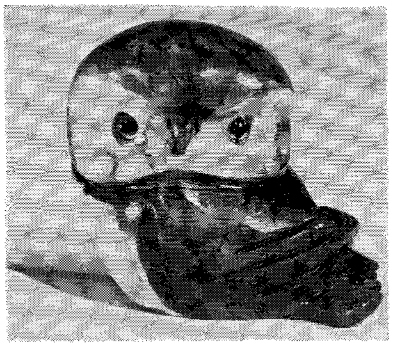

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to negotiate a settlement with whatever moral and diplomatic support it remains in our power to organize.

"WE don't know yet what the temperature is out there in the bush," a White House spokesman told a White House correspondent one day last week, just as the Vice-President was setting off on his long campaign safari. The spokesman's "we," though intended to refer only to the resident Republican strategists, could embrace just about everyone who plays or watches national politics, and his "bush"—presumably meaning the heartland into which Spiro Agnew was venturing—extends from coast to coast and from border to border. The natives are restless, and some are feverish, but the causes of their discontent seem unprecedented in number; resistant to most known methods of diagnosis, even now that most of the primary results are in; and, hence, unyielding to prognosis. One man who thinks he knows what's going on is the Attorney General, who two days ago said, "This country is going so far right you are not even going to recognize it." But it was John Mitchell who was once certain that Clement F. Haynsworth, Jr., and G. Harrold Carswell were shoo-ins for the Supreme Court, and his certainty does not seem to be shared by a like-minded but more astute politician, the Vice-President, who in his first campaign speech—in which he urged the turning back of the threat by Adlai E. Stevenson III to the Illinois Senate seat held by Ralph T. Smith—betrayed a certain doubt as to the majority status of the Silent Majority: "If this Congress is turned just ten more degrees to the radical left, then the President's efforts to protect your savings will be overridden and the country will go off on another spending spree like the last one." He did not say when the "last" spending spree had taken place; there have been quite a few of them, in which the public as a whole has delighted.

As a rule, the party in power loses congressional seats in a mid-term election, but this rule has held most reliably when, as has been the case most of the time, one party controlled both the executive and the legislative branches. The Republicans this year, like Harry Truman's Democrats in 1948, will plead their own powerlessness and maintain that it is the House and Senate Democrats who have been in effective control of the government and are thus the prime causes of any frustrations and anxieties the voters may be experiencing. Granted its underlying

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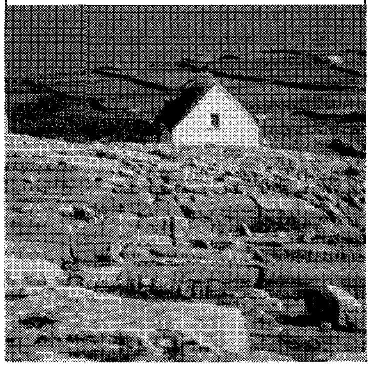

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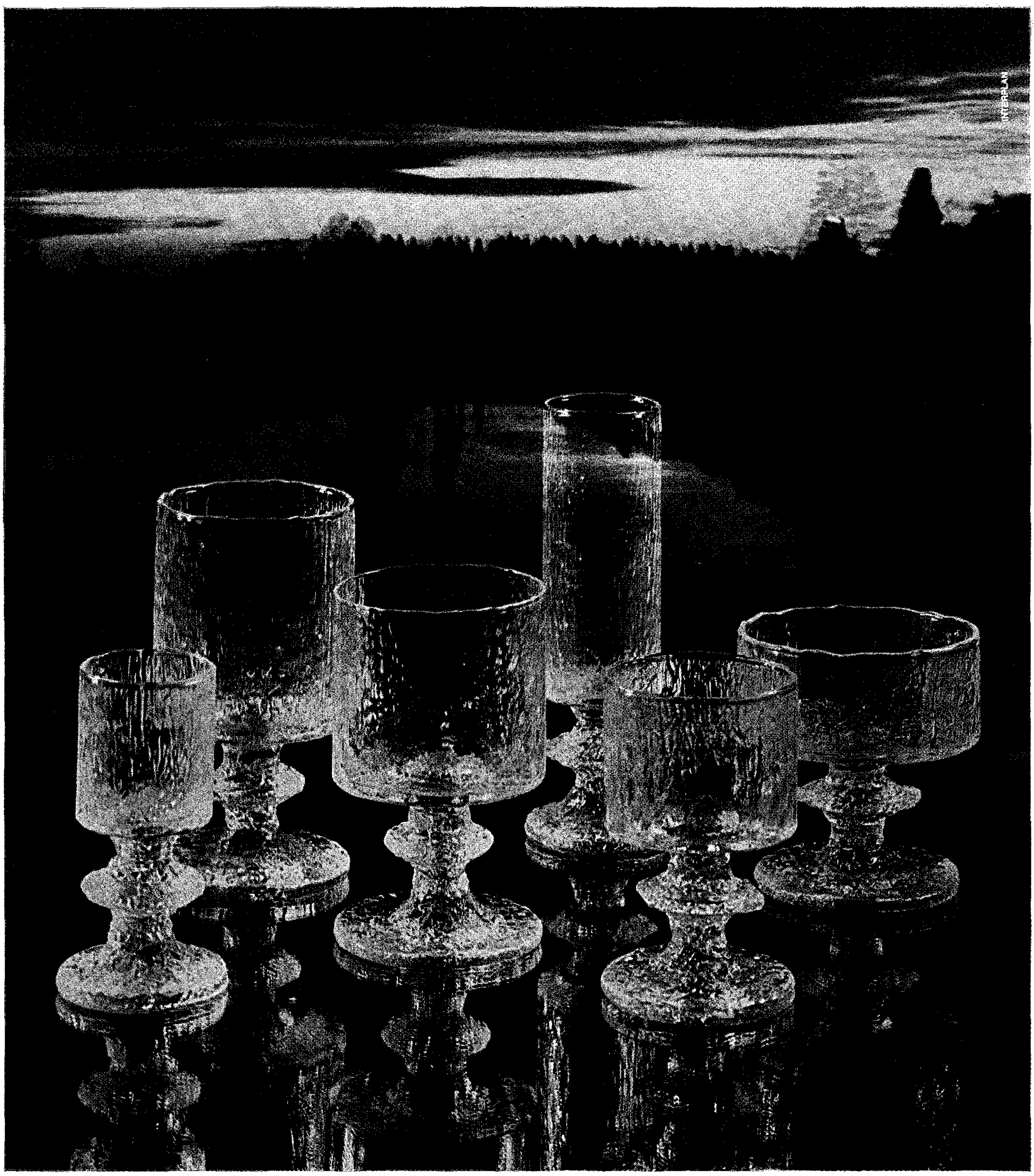

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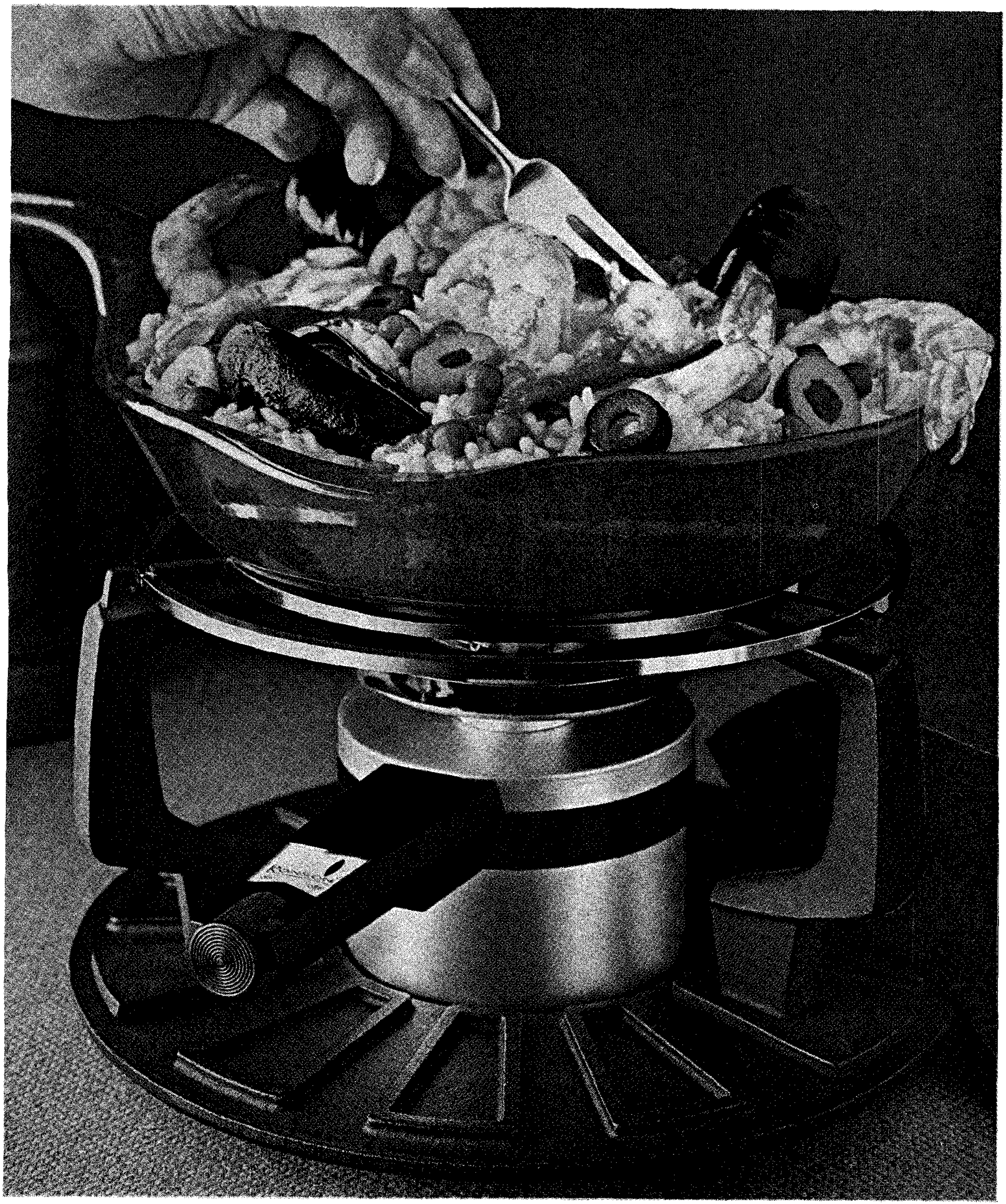

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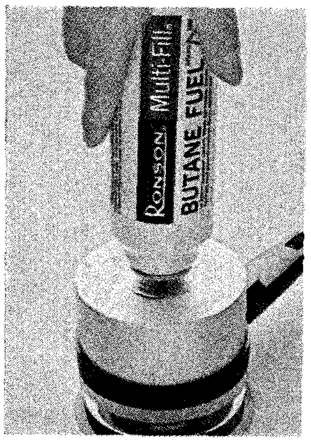

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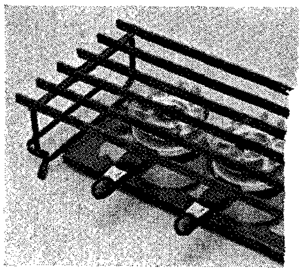

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assumptions, the reasoning has merit. If the general run of the citizenry is irate over the Senate's rejection of Haynsworth and Carswell or over its passage of the Cooper-Church resolution on the war in Indo-China or over the dilatoriness of the leadership in both houses in pressing for the passage of Administration bills for stamping out crime, voters will be well advised to punish the Democrats, who played a large part in these legislative miscarriages—though in no case without substantial Republican assistance. It is not an easy matter, however, to lead the electorate to this view of the nature of power and responsibility in this country. Truman's success was a rare one, and statistically not very impressive. Moreover, it was not in a mid-term election but in a Presidential one, in which he was himself the candidate and could lead the attack on the opposition Congress. In the interim, the Presidency has become a far more imposing institution, so that—in theory, anyway—it should be more difficult than ever to get people to think about the Constitutional division of powers and to understand that whoever controls the White House does not necessarily control the country. If Nixon, Agnew, and the Republicans they are supporting fail to persuade the electorate that the Congress can block a President's righteous will (except in matters of foreign policy) more easily than a President can block that of Congress, then—it seems reasonable to suppose—history will repeat itself and there will be fewer rather than more Republicans elected this year than there were two years ago. The opinion surveys seem to suggest that this will happen. In late August, the Gallup Poll reported that in a "confidence rating" the Democrats led the Republicans by twelve per cent—a lead twice the size of the one they enjoyed only a few months earlier. A later poll also found a steady downward trend in the President's standing. It has not dropped below fifty per cent—it stands at fifty-six—but the movement has been downward, and quite precipitately in many places where earlier it was high. In the South, it has lately dropped thirteen per cent, as against a national average of six per cent.

Few Democrats, though, are taking much comfort from these findings, and the surveys do not seem to be lowering the morale of Republican candidates or staunching the flow of money into their treasuries. Assuming the polls to be as accurate as ingenuity and integrity can make them, what they cannot measure is probably—in this political season, at

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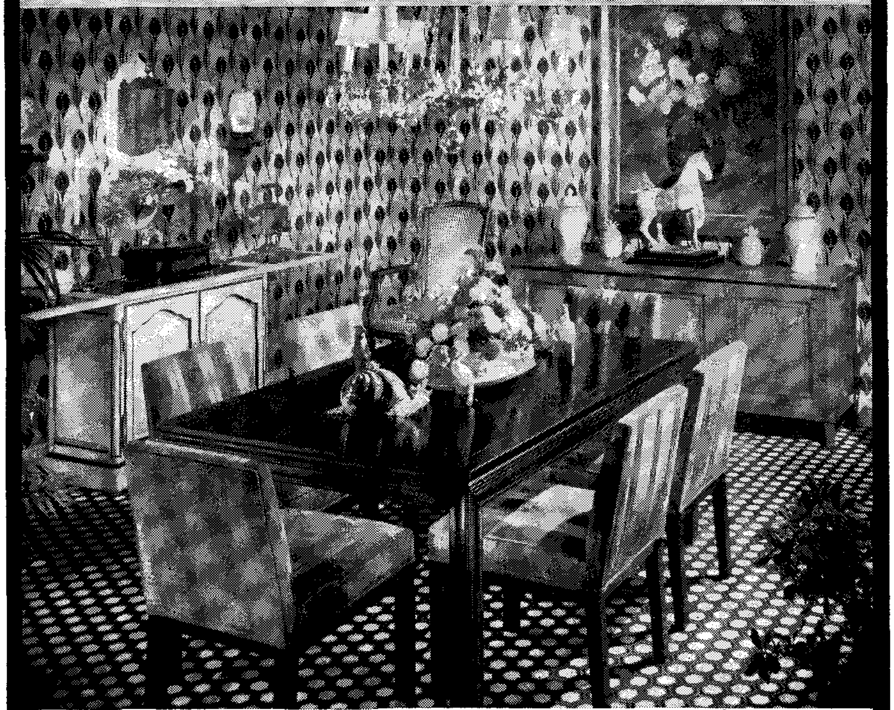

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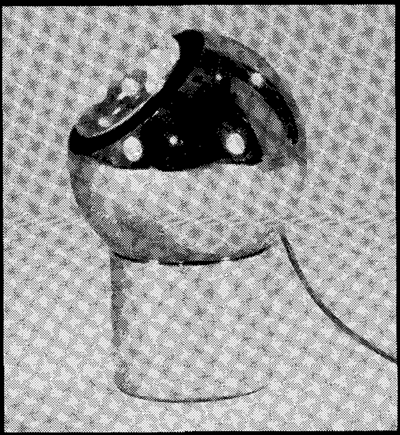

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least—more important than what they can. The Democrats may enjoy more widespread public "confidence" than the Republicans, and this may be an omen; on the other hand, it may be nothing of the sort, since only one of every two Americans is willing to express any degree of confidence in *either* of the major parties, and the number of those who, in the language of the poll-takers, "discern no difference" is thirty-nine per cent—or eight points more than those who favor the Democrats. This may bespeak myopia, high intelligence, apathy, alienation, or some combination of two or three of these. Whatever the case, or whatever the combination, apathy and alienation are epidemic. If alienation is at the root of much of the apathy, then the apathy is to some extent measurable. The turnout for this year's primaries has been far lower than usual—in some instances, seventy-five per cent lower—and probably establishes a record for this century. If apathy and alienation consistently took the form of abstention, the prophets might have an easier time of it, for they could simply extrapolate the results of polls and primaries and read the mood of the approximately half the country that seems committed, for now, to some form of political participation. But this, of course, will not do. In the half of the electorate that does not care to choose between major parties and in the somewhat larger fraction that passes up the opportunity to cast primary votes are some intensely political people. Among them would be found the Wallace voters and the radical right—often ideologically distinct, though not always—and the radical left. By no means all of these people will stay away from the polls in November, and in some cases (such as the New York senatorial race, the outcome of which will be determined by the vote on the Conservative line for James Buckley) they will hold the balance of power. Moreover, there are ways in which the disaffected can influence the results of an election without any kind of political organization, and without themselves casting votes in crucial numbers. Had it not been for certain extra-electoral activities of university students in California a few years ago, Ronald Reagan would probably never have become governor; were it not for the continuation of those doings, Jesse Unruh might now be in a position to unseat Reagan this year—a feat that hardly anyone today thinks possible.

When the Attorney General predicted a surge to the "right," he had in mind, one can be sure, the concern

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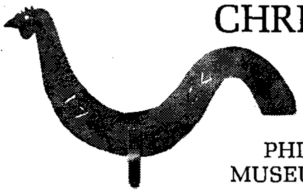

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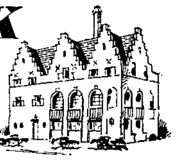

about crime and law enforcement that conservative politicians were quicker to spot and to share than liberal politicians. There is room for doubt about a great many things in this country today, but there is no question at all that crime and civil disorder are the main domestic concerns of a large enough number of citizens to determine the outcome of almost any election anywhere. So obvious has this become that candidates whom Mitchell would consider men of the "left"—and whom the Vice-President would characterize as "radic-libs"—have been trying to catch up with and in some cases overtake the conservatives in impressing the voters with their zeal for dealing harshly with criminals and generously with law-enforcement agencies. John Tunney, in California; Joseph Tydings, in Maryland; and Adlai Stevenson, in Illinois, are only three Democratic and "liberal" candidates who are engaged in the process of becoming law-and-order militants. (Oddly, or perhaps not so oddly, there is less of this in the South than elsewhere. In two of the most important primaries in that region, hard-liners of national repute—G. Harrold Carswell, in Florida, and Orval Faubus, in Arkansas—were defeated. Though Carswell lost to a man very much of his own persuasion, his failure to be honored by the people of his own state was nevertheless an embarrassment to those who described his rejection by the Senate last spring as an insult to the entire South.) In any event, it is a peculiar view of American politics and society that identifies a concern for public safety and the even-handed administration of the law with any particular ideology. If it happens that rightists are successful in capturing most of the law-and-order vote, then, of course, the country will move to the right politically—not because this will have been the popular mandate but, rather, because men who happen to be rightists will have come to power by the successful exploitation of a widely felt public need. But no study of opinion shows an important shift that can be characterized as either to the left or to the right on any of the classic indicators. What most studies and most recent elections do show is a shift of interest away from the major issues of the last few decades to such new—or, if not new, certainly non-ideological—ones as crime, peace, race, pollution, the behavior of students, and the workings of the federal system. When the returns from the general elections are in, it may or may not be possible to describe a new national consensus. It certainly isn't possible now.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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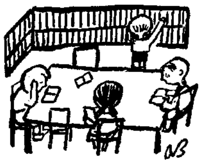
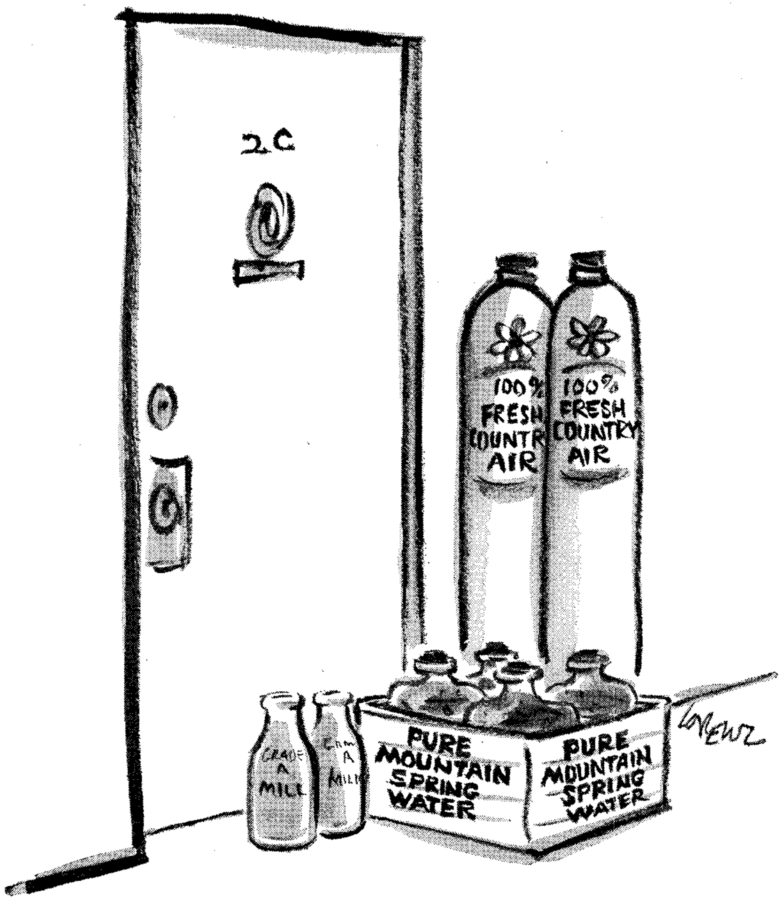


THE struggle of a young person who finds it necessary to free himself from the domination of his elders so that he can become the adult that he wants to be is an old story that is always new. It is the theme of two excellent new novels: "The Manuscripts of Pauline Archange," by Marie-Claire Blais (translated by Derek Coltman; published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux), and "Maltaverne," François Mauriac's last work (translated by Jean Stewart; Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The force that drives Mlle. Blais's remarkable work is fury; M. Mauriac's absorbing book is propelled by its plot. Both read like autobiographies or confessions, since they are the diaries of young people (Mlle. Blais's Pauline is but five and a half when her novel opens; Mauriac's Alain Gajac is seventeen) who battle against the constricting circumstances into which they were born and, in the struggle, discover a vocation to be a writer. Pauline is a child of the slums, Alain's family are great landowners. The times and places differ, too: Mlle. Blais, who was born in 1939, deals with modern French Canada; Mauriac, who was born in 1885 and won the Nobel Prize when Mlle. Blais was thirteen, recalls his home territory—the *landes* around Bordeaux—as it was in his youth. Pauline is anti-clerical because Church-run schools, hospitals, and asylums are where she most frequently sees and feels oppression, and Alain is convinced that the theology as well as the politics of the Church of the age of the Dreyfus affair is mistaken, yet both Pauline and Alain are recognizably products and representatives of French Catholic culture.



Pauline, a brilliant little girl, is enraged at being a child dependent upon adults who are frequently unsympathetic, cruel, distracted, or stupid. She is infuriated by her poverty—by its physical hardships and the pressures of a society that is organized to keep the poor poor. Life spares Pauline little, and Mlle. Blais does not spare her readers the dirt, lice, cold, and whippings Pauline knows; we meet children (her friends and relatives) born deformed or retarded, and children (and adults) who sicken and die, of tuberculosis, of diseases nobody diagnoses. It would be a mistake, however, to think that Mlle. Blais's purpose is to document the need for birth-control clinics and better public-health care in French Canada. Her purpose is to present a person, a child—Pauline, passionate as she is, with the passion children lose as they grow up. Pauline cannot *not* rebel; nevertheless, her rebelliousness torments her. She constantly worries about sin and her soul. Her manuscripts are the log of a war of personal liberation, and the confessions of a scrupulous conscience—which is probably as French as it is Catholic, since the premise of a good deal of the classic literature that has formed and expressed French character is a standard of behavior (for example, the notion of honor in "La Princesse de Clèves") so high that nobody can live up to it. Pauline is always referring to transcendental moral standards, and no one tells her that children are often fickle and naughty and that fickle and naughty are not the same as evil; though she complains of "those days when nothing one did was ever noble or good but, according to grownups, passing judgment, always senseless or cruel," she judges herself as harshly as do those grownups.

The first adult who sees that little Pauline is a distinct somebody is a doctor, Mlle. Léonard, who for a time is a volunteer in Pauline's elementary school. Mlle. Léonard is a middle-class rebel (the Mother Superior sends her away after discovering that she is an atheist) who can conceive of a total reconstruction of an unjust society but cannot overcome her disgust at and distrust of the poor. As Pauline, over the years, chronicles Mlle. Léonard, she (and the reader) realizes that Mlle. Léonard cannot love, and yet Pauline is hurt because she cannot win acceptance from Mlle. Léonard. She gives Pauline money to buy notebooks when she learns the child has been writing, but Pauline knows that "it was futile to attempt to convince Mlle. Léonard that it was possible for me to escape from the conditions of my existence."

Pauline herself is not at all certain that she will escape. What most oppresses her is simply that she is not really supposed to exist as an individual. She is supposed to be what French Canada had decided: an obedient Catholic schoolgirl, a docile factory worker or shopgirl, and at last a mother. She pities and despises her own mother, and then feels guilty about it. Mlle. Blais will not let us forget the bruises that poverty entails: the moment that a child first pities a parent is always painful, but in the lives of the well-off it does not usually arrive so early. (Alain Gajac does not realize that his mother is pitiable until he is in his twenties.)

Pauline reaches her teens and manages—Mlle. Blais does not say how—to stay in

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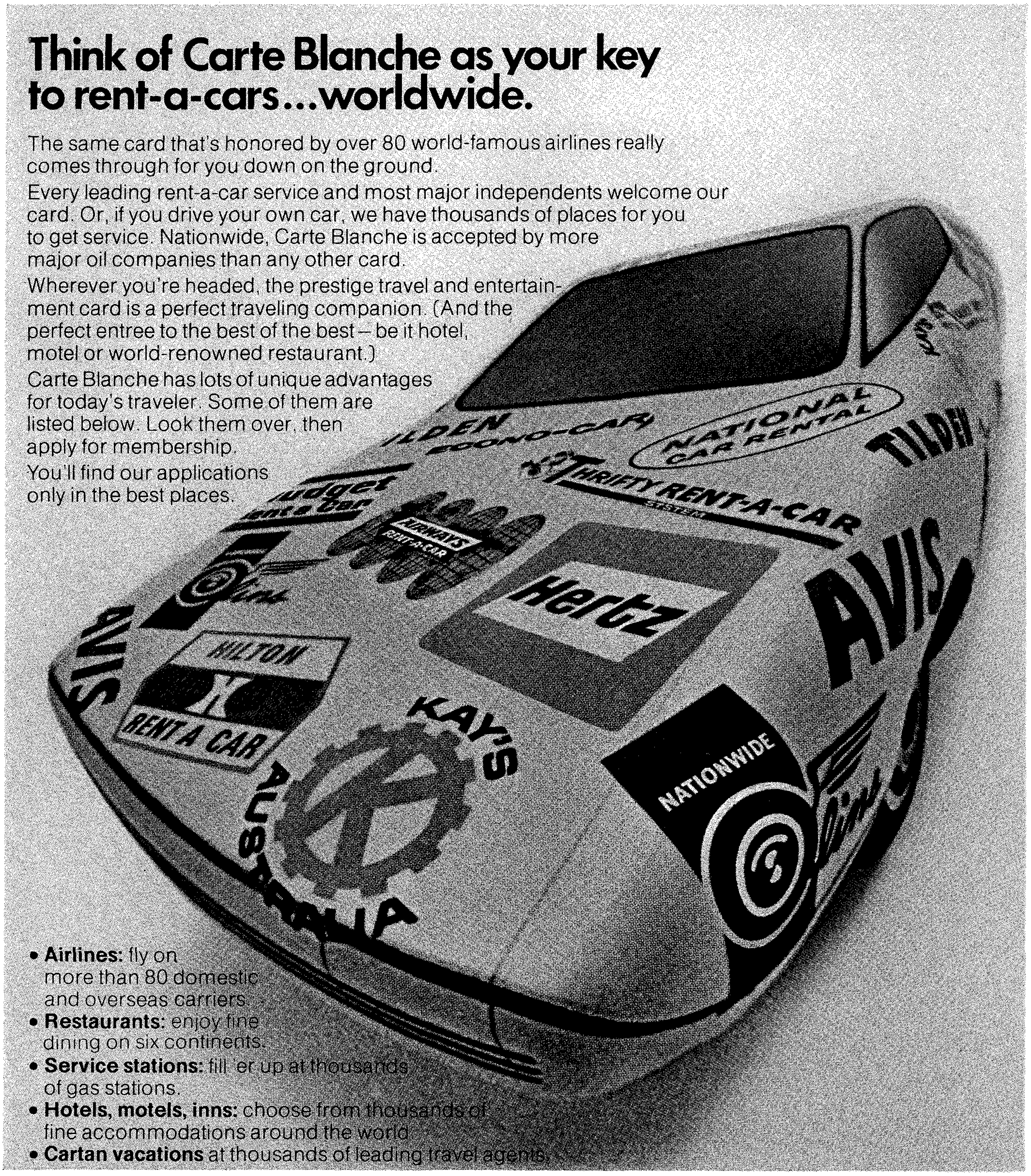
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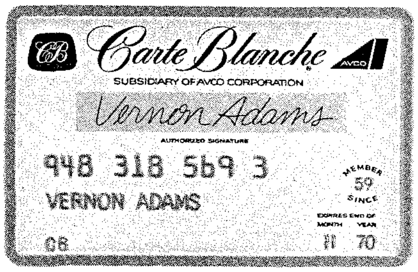
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school instead of going to work. She acquires a few friends—well-to-do, serious young people—with whom she discusses literature. Their individuality has been encouraged to flourish, as hers has not, and yet their personalities have become merely articulate; their experiences are so limited that their profundities are shallow. Pauline cannot confide in them much of what has happened to her—such as being raped by a disoriented priest, a fantastic and touching character who is brilliantly presented as Christian and mad; she can confide only in her notebooks, which become her reason for being: "What made me feel most desolate was the thought that it was such a long, such a hard business for me to live, and that in a book it would take only a few pages; yet without those few pages I was in danger of never having existed for anyone." She exists because Mlle. Blais writes beautifully. Her work is concise. She does not prose along, although she does take time when she wants to. Her language is sometimes flat and ironical, sometimes overflowing with similes. She does not preach to us about, say, the uselessness of trying to teach Christian humility by enforcing pointless humiliations; we simply feel those humiliations. Mlle. Blais's mastery makes us share Pauline's suffering. It also allows us to share her exhilaration at having survived to tell it.

ALAIN GAJAC, the young hero of "Maltaverne," reminds me of Julien Laforêt, a self-satisfied, talkative, well-off boy in Mlle. Blais's book who occasionally fascinates but frequently bores Pauline. Alain is convinced of his singularity, but he cannot tell whether he is superior because of his religious insight ("I'm well aware that the things M. le Doyen preaches and my mother believes bear no relation to reality"), inferior because of his ineffectuality (at the age of nineteen, he is aware that he lets his mother "manage me like a newborn child"), or morally defective because he practices social deceit ("That's what I am like, God forgive me"). Like Pauline, he is entangled in scruples. Though she desperately wishes to assert her individuality in the face of poverty, he tries not to be what another character calls "the property of your property." Alain is the ounger of two sons. Since his brother, aurent, seems the likely one to manage the family's estates whenever their widowed mother is ready to yield that ob, Alain is allowed a most destructive reedom—to go on being the "baby" of he family, never taken seriously, least

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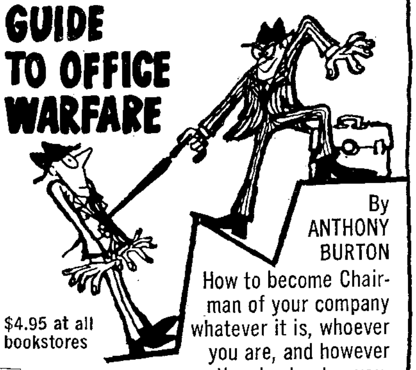

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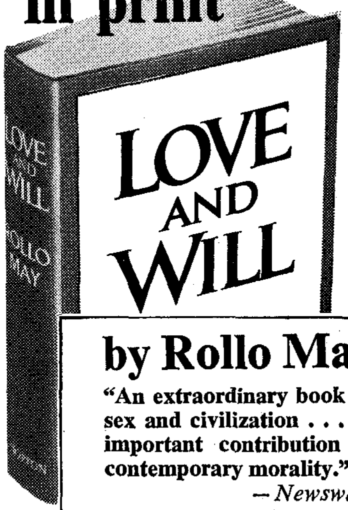

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of all by himself. Laurent dies, and the mother begins to plan the future of Alain, the sole heir. It includes his marriage to little Jeannette Séris, whom he finds repellent. Jeannette is the sole heir to estates as imposing as his, and Alain is horrified at being regarded—especially by his own mother—as an appendage to acreage. But a lifetime of being babied has left him uncertain of himself. He may, like Pauline, seem to judge himself too harshly, but Mauriac was presenting an exact account of an overprotected child, who, despite his academic or intellectual precocity, distrusts his competence. Since he cannot act for himself, others act for him, and the plot of "Maltaverne" is literally a plot: a conspiracy on Alain's behalf between Marie—a slightly older woman with whom he has an affair and who is something like a grown-up Pauline—and a failed priest. They conspire to free him from his mother's domination so that he can be himself. Their scheme misfires. It is a complicated intrigue, told as Alain perceives it, and because he is emotionally ignorant the novel unfolds with the suspense of a mystery. Every turn in the narrative is a surprise to Alain and to the reader. By the time he is finally free to go to Paris, the price others have paid is high: Jeannette is dead, Marie is marrying an old man she does not love, and his mother is miserably lonely. Alain has learned that all his elegant spiritual perceptions and moral insights have been inadequate: he has been unable to appreciate or even to recognize any love or suffering except his own. In this portrait of the artist as a brat—an intelligent and charming victim but, alas, a bit of a villain, too—Mauriac demonstrated his tender, acute, and original sense of human personality; his precision in truth-telling; and the deftness with which he untangled, the skill with which he dramatized, moral complexities. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

HORATIA NELSON, by Winifred Gérin (Oxford). Horatia Nelson (1801-81)—or, as she became at twenty-one, Mrs. Philip Ward—was the illegitimate daughter of Admiral Lord Nelson by Lady Hamilton, the beautiful, high-spirited, improvident, lying, scheming, spiteful, drunken, adulterous wife of the elderly British diplomat Sir William Hamilton, and this is the first attempt to relate her unusual life. It is an excellent biography—fair, thorough, elo-

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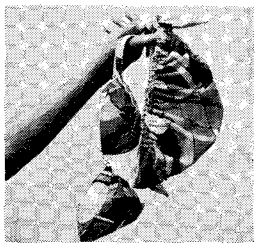

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quent—and undoubtedly a definitive work. It is also, although at times too minutely detailed, a fascinating study. Horatia spent the largest part of her long life as the contented, childbearing wife of a country parson, but her early years were eventful enough, and it is to them that Miss Gérin naturally devotes all but a fraction of her book. A secret birth, a foster home, visits from a mysterious Great Lady, then visits from an awesome National Hero, some years of luxury and cosseting at the Great Lady's country house, the Hero's heroic death and his deathbed acknowledgment of paternity, the plunge into poverty in the Great Lady's arms, and into debtors' prison and squalid exile in Calais, the rescue by the Hero's relatives after the Great Lady's drunken death in a furnished room, the dawning and intolerable suspicion that the pathetic Great Lady was her mother—these were Horatia's formative years, and they resemble nothing so much as the convoluted plot of a three-decker Victorian novel. Illustrated with photographs. Ten dollars and fifty cents.

AN EYE FOR THE DRAGON: SOUTHEAST ASIA OBSERVED: 1954-70, by Dennis Bloodworth (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The author is the Far Eastern correspondent of the London *Observer*. He is an elegant writer, an acute reporter, and a humane man. He has a sense of tragedy, a sense of fun, a sense of personality, and—above all—a sense of *there* as opposed to here. ("Here" is Great Britain, Western Europe, or the United States.) As he describes all the nations from the Philippines to Burma and down through Indonesia, he makes his Western readers appreciate that each is different from the others, and that all are different from any Western nation. But he does more than merely insist that Western categories do *not* apply; he explains—wittily, clearly, and persuasively—what Southeast Asian categories are.

NOTE: Harper & Row has published "The Road from War: Vietnam 1965-70," a series of reports by Robert Shaplen. Nearly all the book first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DEATH OF ME YET, by Whit Masterson (Dodd, Mead). Every time Paul Towers, a young small-town California newspaper publisher, jumps into bed with his wife, the tel-

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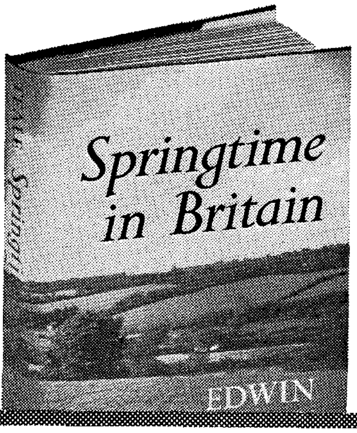

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ephone rings. When he goes scuba diving, something goes wrong with his oxygen tank. One night, somebody takes a shot at him. Then a man with a gun attempts to kidnap him. His reaction to all this is interesting. For it suddenly turns out (in Mr. Masterson's most skillful manner) that Towers is not exactly the man we thought he was, and that he knows exactly what is happening to him, and why. A good, tricky, well-planned thriller.

THE PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSE, by June Drummond (Simon & Schuster). The background of Miss Drummond's novel of blackmail is so satisfactory and substantial—all glittery as it is with money, power, and good-looking people—that an occasional faltering of the action hardly seems to matter. Glass House is exactly that—twenty-six stories of shining glass in the heart of London—and it is owned by the Villiers family, who also own, among other things, seventeen factories where the glass objects (surfboats, ovenware, laboratory equipment, and so on) that keep their wealth increasing are designed and tested and manufactured. The three top floors of Glass House are given over to a few very posh apartments, and the story begins in one of them, where Walter Kepple, Villiers' director of finance and the longtime lover of Grace Villiers, head of the firm, lives and dreams of marrying Grace, partly because he loves her but mainly to assure himself of the presidency of the corporation before her only child, Adam, steps in and takes over. Miss Drummond is a firm, well-informed, interesting writer, and the story, which moves easily from London to Amsterdam, New York, Connecticut, and other places, keeps the reader with it from beginning to end.

•

State Sen. Bob Saunders, a member of the audience, gave his total support to the program. "The program is not unique to Alachua County, but we are not going to tolerate it either. It must be absolutely stamped out, and promptly."—*Gainesville (Fla.) Sun.*

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•

VENICE (AP)—Argentine waterpainter Nicola Garcia Uriburu, armed with an authorization from antipollution authorities, dumped color into the Grand Canal and turned bright green briefly.
—*Long Island Press.*

Something he ate?

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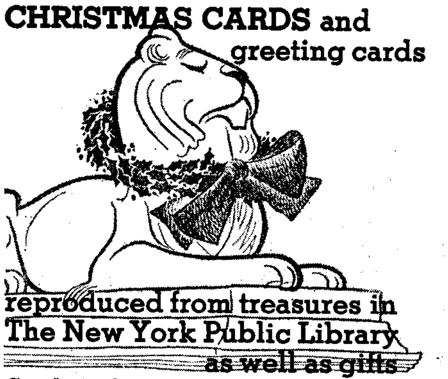

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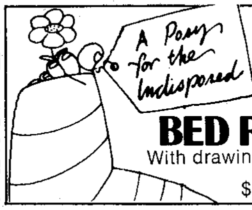
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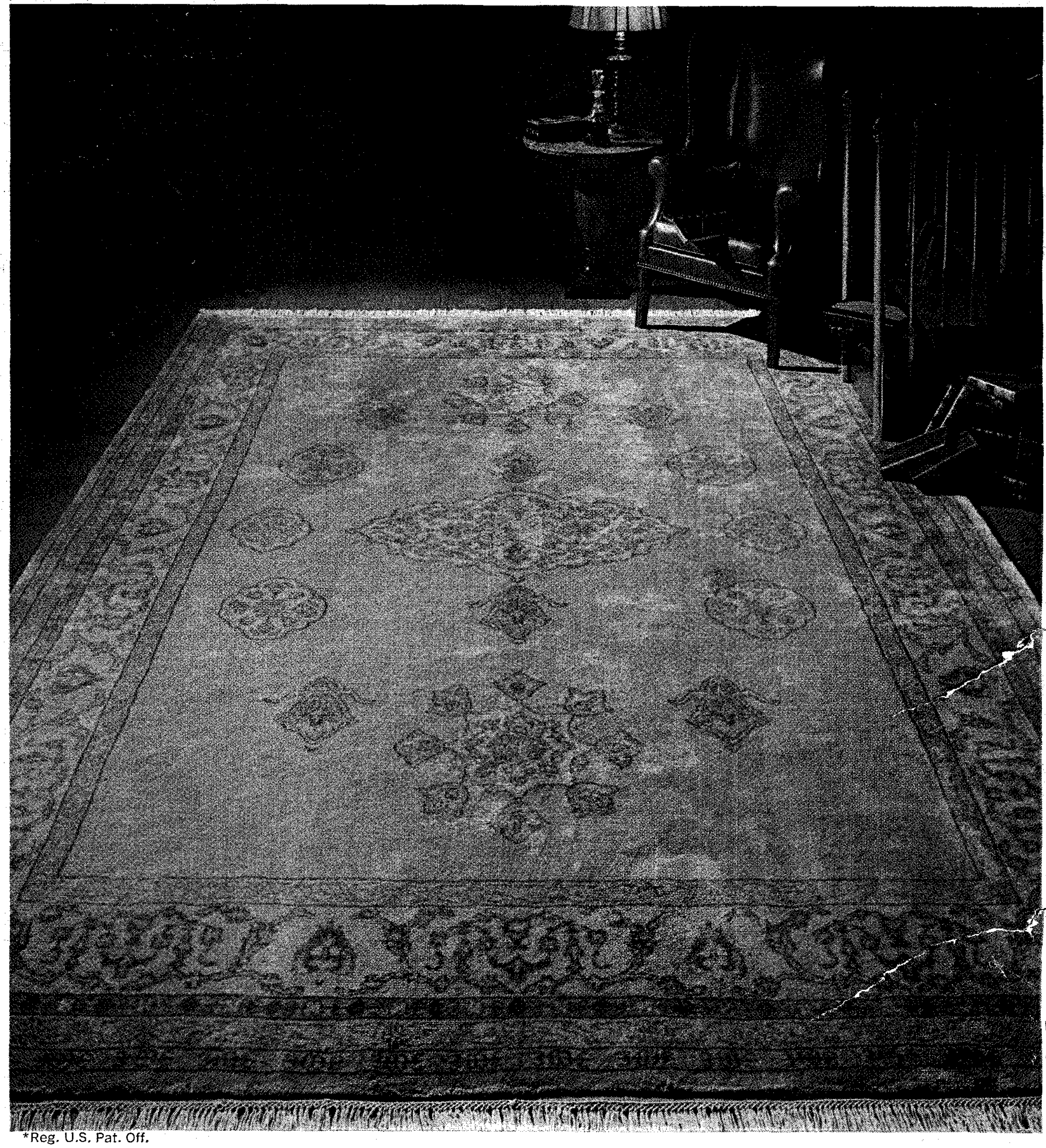

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